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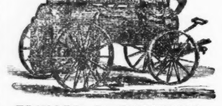

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The Independent.

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VOLUME XXIII. MONTHLY, ILLUSTRATED EDITION. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1871. NUMBER 1196.

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Waiting for Papa.

The Independent

MIGNONETTE.

TO A. C. P.

BY H. H.

TENDER, dainty, modest thing,
Fitting phrase I cannot bring
Half to tell thy loveliness,
Half my loving to confess.
Vainly all my words I choose;
Vainly all of art I use:
Thou art left unuttered yet,
Tender, dainty Mignonette!

I can say thou art more sweet
Than the fragrancies which meet
When the clover and the rose
Their most secret stores disclose;
I can say thou art more fair
Than the buds which lilies bear:
Thou art left unuttered yet,
Tender, dainty Mignonette!

I can say that color sheds,
Even in show of blazing reds,
No such grace of sunny light
As in rig pale brown and white,
Mingled never twice the same,
In soft tint without a name:
Thou art left unuttered yet,
Tender, dainty Mignonette!

I can say the honey-bees,
Lingering, drain thy wine's last lees;
Little children to and fro,
Carrying thy blossoms, go;
Lovers give them; subtle, mute,
Fit for Love's sweet gift and suit:
Thou art left unuttered yet,
Tender, dainty Mignonette!

Now I add one more low word,
Trembling half, lest, being heard,
It should win a swift rebuke
From dear eyes, whose pleading look,
Bidding me no more reveal,
Would have power my lips to seal;
Leaving thee unuttered yet,
Tender, dainty Mignonette!

Dainty and beloved thing,
Here thy final praise I bring:
Thou art like in tender grace
One I know, of gentle face:
Thy soft fragrance makes the air
Sweet, as moments are which share
Sun, with her sweet silentness—
Shade, with her half-shy caress.

Thy pale tints one language speak
With her brow, her eye, her cheek,
Triumph in such lowly guise,
Wondering in glad surprise,
Lavishing with brimming hands,
Generous, past all bars and bands:
Ah! ye are not uttered yet,
White twin souls of Mignonette!

Sweetest woman! Sweetest flower!
I crown both with sweetest dower
Can be framed in human speech
When I liken each to each.
Woman, sweeter than the flower,
Crowned with Love's immortal dower,
Which no love in speech can set.
Kiss me, precious Mignonette!

THE WAY OF THE "BOARD" WITH MISSIONARIES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE readers of religious newspapers may have seen lately such a paragraph as this:

"Many of our readers feel a deep interest in the children of missionaries who have been left in this country for education, or who have lost their parents by death. Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— have been appointed by the American Board to look after the interests of these children. The Board appropriates $100 per child toward their support; but a further sum is required to meet their expenses, and we write these lines with the hope that some among our readers may be glad to assume the cost of boarding one child for a year or more."

The idea that underlies this paragraph, and out of which it springs, it is perhaps not worth while to discuss. To the ordinary mind, indeed, it seems that there is no business in the world so important that parents have a right to give up their children for its sake, whether that business be commerce or fashion or converting the heathen. The heathen are a great way off from us; and are in a vast majority of cases full-grown heathen, and in all cases established heathen nations, before we are so much as aware of their existence. We are not in the least responsible for their being heathen, or for their being at all. But for the little child his parents are responsible. He is their peculiar property, their "charge to keep"; and how they can justify themselves in giving him in exchange for any number of aliens and foreigners it is difficult to see. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own child? Between a million Mongolians—who have been eating with chop-sticks for thousands of years, whom you have to travel half around the world to get at, and who, as a nation, will go on without any more perceptible diminution of chop-sticks than if you had stayed at home—and your own child, whom you have called into existence, and whose character and fate for this world and for all worlds lie in your hands, how can there be any choice? Which has the strongest claim? I say nothing against pagan claims. I know that Christ said, "Go ye and teach all nations"; but he did not say, "Take now thy son and offer him for a burnt offering." It is grand for a man to sacrifice himself; but has he a right to sacrifice his child? And can any sacrifice be greater than the loss of their parents? When I think of the shadow that broods over the cradle in so many missionary homes—the shadow of a separation almost worse than death, for it has the sorrows without the immunities of death; a separation which means that you lose out of your home the prattle, the hindrance, the dear waywardness of little children, the brightness of boyhood and girlhood, the ardor of opening life; and that somewhere out of reach the young hearts may be breaking with homesickness, as yours is breaking with childsickness; somewhere the life whose every development is so dear to you, whose very faults only bind you to it the closer; somewhere out of sight, out of reach, that life is unfolding to the eye and touch of strangers—thinking of all this, I think of the devotee swinging on his iron hooks. It seems, somehow, a sadder thing to leave one's children from a sense of duty than from recklessness of obligation. It is the torture of hearts made sensitive by education, conscience, refinement. I suppose it is noble and unselfish, but I cannot think it right.

Paul, in his charge to Timothy, says: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself in the affairs of this life." Of which the Rev. Albert Barnes, of blessed memory, makes note thus:

"Neither the minister nor the soldier is to be encumbered with the affairs of this life; and the one should not be more than the other. . . . Roman soldiers were not allowed to marry, or to engage in any husbandry or trade. . . . The general principle was that they were excluded from those relations, agencies, and engagements which it was thought would divert their minds from that which was to be the sole object of pursuit. So with the ministers of the Gospel. It is equally improper for them to entangle themselves with the business of a farm or plantation, with plans of speculation and gain, and with any purpose of worldly aggrandizement. The minister of the Gospel accomplishes the design of his appointment only when he can say with sincerity that he is not entangled with the affairs of this life."

Mr. Barnes skillfully avoids affirming that ministers should not marry; but he might as well have said it outright. He declares that Roman soldiers were not allowed to marry, and that it is equally improper for ministers to entangle themselves. Therefore, ministers ought not to marry. In this logic can the eye of faith discern a flaw? Now, with the Œcumenical Council fresh in our memories, Heaven forbid that we should go about preaching a celibate priesthood, or any other peculiar dogma of the Romish Church. But, if unadulterated orthodoxy yet exists in the world, it is surely to be found in Paul's Epistles and Barnes's Notes; and here they are. It is not I that speak unto you; but Paul and Mr. Barnes. Seeing the children of missionaries torn from their parents; seeing missionaries bringing their tender little ones from the ends of the earth, and leaving them to the chance wisdom and uncertain love of strangers, and returning over the sea, with heartache and desolation, I am not so sure but that St. Paul was right, and that even Mr. Barnes builded better than he knew.

This is not what I meant to say when I began. This is exactly what I meant not to say. And, now that I have said it, I will not defend it. Nobody need write letters or print essays confuting and confounding all my reasoning, telling me that other parents than ministers send their children abroad to be educated; that missionaries' children are warmly received, tenderly cared for, very happy, have two homes and two sets of parents, instead of one, and always turn out well; that missionaries must give up country, and it is very hard if they must give up hearthstone too; and that the family is as powerful and important a part of the proselyting influence as the man. Your testimony may all be true, and your reasoning unimpeachable; but all the same, as between one's own children and any number of savages, I believe the latter ought quick to uplift and kick the beam. And so, spite of pope, priest, and judge, *e pur si muove!*

THE CHICAGO CALAMITY.

ITS CAUSE AND PROBABLE RECURRENCE.

BY JANE G. SWISSHELM.

OF all the wonders of the great fire, nothing to me will ever be so wonderful as the quiet which prevailed in one portion of the city while the others were laid in ashes. Our place is one and a half miles west of the river, and three miles east of the city limits, west. Of the fire of Saturday night, which swept twenty acres, one and a half miles southeast of us, we knew nothing until next morning. For the fire on Sabbath night a servant in the family heard the bells give the usual alarm as she returned from church; but went to bed and to sleep. We all slept soundly until after midnight, when I awoke, without any feeling of having been disturbed, and lay awake not less than half an hour, without having any intimation that anything unusual was transpiring. As I felt myself dropping to sleep again I roused myself to learn if the master of the house slept or needed something, as he was quite indisposed. It was not until after I got up that I saw the reflection of the fire, as our room faces the west and north, and the blinds were closed. At that time the streets were almost as light as day. And when I went to the other side of the house the whole southwestern heaven was like molten iron. I called to our host, who has been a resident of the city and a very considerable property-holder in it for many years. He arose, looked out, and said it was a large fire; but showed no sign of alarm, although his place of business was down-town and burned. Being too ill to go out, except in case of emergency, he went to bed again; and I kept watch, reporting from time to time, until daylight seemed to put out the fire. During that time it swept across Monroe street, and burned everything from the river to the lake, and I felt, rather than saw or knew, that an appalling calamity was upon the city; but I could detect no sign of alarm in the neighborhood. So, having arrived from the Pine Woods only two days before, and remembering Aunt Betsey Trotwood, I made no disturbance, but went from the front veranda to the back window, watching the tree-tops more closely than the fire, and ready to rouse all sleepers in that vicinity, at the risk of any amount of ridicule, if the wind changed. This was carrying the fire, and all sounds connected with it, past us, one and a half miles to the east; but by close listening I could hear the roar of the flames, and once an explosion. No sound of any bell reached me, no note of any attempt to arouse the sleepers came on the turbulent air.

There was no rush of hurrying feet, no cry of alarm. A few people stood in doorways, and once, about 3 o'clock, a man rode rapidly up from the direction of the fire. His horse became restive, or he hesitated at the corner; and a neighbor inquired where the fire was.

"Oh! its the whole city!" he called out. Then, with a "git along" to his horse, he hurried off; and these were the only loud words I heard on that fearful night, while everything within miles was bathed in the light of the burning city and tens of thousands of its people asleep.

Overwhelming as the ruin is, to me the darkest feature of the case is the apparent failure of the Fire King to make his mandate understood. I have not yet heard one citizen speak on the subject who did not utterly repudiate the idea that wooden houses had anything to do with the conflagration. They point triumphantly to the square miles of brick and stone blocks, which went down before the devouring flames, as evidence that such structures are no more secure than those of wood. They shut their eyes to the meaning of the fact that the fire started in a wooden block; that it had devoured squares of wooden structures before it reached the solid portions of the city; and had grown so great by the appropriate meat on which it fed that it was irresistible before the fire-proof buildings were called upon to resist it, and swept everything by momentum.

My previous knowledge of the city is not sufficient to permit me to speak confidently. But I looked about considerably last winter and spring, and think that that part of the city now no more was pretty fairly represented by that which remains; and the brick or stone block now standing in Chicago without sufficient kindling-wood *on the face of it* to burn it, and ten more, is an exception to the rule. The people have a perfect passion for drying kindlings on the front of their houses. They cut them out into all the conceivable and inconceivable patterns used in braiding baby clothes, nail them across the top, close to the roof, in rows from one to six feet deep, fasten them around doors and windows, porches and verandahs, stables and hen-coops; then saturate them with oil and paint, and get them "all good ready" to catch any brand from a neighboring fire and make a bonfire.

Chicago has beaten the world in many things; but in nothing more than her incalculable wealth of wooden cornice. They are on wooden houses, on stone houses, on brick houses, on marble houses, on churches, halls, and hamlets; and often it puzzles one to decide whether there is most cornice or house. Every cornice and bracket and fancy molding is so much kindling for burning the city again and again and again. With the high winds which prevail so large a part of the time, blowing from the wooden districts toward the heart of the city, it is only wonderful that it was not burned long ago.

In the present emergency more wooden buildings will be put up; and if, as heretofore, one-third more lumber is used than is necessary to their construction for the purpose of shelter, the probability of reburning the city will be increased in that proportion.

That it will rise again is certain; for she has a great reserve force of that building material which will not burn, cannot decay, and must live through all time—and this is faith in God and her own resources. The people have the genuine old Cromwell pluck, which unites faith and works, and labors while it prays. One incident alone of the fire shows that Chicago cannot go down.

A wealthy widow, on the north side, was struggling alone on Monday night to save some of her personal effects, when a small boy came to her and said a friend had sent him to ask if he could help her. She gave him a box; and told him the best he could do for her was to take care of that, as it was very valuable. He disappeared with it; and she carried trunk after trunk to a place of supposed safety, saw them all burned, and barely escaped with life. All that night and Tuesday passed, and nothing was heard from the boy or box. Her diamonds, worth some thousands, jewelry, silver, and some relics were in it; and she was more troubled for its loss than that of her house and furniture. But Tuesday night the boy was found, *sitting on the box*, which he had buried in the sand on the lake shore. He had been there twenty-four hours, had half buried himself at one time to escape the devouring fire, was very hungry and very tired; but had no thought of deserting his charge. One such boy will keep any city alive.

I have been hoping for some rumor of some hackman or expressman who failed to take advantage of the general distress to try to gratify a selfish greed and extort money; but none such has reached me.

THE TERROR OF SIN.

BY REV. E. C. TOWNE.

To do wrong once or twice, knowingly and with consent, is a thing the badness of which may well make us fear and tremble. When we slip into a bad act, consenting only on the instant, and repenting almost instantly, it is a sad enough matter; a trouble the soul may well shudder at, struggle with, and pray against. But to meet sin and consent to it—to see the broad way before us, and go right into it, and right along the downward course—that is more fearful than tongue can tell.

See that boy who is studying how to sin, just when his years should be pure and true as his mother's love; who is taking the first bold steps in some course of evil, stifling his conscience, resisting the invitation of good and the command of God, and making himself headstrong in the downward way! It is a bad sight, a woeful spectacle, a case to make the heart fill with fear and pain. The bare fact that he is perverting his nature to do wrong and to love wrong causes a shudder which no spectacle of mere suffering could cause. Our human life is a sickening sight in this one respect of the gulf it is to boys slipping away from restraints, if they have had any, and yielding to the lures of sin. Talk about the use of suffering to impress the evil of sin! Sin makes its own fearful impression; one which suffering could not make. Sin is the monster which devours these once innocent youth. It is the gulf they sink in. It is the hell their souls are lost in. It is this which the heart cannot think will last under God's dealing; it is so fearful, so woeful, so heartrending. These youths do not sell themselves to a devil; they do worse than that, they give themselves to sin. Satan were better than sin; torment were better than sin; all death were better than sin; sin is the hurt, the woe, the loss of these young souls who consent to its power. Horrid evil! deadly hurt! Woe and torment unutterable, this sin which the young lad is consenting to!

Look at that young man who has settled into sinful courses; whose heart keeps the vile thing covered from the eyes of men, but not from the eye of God; whose hand is impure with the touch of unholy deeds; whose life is put wrong by the presence of his soul's deadly foe. How startling, how shocking to think that this creature of God, in a few years of this human life, has come to love wrong ways, to 'defy God's will, and to drag his own soul on the awful, downward course of sin! Here is a creature of twofold endowment, a marvelous soul in a wonderful casket, with laws of the spirit and laws of the body too plain to be missed; but sin comes to defy these laws, to mar the body, and to hurt the soul, and the man consents to sin, consents to see laws of the Great Maker broken for evil delights, and an hour's vain joy purchased at the price of deep hurt and woe, the hurt and woe of sin and shame! Is this the youth of manhood, this sad violation of the laws of manhood? Is this the way to launch a life, this willful dashing of soul and body upon the rocks? It appals the heart to see a young man consenting to sin. It fills the soul with horror to look on such a one setting his course against the will of God, against right, against good, against Nature. Dreadful is the path of sin, and dreadful beyond comparison is it when a soul enters upon life in the great world choosing and loving this path—path of wrong and woe and shame!

And yet we must look again upon man, full of mature power, far on in the way of experience, persisting in bad ways, willing evil and not good in his own soul, a grown man in years, and yet plunged in sin. Plunged in *sin*; knowingly, repeatedly, willfully doing the evil and shameful thing which his soul ought to abhor. Gaze on that spectacle, and what do you want of hell! A man—no vile brute in his powers, but a high-born soul; no creature of blinded reason, but one full of the blaze of intelligence; no beast of toil made for others' use, but a kingly spirit, full of royal faculty and ordained to a high destiny—all that self-degraded, self-polluted, self-ruined by the love of sin! You need invite no devil into that man's breast; you need prepare no lake of fire to plunge him in; he has done all by that one thing, the love of sin. He has kindled a burning worse than that of fire; he has taken in a guest before which anything God ever made is pure and clean. Sin is in his soul; sin dwells in his heart; sin dogs his steps through the world; sin sits at his table and lies on his bed; when he looks at the sun, sin glares out of his eyes; when he speaks to little children, sin makes foul his tongue; when he kneels in fear and prays in anguish, sin mocks before the White Throne; he lives always a sinner, a lover of the bad way, a false, woeful son of man.

No language can portray the evil of sin. It is a great ruin, a great curse, the eclipse of light, the blight of life in the soul. Think of what the soul is, even in this tabernacle of flesh! Think of all its powers; its reason, its feeling, its will, and its high destiny! Think what a kingdom it is, and what a King made it for his own abode! And then consider how deep and dark a treason sin is! What hurt and wrong there is in it! What evil and meanness it involves! What calamity it brings! The man who loves sin is doing to himself and to all around him a grievous and shameful wrong. No curse could be worse. No fate could be so sad.

The evil of sin is the shadow in the universe. It is the lament of mankind. It is the problem of Godhead. In its own native colors sin is fearful and woeful beyond all comparison and all expression. How could it come? how can it stay? how shall it depart? is the cry which goes up from the creature, the cry which comes home to the very heart of the Creator. No other thing is like sin; no description suffices, except to say that it is exceeding sinful, and the depth of that no thought can sound. Sin, sin, sin! We may bring home the thought, take in the dark sense, feel most fully its woe and evil, and still we can but suspect how deep the shadow is, how sad the lament is, how fearful the problem is.

Sin is too familiar to be known for what it is. It comes close to us boldly, expecting us to avert our eyes, and to tolerate it because we do not wholly see it. It hides in the breast of the man; it skulks behind the youth; it lurks outside his mother's door for the boy; it waits in the street and the gay assembly for the joyous girl; it dwells in secret places, in and out of our doors, to meet its lovers quietly. We know that it is about; we get glimpses of it sometimes; now and then it chances to meet us face to face, and braves us a moment, then goes its way; but mostly we keep its secrets; we do not tell of its deeds. We cover our hearts with sadness when we know; we try not to say what an enemy is stealing upon souls all about us; and sin goes and comes like a black fiend in a white veil, somewhat perceived, but hardly penetrated and judged. It seems almost as though the Maker said: "Let not *your* eyes perceive it. I WILL ATTEND."

God does attend to the whole case of sin. He knows its evil. He sees how much worse than all other ills it is. He penetrates the veil of the hideous thing. He watches, and never forgets, never looks away, never suffers the evil to hide its head or to have any shelter. Sin has no secrets to the eye of God. Let it hide! The blaze of all the suns is darkness compared with the watchful eye of him who makes light with every glance. It cannot hide; it cannot escape. The universe is too narrow to afford it secrecy. Sin is no skulker, no lurking wrong, in the sight of him who keeps the world. It is open, all open, and only open, to his gaze. God *does* see; God *does* attend to the fearful thing which sin is.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

On our way to the Pacific Coast, in September, we spent a Sabbath at Salt Lake City—the last Sabbath of the month, and the last but one before the arrest of Brigham Young. Elder Wallace preached in the Tabernacle that morning, and Apostle Pratt in the afternoon. Both speakers made special and emphatic reference to the signs of the times in Utah, and lauded and defended polygamy as a divine institution, a sacred thing, which the Government of the United States had no right to investigate. Orson Pratt made a powerful speech, in which both lame and lightning logic were made to serve the "peculiar institution." His use of the Old Testament Scriptures and of mental arithmetic was ingenious, to say the least. It was evidently the object that day to rally the faith of the saints, and to tone up the church for a crisis in which this distinctive feature and practice of Momondom should come into such test as never before. There was no spirit of compromise, no suggested modification, no hint of a possible revelation in the future which might announce a "new departure" on this question, no word advising patience or admitting any shadow of mistake in the practices of the many-wived brethren. On the contrary, polygamy was commended and urged upon the people, and the powers of the Government, and particularly the agencies of the Territorial Court, derided and defied. The sermon of Orson Pratt was as rebellious as any utterance that ever fell from the lips of a Toombs or a Davis during the civil war.

Brigham Young and his chief counselors—Cannon, Smith, and Wells—were forty miles out of the city that day, on some urgent business, known only to themselves, and returned in a carriage, by the moonlight, at midnight, to their homes. The travel in Utah at this season is much more pleasant by night than by day, and the return of the prophet and his apostles at the "wee sma' hours" to their wives and children was proper enough. But it had been rumored on Sunday among Saints and Gentiles that Brigham had fled. The Mormon people themselves were in the fog, bewildered and uneasy, not knowing what signal events an hour might bring forth. We conversed with some intelligent mechanics at work on the foundations of the Temple, and discovered that the hammers swung listlessly, as if something unusual was in the wind. But every Mormon mason of them was devoted to Brigham, and ready to die for the maintenance of the priesthood as it is. We could not but admire the pluck of such men, as full of grit as the granite they picked, and yet as blind and as betooled as the mallets they held in their hands.

Brigham Young has a wonderful power over the masses of his followers. They receive and believe him as one commissioned of the Almighty. The Israelites did not surround Moses with greater zeal and confidence than do many of these Latter Day Saints encircle and obey their prophet, Brigham. At his word, whatever the chances or results, they would fire the city, defy the courts, or even enter upon a crusade against Gentiles, railroads, and Uncle Sam to boot. Such is our impression of their fanaticism, based upon observation and converse with them face to face. Brigham Young, however, is too sagacious to attempt any hostile stand against the Government. And, now that he is under arrest, and begins to yield to the forces of civilization, and has shown his fallibility openly before his people, his influence is broken forever.

We saw Brigham Young on the day following his return from the mountains at midnight. He is a man of rather finer features and of more culture than we expected. He wore white pantaloons, spotless and neat, a dark vest and coat, and withal was tasteful in appearance. Somehow he has avoided the sun and wind, and is untanned in face, pale, and well-pleasing as any gentleman of leisure and shade. For a man of seventy years and of two hundred avoirdupois, he moves gracefully, speaks smoothly and mildly, and, from his associations and habits, is decidedly a ladies' man to this day. On inquiring how long since he had visited the East, he replied "twenty-seven years, if I except a trip or two to and fro in public conveyance." He is completely alienated from childhood's scenes and the friends of his youth, and equally so from the interests and purposes of Christianity, as well as from the economy of the government which has been merciful toward him so long.

These are the latter days of the Latter Day Saints on this continent. The iniquity which has disgraced Utah for a quarter of a century, under the garb of religion; which has drawn poor, deluded victims from communities beyond the Atlantic, to mock them in the desert; which has committed murder to popularize adultery, is about to be utterly overcome and destroyed. The arm that conquered the mammoth Rebellion of the South, when armed and a half million strong, will not be thwarted in its honest effort to curb the hateful sin of the Western mountains.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 9th, 1871.

DISAPPOINTED CONTRIBUTORS.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

I SUPPOSE every newspaper and periodical in the civilized world consigns weekly from a peck to a bushel of rejected manuscript to the flames. And what quantity of mortified ambitions and blasted hopes do you suppose this hebdomadal conflagration represents? For my part, I have often thought that I would as lief be a police judge or a butcher as the editor of a popular journal. Constitutionally editors are quite as humane as other men; but their trade hardens them, and after a few years' practice they can, without a twinge of compunction, send to the gallows or the shambles multitudes of people who are guilty of nothing but mediocrity. Editors are a much abused class; in fact, I have occasionally abused them myself for their utter want of tenderness toward the fine susceptibilities of contributors' souls. Put over against the hard-heartedness of editors the proverbial sensitiveness of contributors, and we have a melancholy picture indeed. For you and I know well enough, dear fellow contributor, that the thinness of our skins is exactly in the ratio of the toughness of hide which is the chief quality (as some regard it) of the editorial class. It is unfortunately true of most of our fraternity that their delicateness of nerve grows with their popularity. In fact, a very popular contributor is generally like a very popular *prima donna*, and must be handled like a new-born babe. Newspaper and theater managers cannot get along *without* these people; and sometimes it is just as much as they can do to get along *with* them. They are (some of them) like boilers—essential to propulsion and liable to explosion.

It is my purpose in the present paper to attempt a word of condolence in behalf of the whole family of disappointed contributors, and to administer a little counsel, the value of which a moderate amount of experience has taught me. I suppose that there is not a contributor in the world who has not at some time or other felt the pangs of disappointment. Perhaps some of my youthful friends, who are aspiring to literary distinction and usefulness, may imagine that the successful contributors of to-day have had a pretty smooth time of it from the beginning of their career. There could not be a greater error than this. Almost every literary man of fame has stumbled over a multitude of chagrins. Popularity in authorship, allowing a few exceptions, which only prove the rule, is one of the most dearly-purchased achievements in the manifold strife of human destiny.

There is no necessity that a man who has overcome difficulties should hide his defeats; and so I shall attempt to enforce my theme with a few morsels of personal experience.

Probably three-quarters of the public writers of our time have at some period of their lives been afflicted with the malady of poetical ambition. It is like measles and chicken-pox. It belongs to the vealy period of life, and almost everybody has to have it. And almost all young authors have got an idea that it is fatal if it "strikes in" (whereas nothing can be more innocent to the public); and so they naturally break out into pimples, and we have consequently acres of literary *rash*.

As my memory serves me, my earliest attempt at verse was a contribution to the monthly magazine of Yale College, during my freshman year. I will never forget the birth-pangs it cost; and neither will I forget how I felt when I read in the succeeding number of that able periodical that my effusion was respectfully declined, the editors finding it impossible to decide whether the author was attempting to imitate Dr. Watts or Dr. Dwight!

This was rather a wet blanket than otherwise; but it did not extinguish the fires of youthful zeal and genius, and I had my revenge a few years afterward by seeing several mediocre lyrics of my composition in print in the columns of THE INDEPENDENT, where they may be found among the nursery trinkets of that journal's infantile period. Copies of these effusions were carefully cut out and pasted in a blank-book, in company with a host of manuscript verses, waiting to see the light. And one day, in a fit of disgust, the whole precious volume was cast into the flames; and this sad event, dating about a score of years ago, closed my intimacy with the Muses, and ever since that time we have had hardly a speaking acquaintance.

It was a happy day when, with wings well clipped, I came down to sublunary prose; and I would advise all literary aspirants to walk before they attempt to fly. Among the most modest and innocent periodicals which flourished in America twenty years gone was the *Mothers' Magazine*. My mother, long since numbered with the sainted ones in the Summer Land, used to laugh at the idea of a boy just out of college being a contributor

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to such sort of literature. And yet the Fates seemed to ordain it; and for about two years, during the theological seminary course, I had the frequent gratification to see myself in print in sage essays on the duties and responsibilities of domestic life! On reflection, this seems rather a curious function for a beardless young bachelor to undertake. The editor, however, was glad enough to get "copy" for which no pay was asked or expected beyond the comfort of seeing one's self reflected in the types—a not inconsiderable one, as every youthful writer knows.

My early experience has always inspired me with gratitude for the existence of such beneficent institutions as country newspapers. They afford a most encouraging field for young contributors to exercise their gifts, and prepare themselves, if they are worthy, for the richer rewards of literary labor. How much I am indebted to them I have never calculated; but I know that the obligation is not small, for sundry of them, in earlier years, printed many quires of commonplace for me, and not often did a rural editor reward my toil with the pangs of rejection. It seems to me a prudent thing for one who feels himself providentially ordained to be a contributor to make his first trials in the rural districts. And in saying this I mean no disparagement of the literary ability of country newspapers; but only this, that the limited amount of pressure upon their columns gives a better chance to contributors, and the liability to disappointment, and consequent discouragement, is considerably diminished. I should add that, as a general rule, the rural publishers do not make money enough out of their subscription-list to pay contributors very large fees. But, as regards the pecuniary consideration, literary beginners may as well settle it at once that this will barely buy salt, to say nothing of porridge.

Of all peddlers of wares the peddlers of brains are least apt to look upon their traffic in a common-sense way. If the agent of a manufacturing company from Lowell or Manchester enters a Broadway store with his patterns, and is politely bowed out, he is not such a simpleton as to go home in a fit of indignation and disgust. He has faith, and justly, that if one merchant does not want his commodities they will exactly suit the taste of another; and so before sundown he will have driven a thrifty trade. But your morbid contributor, in nine cases out of ten, if his manuscript is declined at the first editorial shop that he applies to, will get into a stew of indignation or the dumps of chagrin, and let the poor world go hungry for lack of his morsel, and deprive himself of the solid comfort of helping just a little to save it from intellectual and moral starvation. If we could only regulate the nervous system of the literary class—make their vanity less sensitive and their ambitions less susceptible—an incalculable amount of good thought would be saved from hopeless burial. And when the ambition to do good takes precedence in contributors' souls over all other sentiments we shall have a large accession of common sense and practical utility. If a man has a really earnest word to say to the world, and cannot speak through a silver trumpet, then let him put up with a brass one; at all events, let him speak, and somebody will listen.

On the whole, admitting all the inevitable chagrins and disappointments of authorship, I am persuaded that, considering the trials of their position, editors are about the politest class of people that are to be found within the pale of civilization. Multitudes of sore contributors will not at all agree to this verdict, and will persist in thinking them the most merciless beings that ever Providence let loose to torment human souls. I know very well what your story is, my young friend. You brought forth a poem, or a story, or an essay, with much travail, dressed your offspring in the best clothes, and sent it to THE INDEPENDENT a year since, with the only response that it was "respectfully declined." This is an editorial phrase, I beg you to remember; and, if the sentence must be uttered (as it must in multitudes of instances, else this mammoth sheet, instead of covering square yards, would cover acres every week), could language be more kindly framed? You and I ought to remember that the editors are not our servants, but the servants of the public. Having had experience of both, I have concluded that, among the various fortunes of a contributor, the next best thing to being accepted is to be declined.

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND, October, 1871.

THE LIFE WITHIN.

BY REV. G. B WILLCOX.

MAN is a creature made to live largely from within. He cannot help that, though men are wasting their lives every day in the attempt to help it. The brutes are different as to this. A horse is not a mere mass of flesh; he has some sort of spirit in him. And yet, what does he know of any inner life? His pains and pleasures are all from outside. You can pour happiness into him, and pour it out, as you do water in a jug. Give him his oats, and he can hardly be miserable. Take them away, and he can hardly be anything else. But let a man attempt to make himself a vessel to be filled and emptied! He cannot do it. His nature is too great and deep. Your riches, or pleasures, or whatever go only a little way down. They please; they cannot feed. The palate is tickled, the stomach starves.

What becomes of a nation that attempts to live on imports only, and produce nothing at home? How long before they run down, and run out to be a nation of bankrupts? So with individuals. God makes a man not to be importing always, but to till his own soil, to be raising fruit within, to have a life within that shall be full of all manner of richness and power.

The Bible gradually unfolds this hidden world in souls. Look into the Pentateuch and Judges and Kings and Chronicles, and you see almost nothing of it. How *outward*—how much taken up with what strikes the senses—ceremonies, journeyings, wars, exploits—everything, along there, seems to be! How seldom you get a hint of any inward experience, any operation of the heart! Men were not ripe enough yet for that. God had to bear with them, to point them to what they could appreciate. He got their actions into right working order, and slowly brought their thought and feeling up as best he could. But turn over to the Psalms. See, there, the *soul* brought up to the surface. See the penitence, the faith, the memories, the hopes, that break out with every sweep of the Psalmist's harp, and show what a crowd of struggling emotions is left below. Then go on through the New Testament. Read the Sermon on the Mount, and the last chapters of John's gospel. Read Paul's and John's epistles. It is *all* heart-work there! That wonderful eighth of Romans, that second of Ephesians—what wealth, what deep below deep, all stored with treasure, you find opening to you! When you look into these revelations of Heaven begun in souls, these strange, rich experiences that reach below men's soundings, it is as when sailors, in the South Seas, leaning over the ship's sides, gaze down through transparent water into great forests, with trees that grow forty feet, and branching corals of every shape and color, and fish gliding among them—a world of wonders, a paradise—and all far under the surface!

All this, in the New Testament, is the more striking, too, because the heathen civilization of those times made so little of any inner life—so much of mere outward affairs. The Lord taught his disciples better. He brought not only life and immortality to light; not only the world to come, but the world that is in men, and is crowded with growing destinies. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you."

A man is forced to learn this as he gets on in life, whether he will or not. In your childhood what a freshness, what a glow there was on events, that there never can be again. You could make more out of a Saturday's holiday, to say nothing of a Christmas, than you can now out of a week of pleasuring. You read "Robinson Crusoe," or "Arabian Nights," and it had a charm for you that you think you would give the world, almost, if you could find in it now. There were songs and strains of music that took hold of you as music ten times finer never has done since. You drank life with a relish. There was always a foam on the top of the day and sweetening left at the bottom.

But as you grow older your moods and the state of your spirits have more to do with your happiness than anything outward. You are often sad when others think your heart is singing in you like a bird in the cage. You are sometimes light-hearted, you hardly know why yourself. You are no longer as you used to be, like a bud that has burst into flower, or a popped corn turned inside out for every one to see. You show less of your inner life. An iceberg floats with about one-ninth of its bulk above the surface, and eight-ninths below. It is so with you? No one knows as much of you as he thinks he does.

This is God's plan for us. And it is wholesome for any man to live after it—to be sure that he has a life within him that is independent of the ups and downs of fortune. The world is full of surface men and women, who are trying to break up this plan. The show they make is the beginning and end of all they aim at. If you see the performance in front, if the scene-shifting and the playing are a success, look no further. Do not thrust yourself in to spy out the gilt and paste and pasteboard, and the dirty ropes, by which the effects are gotten up. You are not wanted behind the scenes. Oh! how many men there are, who think *they* are solid men, with no such sham about them, but who when death comes, asking how they are *toward God* and any honest love to him, will find they are as hollow as a gourd. The difference between such a man—one of integrity and honor, judged as the world goes, but who never in heart obeys his Maker, or seeks him in prayer, or shows much care for him anyway—the difference between him and a shallow pretender is only, after all, that the crust over the hollowness is somewhat thicker. What does it amount to if the change of worlds is going to strike one through with terror as quick as the other? When an earthquake splits the ground, of what moment is it whether the rock and soil are one mile thick or sixty? We want an inner life that has *no* vacuum in it; one that is sound to the core, and has nothing to fear from eternity more than from time.

And so much the more because this inner life is all there is of us that will *last* when this machinery of things around shall be taken down, and the world shall be passing away. Men are like cities, that have the substantial buildings of brick and stone at the center, and outside all around light wooden tenements, that are transient. You build up a fortune, or a splendid fame, and it is as sure to melt away as the days are to go by. You take perishable material to work on. But you add a new grace to that soul of yours, you put some new spiritual beauty into that, and you will *find* it there when you are older by ten thousand years than you are to-day! Here is a stalwart man, with health and strength in heart and lungs and every limb. How comes he so? His virtuous youth, far back in time gone by—that has done this for him, given him this reward. And there is many a saint of God in Heaven who has virtues and excellences that he got, Christ helping him, whole centuries ago.

"But, oh!" a Christian says, "shall I ever be there? I am *so* lame and weak and cold within. Is there anything, really, of Christ in me at all?" Why, what can you expect, brother, in a world as cold as this? You try an orange that grew in some nursery hereabouts. "It is small," you say. Yes. "And insipid." Yes; of course, it is. But it is a *real* orange, as any in Florida! And it hints to you what the poor, stunted tree that bore it might bear, far off yonder in the tropics, under sunny skies. You are out of your climate, Christian! Wait till God transplants you, and see if he doesn't get from you some richer fruit. Your hidden life shall come out, and grow and bloom forever. Hold on and be strong, for *He* has you in hand! You shall not always be groping in the dark. You shall no always be panting under burdens or stumbling into snares. Hold on, and be strong in faith and hope, till His time for the victory comes.

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From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

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WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, } May 23, 1866. }

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EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles,

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, } May 5th, 1865. }

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested himself for you, and whom we "all love. Very truly yours,

GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,

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The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

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From Postmaster-General Dennison.

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Truly yours, W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, } WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866. }

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,

JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, } WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866. }

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly, W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,

F. W. SEWARD.

From George E. Baker, Editor of Seward' Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1866.

I never did so love and prize a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,

GEO. E. BAKER.

We now desire to make public proclamation to our hundreds of thousands of readers in this and other lands that we have

PURCHASED THE STEEL PLATE

of this engraving from Mr. Carpenter, at a cost of

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS,

with the EXCLUSIVE RIGHT to publish and use the same as we may see fit.

Now, therefore, be it understood that until further notice we will PRESENT A COPY OF THE SPLENDID ENGRAVING AFORESAID TO EVERY PERSON WHO SHALL SEND US THE NAMES OF FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND TEN DOLLARS, or who will RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR FOUR YEARS AND SEND US TEN DOLLARS, or who will RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONE OR MORE YEARS, AND SEND US NEW NAMES TO MAKE UP THE BALANCE, WITH TEN DOLLARS.

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FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE PRESENCE OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

The above is simply a Wood-cut, showing, as near as we can on this limited scale, the faces and figures of these illustrious men. The real Steel Engraving (imperfectly represented by this cut) which we offer as a Premium to our Subscribers is not like the above in size, but is 26x36 inches large, and printed on fine, heavy pasteboard. See further particulars in Premium Notice, on this page.

AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The above Wood-cut but poorly represents a magnificent, fine Steel Engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—of which we have already given away over six thousand copies as Premiums, without one single instance of dissatisfaction. See further particulars in Premium Notice, on this page.

All the above small wood-cuts faintly represent the large Steel Engravings—size 19x35 inches—of the President, Vice-President, and the late Secretary Stanton, and are all too well known in almost every town and village in the country to make it necessary to say one word in their favor. We pronounce these Premium engravings unequaled in execution and as nearly perfect as it is possible for Mr. Ritchie—one of the best artists in the country—to produce. Nearly 50,000 have already been given away. See further particulars in Premium Notice, on this page.

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For 100 new subscribers and $350 cash we will give a No. 38 Watch, named "S. M. Beard," Marion, N. J., in heavy 18 karat gold hunting case. Cash price $200.

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For 70 new subscribers and $175 cash we will give a No. 40 Watch, named "Edwin Rollo," Marion, N. J., in heavy 18 karat gold hunting case. Cash price $150.

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WILLIS.	CHANNING.
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The lowest retail price of this beautiful engraving before the steel plate came into our possession was $14.

We have purchased it at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to give away the engravings as above stated. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged.

We have already given away over seven thousand copies, and have not yet heard of one single instance of dissatisfaction.

We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for two subscriptions. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

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We have decided to present to every subscriber who sends one *new name* with the money ($2.50) *a copy of each of Ritchie's Splendid Steel Engravings of President Grant and Vice-President Colfax*; and will also present the same engravings to *each new subscriber whose name is thus sent*—or, in other words, we will give a double set of these beautiful engravings, sent free of postage, for every new subscriber's name sent with the money.

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We ask you to respond promptly to this *extraordinary* offer by soliciting your neighbors and friends, *one and all*, to become subscribers, and get this great premium.

With such a popular present to offer to *everybody*, it is hard to believe that, if it is known, *anybody* will refuse it.

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The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

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The Sunday Magazine.

A monthly of recreation and instruction, profusely illustrated.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and the *Sunday Magazine* one year—price $3 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Sunday Magazine*) who will send us $5 00; or we will send the *Sunday Magazine* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT with the money

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar* who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money

Our Young Folks.

THIS Magazine embraces the widest range of subjects, the highest class of illustrations, and the most distinguished contributors that any one periodical can possibly sustain.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and OUR YOUNG FOLKS one year—price $2.00—to any person who will send us $4 00; or we will send OUR YOUNG FOLKS one year to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT with the money.

The Youth's Companion.

THE *Companion* is the oldest publication for young people in the country, and is conducted with rare enterprise and ability. It is wide-awake, practical, and high-toned, and in the quality and adaptation of its reading to young people has no superior Its contributors are among the best writers in the country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year (price $2 50) and *Youth's Companion* for one year (price $1 50) to any person—not already a subscriber to *Youth's Companion*—who will send us $3 25; or we will send *Youth's Companion* one year as a present to any *new* subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home

an Illustrated Weekly of twenty large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $3—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 00; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Herald of Health.

A health journal in the broadest meaning of the word health; including all that relates to physical, moral and intellectual improvement.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *Herald of Health* for one year—price $2 00—to any person who will send us $4 00; or we will send the *Herald of Health* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid—to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15 00) or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

Great Premium!

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

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TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine sells for $50 cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

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COLBY'S "FAMILY FAVORITE" CLOTHES WRINGER.

We have concluded arrangements by which we are able to offer this VERY SUPERIOR Clothes Wringer (the cash price of which is $7 50) to any person who will send us the names of three *new* subscribers, with the money, $7 50; or who will renew an old subscription four years in advance, and pay us $10.

This Wringer is said by those who have tried it to be very simple, and equal to any in use.

The Independent.

THE DESERT ROCK.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

"THEY drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4.

Rock of the desert, pouring still
Thy stream the thirsty soul to fill;
Rock of the desert, now as full
Of living water, pure and cool,
We stand beside thy stream.

Rock of eternity, to thee
In thirst and weariness we flee;
Thy waters cannot cease to pour;
Their fullness is for evermore.
Freely to that thirsteth come.

Rock out water of eternity,
We come, we come, to drink of thee.
The voice of welcome that we hear,
The voice dispelling every fear,
Is, "Whosoever will."

River of life, upon thy brink
We sit and of thy waters drink;
The murmur of thy sparkling wave
Speaks still of Him who came to save,
Who bids us drink and live.

River of peace, so full and bright,
Each drop clear-shining with the light;
And still the voice that comes from thee,
The voice that telleth all free,
Is, "Whosoever will."

River of love, so deep and wide,
All Heaven is in thy flowing tide;
For all the love of God is here,
The love that casteth out all fear,
Tho "whosoever will."

River of God, still flowing on,
Thy source the everlasting throne.
River of Heaven, translucent stream,
Thy fullness ever at the brim
For "whosoever will."

River of health, thy current pours
Its freshness on these leprous shores!
Pure Jordan, bidding all draw nigh,
For health and immortality,
With "whosoever will."

Dear river, what a sun is thine!
What glories on thy waters shine,
What freshness in each sparkling drop;
And still the voice that cometh up
Is, "Whosoever will."

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

THE "IMPENDING CRISIS" OF THE DEMOCRACY.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

DEATH or defeat! Surrender or overthrow! These are the unwelcome alternatives which now confront the once proud and powerful Democratic party of the nation. Last spring how jauntily their leading presses talked of Republican disintegration; how boastingly they prophesied the overthrow of Republican domination; how oracularly they discussed, as they have for so many years, of Republican violations of the Constitution, which were at last to be rebuked by the uprising of an indignant people! Anon the state elections began to be heard from; but their rebuke fell on the Democracy instead, and the New Departure became the theme of their discussion. They might be willing, they thought, to escape the odium of their past course by accepting the measures they had fought against so zealously, if the people would again entrust them with power. But the elections went on; and with the clearest possible voice they declared, either on old platforms or new ones, on the principles of '64 or '68, even with the resolutions of '98 attached or detached—the people would not have the Democracy to rule over them.

The "anthem of Republican victories thus resounding across a continent"—in a year, too, when the victors themselves scarcely expected such a succession of triumphs—has had a chilling result on the Democratic leaders, but recently so buoyant and elate. Their jubilant roosters refuse to crow. The pyramids of states which were to insure the Democratic triumph of 1872 have tumbled into ruins. Their bitter personal attacks on the President continue, regardless of their evident lack of effect on all unprejudiced minds. And the railing accusations against the Republicans as Constitution breakers are kept up; for during ten years Democracy has consisted in arguing that every measure for the protection of the nation or the individual was flagrantly unconstitutional. But the utter hopelessness of the party is evinced by the discussions now going on in its presses of the plan proposed by the St. Louis *Republican*, one of the ablest and boldest of their leading papers, that the Democracy should make no national nominations, but support Independent Republicans for President and Vice-President! And Senator Blair, their last candidate for the latter office, and one of the frankest of their public men, declares to a Southern audience that, "rather than go back on my own principles (by agreeing formally to the New Departure), I would prefer to make a choice of Republicans, and go for a man who should be nominated by the disaffected Republicans," etc.

What a change is this that has come o'er the spirit of their dreams! The once great and potential organization that for so many years governed this country; that in the days of its prime overthrew every party that resisted its sway; that but recently was so full of hope and enthusiasm, and so sanguine of its return, after its long exile, to national power, is now discussing whether it will dare to run Democrats at all at the presidential election of 1872! To nominate candidates of their own party, believers in their own principles, is, as they see plainly, to go down to a foredoomed defeat. To abandon the field in advance is political death, real or assumed. Such is the sad dilemma afflicting the Democratic mind.

There is a reason for this decline and fall of a once powerful party. It is written in its later history. Itself has been its worst enemy. It has forced the people to believe that it has still, as during the Rebellion, a Southern and a Northern face. That, as it then on the one side warred for the destruction of the nation, and on the other side warred on all the war measures of the Government, so now at the South it inspires or palliates organized outrage and assassination, and at the North denounces every effort of the nation to punish such horrid and unexampled crimes as tyrannical and unconstitutional.

In the issues they have voluntarily made on this question they have been smitten with political blindness—perhaps misled by the fact that some able Republicans doubted the wisdom of all the details of the Ku-Klux bill. But our opponents could not have made themselves weaker before the people at large than by the bitter denunciations which have been the staple of their canvassing speeches this year. Their arguments that the nation had no right to enforce its Constitution and laws for the protection of its citizens seemed exactly akin to their theories of ten years ago, that the nation had no right to coerce a state which was seeking to destroy the Union. Through all their sophistries the people recognized that under the amendment which devolved on Congress the power, and hence also the duty, to *enforce* (the strongest word in the dictionary) every jot and tittle of the article by appropriate legislation, Congress had enacted that wherever disguised bands, organized and sworn to commit outrage and murder, have made the ordinary process of law impracticable, where local authorities approve their horrid iniquities or are overawed by them, this reign of terrorism and fiendish violence is to be ended by the national power, wielded not for oppression, but to sup-

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The Independent.

THE DESERT ROCK.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

"THEY drank of that spiritual rock that followed them: and that rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4.

Rock of the desert, pouring still
Thy stream the thirsty soul to fill;
Rock of the desert, now as full
Of living water, pure and cool,
We stand beside thy stream.

Rock of eternity, to thee
In thirst and weariness we flee;
Thy waters cannot cease to pour;
Their fullness is for evermore.
For all that thirsteth come.

Rock of water of eternity,
We come, we come, to drink of thee.
The voice of welcome that we hear,
The voice dispelling every fear,
Is, "Whosoever will."

River of life, upon thy brink
We sit and of thy waters drink;
The murmur of thy sparkling wave
Speaks still of Him who came to save,
Who bids us drink and live.

River of peace, so full and bright,
Each drop clear-shining with the light;
And still the voice that comes from thee,
The voice that telleth all is free,
Is, "Whosoever will."

River of love, so deep and wide,
All Heaven is in thy flowing tide;
For all the love of God is here,
The love that casteth out all fear,
The "whosoever will."

River of God, still flowing on,
Thy source the everlasting throne.
River of Heaven, translucent stream,
Thy fullness ever at the brim
For "whosoever will."

River of health, thy current pours
Its freshness on these leprous shores!
Pure Jordan, bidding all draw nigh,
For health and immortality,
With "whosoever will."

Dear river, what a sun is thine!
What glories on thy waters shine,
What freshness in each sparkling drop;
And still the voice that cometh up
Is, "Whosoever will."

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

THE "IMPENDING CRISIS" OF THE DEMOCRACY.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

DEATH or defeat! Surrender or overthrow! These are the unwelcome alternatives which now confront the once proud and powerful Democratic party of the nation. Last spring how jauntily their leading presses talked of Republican disintegration; how boastingly they prophesied the overthrow of Republican domination; how oracularly they discussed, as they have for so many years, of Republican violations of the Constitution, which were at last to be rebuked by the uprising of an indignant people! Anon the state elections began to be heard from; but their rebuke fell on the Democracy instead, and the New Departure became the theme of their discussion. They might be willing, they thought, to escape the odium of their past course by accepting the measures they had fought against so zealously, if the people would again entrust them with power. But the elections went on; and with the clearest possible voice they declared, either on old platforms or new ones, on the principles of '64 or '68, even with the resolutions of '98 attached or detached—the people would not have the Democracy to rule over them.

The "anthem of Republican victories thus resounding across a continent"—in a year, too, when the victors themselves scarcely expected such a succession of triumphs—has had a chilling result on the Democratic leaders, but recently so buoyant and clate. Their jubilant roosters refuse to crow. The pyramids of states which were to insure the Democratic triumph of 1872 have tumbled into ruins. Their bitter personal attacks on the President continue, regardless of their evident lack of effect on all unprejudiced minds. And the railing accusations against the Republicans as Constitution breakers are kept up; for during ten years Democracy has consisted in arguing that every measure for the protection of the nation or the individual was flagrantly unconstitutional. But the utter hopelessness of the party is evinced by the discussions now going on in its presses of the plan proposed by the St. Louis *Republican*, one of the ablest and boldest of their leading papers, that the Democracy should make no national nominations, but support Independent Republicans for President and Vice-President! And Senator Blair, their last candidate for the latter office, and one of the frankest of their public men, declares to a Southern audience that, "rather than go back on my own principles (by agreeing formally to the New Departure), I would prefer to make a choice of Republicans, and go for a man who should be nominated by the disaffected Republicans," etc.

What a change is this that has come o'er the spirit of their dreams! The once great and potential organization that for so many years governed this country; that in the days of its prime overthrew every party that resisted its sway; that but recently was so full of hope and enthusiasm, and so sanguine of its return, after its long exile, to national power, is now discussing whether it will dare to run Democrats at all at the presidential election of 1872! To nominate candidates of their own party, believers in their own principles, is, as they see plainly, to go down to a foredoomed defeat. To abandon the field in advance is political death, real or assumed. Such is the sad dilemma afflicting the Democratic mind.

There is a reason for this decline and fall of a once powerful party. It is written in its later history. Itself has been its worst enemy. It has forced the people to believe that it has still, as during the Rebellion, a Southern and a Northern face. That, as it then on the one side warred for the destruction of the nation, and on the other side warred on all the war measures of the Government, so now at the South it inspires or palliates organized outrage and assassination, and at the North denounces every effort of the nation to punish such horrid and unexampled crimes as tyrannical and unconstitutional.

In the issues they have voluntarily made on this question they have been smitten with political blindness—perhaps misled by the fact that some able Republicans doubted the wisdom of all the details of the Ku-Klux bill. But our opponents could not have made themselves weaker before the people at large than by the bitter denunciations which have been the staple of their canvassing speeches this year. Their arguments that the nation had no right to enforce its Constitution and laws for the protection of its citizens seemed exactly akin to their theories of ten years ago, that the nation had no right to coerce a state which was seeking to destroy the Union. Through all their sophistries the people recognized that under the amendment which devolved on Congress the power, and hence also the duty, to *enforce* (the strongest word in the dictionary) every jot and tittle of the article by appropriate legislation, Congress had enacted that wherever disguised bands, organized and sworn to commit outrage and murder, have made the ordinary process of law impracticable, where local authorities approve their horrid iniquities or are overawed by them, this reign of terrorism and fiendish violence is to be ended by the national power, visited not for oppression, but to suppress disorder and protect the helpless. Protection of the poorest and humblest against outrages that would disgrace the convicts of Botany Bay or the brigands of Italy is the object of this much maligned law. And "its true intent and meaning" (that the security of the citizen is the most vital object of constitutions) is appreciated and endorsed and honored by millions of American hearts—not limited, I rejoice to say, to the ranks of any one party in our land.

It is because the people at large recognize so fully and detest so utterly the wicked and bloody deeds of these dangerous bands at the South, who rob, burn, beat, maim, shoot and hang; it is because they reject so sternly all palliations for these atrocities, which dishonor the Republic; and it is because they demand that, under our amended Constitution, the weakest citizen shall be defended against the most powerful organization and conspiracy at home, as he would be against the most arrogant or powerful empire abroad, and by the whole power of the nation, wherever the exercise of that power becomes necessary, that all the Democratic arguments against the Ku-Klux legislation of the Republicans have not only fallen so pointless, but, recoiling, indeed, on their authors, have proved to them so unmistakably an element of weakness.

Nor is this all that has tended to sap the strength and blight the hopes of the Democratic party. There is "a dangerous class," North as well as South, which the people feel it would not be safe to install in power, in the persons of its favorites or apologists.

Go into any of our large cities, East or West. Ask any of its citizens of any party this question: "In the quarter of this city where vice and evil reign supreme; where everything that is good and just is trampled under foot, and everything that is wicked and vile and iniquitous is dominant; where you would not dare to let your wife or daughter walk after nightfall unattended; to which party do its denizens give their confidence, their endorsement, and their approving votes?" And the answer you are sure to receive is today the weakness of the Democratic party. With the dangerous power of the dangerous classes, North and South, as plainly illustrated as it has been of late, the thousands of votes our opponents receive from them are more than offset by tens of thousands who refuse to cast their votes in the same direction, and thus to be found fraternizing with them at the polls.

But, though the inevitable defeat which Democratic leaders see awaiting them, if they place Democratic nominees before the country on a Democratic platform, may be avoided by the hari-kari proposition now under discussion amongst them, Republicans must not close their eyes to the fact that such a campaign may be more dangerous to them as an organization than the open field on which they have so often met and defeated their opponents. By exactly such a policy was Republican ascendancy overthrown in Tennessee and Missouri. And, though it would be more difficult to play the same game on the broader arena of the whole nation, and its results in the future might be far more disastrous to the party which sought political resurrection through apparent suicide, the fact that such a plan is contemplated at all should impel action this winter which would place the Republicans on impregnable ground. First of all, unity. With thorough concord and zealous energy New York could be carried now as surely as Ohio or Pennsylvania; and the nation in 1872 as surely as the state elections of 1871. But, head and above all, meeting the new and living issues of to-day like a brave and living party of faithful, patriotic, and large-hearted men.

With a hearty endorsement of the reforms I attempted to outline in my article of last month on the "Pathway to Victory"—with generous reductions of taxation, and especially treating taxes on tea, coffee, incomes, etc., as war burdens, to be dispensed with in peace and reserved for the monetary exigencies of war—with thorough and searching retrenchment and economy in every branch of the service—proving Republicanism to be the party of genuine practical reform, of philanthropic principles, of even-handed justice, and of healthy progress—the newest Departure of the Democracy, whatever shape it may finally assume, can be made a confusion of tongues for it, resulting only in a defeat which will shatter it as a political organization hereafter, and become, at last, only a winding-sheet of all its future hopes.

ALICE CARY.

HER LITERARY AND SOCIAL LIFE.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

THERE is no sadder inequality than that which exists often between the estimate an author places upon some work that has been wrought from his soul and brain and the one placed on it by a careless reader or the average public. It is the very tissue of being, the life-blood of one. To the other often it is but mere words; or, at most, an inartistic performance, whose best fate is to be superficially read and quickly forgotten. Nor is it the fault of this public that it is all unknowing of the time and tears, the patience and sorrow and love often inwrought in the book which it so lightly passes over. It has nothing to do with the individual life of the author; yet no less its thoughtless and sometimes unjust judgment makes one of the hard facts of human life. I never saw a more touching illustration of this than in Alice Cary's feeling toward her little book of poems called "A LOVER'S DIARY," published by Ticknor & Fields, in 1868, and the average reception of it. To the newspaper noticer it seemed but a tame collection of love-songs, never thrilling and often wearisome. This was the most that it was to many. To her it was her soul's flower laid upon the grave of her darling—the young sister who for so many years was the soul of her soul and the life of her life. It is the portrait of this sister (though casting but a dim shadow of her living loveliness) which graces the front of the book; and the dedication below it, so simple, unfeigned, sorrowful, and loving, is one of the most touching utterances in literature.

With tears in her eyes Alice laid this book in my hand, saying: "It will be something to you, for you knew *her*." Its prevailing fault is its monotony. The sameness of its rhythm and the constant repetition of one name is sure to tire a reader after a few consecutive pages, if he knows nothing of its history, and never knew or loved personally its subject. And yet no appreciator of true poetry can turn over its leaves without a constantly recurring sense of surprise at the exquisite beauty of phrase and tenderness of rhythm running through the minor lyrics. Phœbe says of them: "I do not know how this book may affect others; but to me some of the poems have a most tearful and touching pathos. 'Mona Sick' is perhaps one of the saddest and sweetest." Read as the rhythmic utterance of absolute truth—the heart's real cry over a loved one dying, and that loved one a sister—what a sacred sound these lines take on!

"Low lying in her pallid pain,
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,
I see her night and day:
And every heart-beat is a cry,
And every breath I breathe a sigh,
O, for the May, the May!"

* * *

"All the dreaming is broken through,
Both what is done and undone I rue.
Nothing is steadfast and nothing true,
But your love for me and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

The time is weary, the year is old,
The light o' the lily burns close to the mold.
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold;
But the other side is the city of gold.
My dearest, dear little heart."

Coldly as this little book was received at its publication, more of its lyrics are afloat on the great newspaper sea to-day than ever before. There is one than which Charles Kingsley or Alfred Tennyson never sang a sweeter, which has drifted to Europe and back, and been appropriated in a hundred ways, whose last stanzas runs:

"The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream:
And what is it all, when all is done.
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreamer the dreamer wakes."

As an artist in literature Alice Cary suffered, as so many women in this generation must, for lack of thorough mental discipline and those reserved stores of knowledge which must be gathered and garnered in youth. When the burden and the heat of the day came, when she needed them most, she had neither time nor strength to acquire them. The helpful daughter of a large household in the country, her early youth was spent chiefly in household drudgery. Her only chance for study was in dear snatches at books between her tasks, and by the kitchen fire through the long winter evenings. Thus, when her life work and work for life came, she did it under the most hampering disadvantages, and often amid bodily suffering which any ordinary woman would have made a sufficient excuse for absolute dependence upon others. Thus it was with her as with so many of her sisters. So much of woman's work is artistically poor, not from any poverty of gift, but for lack of that practical training of the faculties which is indispensable to the finest workmanship. The power is there, but not the perfect mastery of the power. Alice's natural endowment of mind and soul was of the finest and rarest; yet as an artistic force she used it timidly, and at times awkwardly. She never, to her dying hour, reached her own standard; never in any form of art satisfied herself. Yet as an interpreter of simple Nature she was unsurpassed. As a ballad writer she was never equaled by any American man or woman. She loved the ballad, and there is ever in hers a *naïve*, arch grace of utterance inimitable. Even now I hear the thrilling vibration of her voice as I used to hear it when, sitting alone in the evening, she would repeat in a low crooning tone her last ballad. Any time or anywhere, if I listen, I seem to hear her voice the same, saying:

"In the stormy waters of Galloway
My boat has been tumbling like a shivelong day,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide was low.

"The tide was low and the wind was high,
And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For such a traveler, all the day,
Had crossed the ferry of Galloway."

Her poems are full of lyric fervor and sweetness. In interpreting Nature she never failed. Thus in Clover Nook stories—her first in prose, which reproduced perfectly the life that she knew—were reprinted in England, and more popular there than in this country, winning warm commendation from high authorities in foreign criticism. It was in attempting to deal with more material forces that she failed. In the more comprehensive sense, she never learned the world. She knew more of principles than of people, more of Nature than of either. Her mind was introspective. Instinctively she drew the very life of the universe into her soul, and from her soul sent it forth into life again. By her nothing in Nature is forgotten or passed by. "The luminous creatures of the air," the cunning workers of the ground, "the dwarfed flower," and the "drowning mote," each shares something of her great human love, which, brooding over the very ground, rises and merges into all things beautiful. One can only wonder at the reverent and observant faculties, the widely embracing heart, which makes so many of God's loves its own. Yet nothing in her music touches one so nearly as its manifold variations of the hymn of human life—now tender, pathetic, and patient; now grand with resignation and faith, uttered always with a childlike simplicity; telling most of all how the human heart can love and suffer, how it can believe and find rest. She lived to pass into that serene spiritual atmosphere which outlies the emotions and passions of youth; where, in degree, having outlived its love and sorrow, its loss and longing, no shadow fell between her soul and the Illimitable Love. Her "Thoughts and Theories" and "Hymns," contained in the volume of her poems published by Hurd & Houghton, 1866, were chiefly the utterances of this period of her life. They called forth thousands of expressions of personal thanks and regard from all over the land, and yet they failed of universal recognition in the mere world of literature. They won little or no praise in places from whence she had a right to expect it. She considered them the best expressions of her mature power; and the comparatively cold reception which she thought they received, especially from some of her personal friends, was a cause of grief. Aside from all sympathy of friendship, my opinion is that these poems never received justice. Yet the cause was scarcely with friends or in the public; but was a part of the untoward conditions of her life. She was forced to write too much. Her name was seen in print too often. This is one of the heaviest penalties which Genius incurs in earning its living by a pen. Its name comes to have a market value, and is sold and used for that. More newspaper work, if tolerably well done, can bear this test for a long time. But it is death to poetry to write it "on time," or to sell it in advance for a name. Necessity forced Alice to do this so often that, while her name never lost its hold upon the masses, it came to be rated lower in the estimation of critics, and in some sense her sweetest lyrics sink to the value of rhymes in the minds of her friends. Many loved Alice as a friend who ranked her low as a poet; and she knew it. But, heavy as the outer tax upon it was, the deep inner spring of her inspiration never failed; from it chiefly flowed the poems in this book. Yet the excess of her daily labor was so much taken from its chances of success. Some of her warmest personal friends scarcely took the trouble to look within its covers, to see whether it contained rhymes or poems. They drank tea at her table, they waxed eloquent in her parlor, they knew Alice that she was one of the noblest and sweetest of women; after that, what did it matter what she thought, or felt, or did!

They never dreamed that, when the lights were out, and the bright parlor closed, that the woman sometimes sat down and wept for the word of encouragement that was not spoken, for the little meed of appreciation that was not proffered, which, could it have come from those whose judgment she valued, would have been new life and inspiration to her amid her ceaseless toil.

The more carefully and dispassionately I study this book of poems the more certain I am that it holds in thought and utterance the elements of enduring existence. It will live because it is poetry, holding in rhythm and phrase the soul of Nature and of human life. I believe that Alice Cary will live in these poems in the future in the hearts of the people, when we who criticised or passed them by are dead and forgotten.

Many have inquired concerning her belief in "Spiritualism." She was a Spiritualist in the highest meaning of the much-abused term, as every spiritually-minded person must be in some sense, and would be if no such thing as professional Spiritualism had ever existed. No one can believe in the New Testament, in God himself, and not be in this sense a Spiritualist. One cannot have faith in another and better world, and not feel often that its border lies very near to this; so near, indeed, that our lost ones who have gone thither may come back to us, unseen, unheard, to walk as "ministering angels" by our sides. This is the spiritualism of Jesus and his disciples, and of holy men and women in all ages.

All Alice Cary's spiritual faith is uttered in these lines:

"Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back; but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream:
That these our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity;
And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations just as clearly fall,
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light
Upon the inward spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material on the external sight."

Her quick, keen sense of justice underlaid her entire character and pervaded every action of her life. She hated slavery in every form; she was capable of a burning indignation against every form of wrong; yet in her judgment of individuals she was full of charity and sympathy. I once expressed myself bitterly toward a person who had spoken of Alice wickedly and falsely in connection with the "Griswold story." "You would not feel so, my dear," she said, "if you knew how unhappy she is. When I think how very unhappy she must be herself, to be willing to injure one who never harmed her, I can only pity her."

When a dear one, dying willingly, lets go of life, the loosened hands by so much reconcile us to their going. It was not so with Alice. Through physical suffering almost beyond precedent, through days and nights and years of hopeless illness, she yet clung to this life. Not through any lack of faith in the other and higher; but because it seemed to her that she had not yet exhausted the possibilities, the fullness, and sweetness of this. She thought that there was a fruition in life, in its labor, its love which she had never realized; and even in dying she longed for it. The greater portion of the year 1869 I spent with her, and during a short absence she wrote me from Twentieth street these words: "Phœbe is still away, and I alone in the house; but busy as a bee from morning till night. I often hear it said that people as they grow older lose their interest in things around them; but this is not true of me. I take more interest in life, in all that concerns it, and in human beings, every year I live. If I fail of bringing something worthy to pass, I don't mean that it shall be for lack of energy or industry. I'm putting the house in order, and have such new and pleasant plans for the winter. Do hasten back, that I may tell you all about them." In two weeks I returned, and, going at once to her familiar room, she met me on the threshhold without a word. As she kissed me, her tears fell upon my face; and, looking up, I saw the change in hers. The Indian summer of youth, which had made it so fair four little weeks before, had now gone from it forever; the shadow of the grave reached it already.

"Since I wrote you," she said, "my only sister, save Phœbe, has died; and look at me!" She moved, and I saw that the graceful, swaying movement, so especially hers, was gone—that she was hopelessly lame.

Thus that first of September began the last, fierce struggle between life and death, which was to continue for seventeen months. Only God and his ministering angels know with what pangs that soul and body parted. I cannot think of it without a shudder and a sigh—a shudder for the agony, a sigh for that patient and tender and loving heart, so full of life and yearning amid the anguish of dissolving Nature. At first it seemed impossible that she could remain lame. Each day we said: "To-morrow you *must* came down stairs again." But, save with crutches, she never walked again. In the beginning it seemed impossible for her to adjust her mind or habits to this fact, or to realize that she was not able to join the familiar circle around the Sunday-evening tea-table. Yet the more impossible it became for her to participate personally, the more eager she became for the happiness of others. She would have us dress in her room, that she might refresh her eyes with bright colors; and leave the door of her room open, that she might hear the tones of dear, familiar voices coming up from below. When tea was cheering, and speech and laughter flowing freest, there was something inexpressibly touching in the thought of the woman who provided this cheer for so many sit. ting by herself in a darkened room, sick and alone. Once, in going up to her, I found her weeping. "You should not have left the others," she said. "My only pleasure is in thinking that you are all happy down-stairs. But it makes me cry to think that I am done with it all; that in one sense I am as far away from you in health as if I were already in eternity. Yet more than a year later, when within one month of death, she was busier than ever with plans of happiness for others. "Oh! if God only *could* let me live ten years longer," she said; "it seems as if I wouldn't ask for any more time. I would live such a different life. I would never shut myself up in myself again. *Then* I would do something for my friends!"

One of her new plans for the previous winter had been a series of informal breakfasts, at which, over cups of coffee and plates well filled, her friends could meet and chat and exchange greetings before going forth to the duties of the day. The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bereft, well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, cannot dream of half the plans for their happiness and comfort that went out when that faithful heart ceased to beat. Nor was it of her friends only whom she thought. Long after suffering had separated her forever from the active world she took just as keen an interest in its great affairs as if still participating in them. Even when the shadows of eternity were stealing over her, nothing that concerns this mortal life seemed to her paltry or unimportant. She wanted all her friends to come into her room and tell her everything about the life from which she was shut out. She took the deepest interest in everything human, from the grandest affair of state to "poor old Mrs. Brown's last cap," which she persisted in making when so feeble that she could scarcely draw her needle through its lace. Yet this interest in human affairs did not shut from her gaze the things "unseen and eternal." She said to me one morning, after a night of suffering: "While you are all asleep I lie here and think on the deep things of eternity, of the unknown life. I find I must leave it still with God, and trust him!"

One of the last things she said to me was: "If you could see all the flowers brought into this room by friends *piled up*, it seems to me they would reach to Heaven. I am certainly going toward it on flowery beds, if not beds of ease."

And her last words to me, with a radiant smile, were: "When you come back you will find me so much better I shall come and stay with you a week. So we won't say good-bye." Thus in one sense we never parted. Yet my only regret, in thinking of her is that life with its relentless obligations withheld me from her in her very last days. It is one of those unavailing regrets on which Death has set his seal, and to which time brings no reparation. I shrink from speaking so personally of myself; yet I want all who knew her to know what a friend this woman could be to another, and she was no truer to me than she was to any soul who entered into her life. She found me with habits of thought and of action unformed, and with nearly all the life of womanhood before me. She taught me self-help, courage, and faith. She showed me how I might help myself and help others. Wherever I went I carried with me her love as a treasure and a staff. How many times I leaned upon it and grew strong. It never fell from me. It never failed me. No matter how life might serve me, I believed without a doubt that her friendship would never fail me; and it never did. If I faltered, she would believe in me no less. If I fell, her hand would be the first outstretched to lift me up. All the world might forsake me; yet would not she. I might become an outcast; yet no less would I find in her a shelter and a friend. Yet, saying this, I have not said and have no power to say what as a soul I owe to her. These autumn days sharpen the keen sense of irreparable loss. These are the days that she loved—in whose balsamic airs she basked, and renewed her life with ever fresh delight. These are the days in which she garnished her house for new relations, in which she drew nearer to Nature, nearer to her friends, nearer to her God. October is here, serene as of old; but she is not. Her house is inhabited by strangers. Her song is hushed. Her true heart is still. But life—the vast life whose mystery enthralled her—that remorselessly goes on. I laid a flower on her grave yesterday; so to-day I offer this poor memorial to her name because I loved her.

OUR NEW YORK ELECTION.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE elections of 1871 have generally resulted more favorably to the Republicans than did those of any former year preceding that of a presidential election. We expect, and with reason, to lose ground in the third year of an Administration, since the public interest in politics is more apt to become languid then than in years when a president or even a House of Representatives is to be chosen; yet in 1871, though New Hampshire was lost at the outset Connecticut was regained directly afterward, and California in September, while Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa, have proclaimed their adherence to the Republican standard by increased and unequivocal majorities. North Carolina, lost last year, was regained at a constitutional election this year; while it is morally certain that New Jersey, Maryland, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota will, in the general result of their elections this month, do nothing to discourage Republicans as to the issue of 1872.

The election in our own state excites and justifies a peculiar interest. During each of the two last summers, Protestants, peacefully celebrating the anniversary of an event which they deemed auspicious have been fiercely beset by a Papist mob—in the former instance, to the grievous bodily injury of the assailed; in the latter, to the severe damage of the assailants, and, unhappily, to that of several curious or heedless bystanders as well. It is not to be concealed that these successive resorts to violence in the gratification of theological hatreds have deeply imprinted themselves on the public mind.

A more recent development—also local in its origin, but not in its effect—has made a wider if not deeper impression.

Complaints of the profligacy of our city's local rulers have been so loud and so persistent that they at length palled on the general ear. That our tax-payers were flagrantly robbed, no one seemed to dispute; that successive legislatures, or enough of them to serve the purpose, have been bribed to pass tax-levies outrageously heavy, embodying provisions never considered, nor even read, which enabled the crafty and unscrupulous few to riot on the spoils of the heedless or deluded many, was dinned in the public ear till it had ceased to produce any effect; and still the taxes regularly increased, while the debt was not diminished—decidedly not. The law expressly required an annual and ample exhibit of municipal receipts and expenditures; yet that law was persistently disobeyed—has not been, even in pretense, heeded since 1868. Meantime, a new charter was rushed through the Legislature of 1870, and an amendment thereto enacted in 1871, which virtually made four managing Democrats autocrats of our city and custodians of her property.

At length came the *denouement* which might have been expected from the first. A clerk in the Comptroller's office was somehow induced to copy surreptitiously and confide to an inimical party some hundreds of payments made from the treasury, apparently for work done upon the new Court House and certain armories, or for carpets and furniture supplied thereto, proving monstrous peculation and fraud. No one ever read those alleged transcripts without saying to himself: "Either these payments were never made, or whoever audited the bills and directed their payment was in partnership with the receivers, conspiring to plunder the City for his and their common benefit." That the bills were enormously large was but half the case. Such quantities of carpets and plastering and plumbing, etc., etc., were never paid for by any government before. No one could possibly have read the bills and not known that they were fraudulent.

But the inevitable rogues, though high in office, were few; while peculation is not, unhappily, confined to one party. Why should the fact that prominent Democrats have been detected in gigantic thefts do irreparable damage to their party?

The answer is ready: Detected robbers of the public chest have usually the grace to run away; but these do not. Nay; they hold on to the high trusts they have so shamefully abused. Three men—A. Oakey Hall, Mayor; Richard B. Connolly, Comptroller; Wm. M. Tweed, Commissioner of Public Works—were made a Board of Audit by the Charter of 1870, and instructed to audit and settle all outstanding claims against the City. Claims to the amount of over Six Millions of Dollars were paid under this provision; yet it appears that the Board held but one meeting of fifteen or twenty minutes, and audited no claim at all! They simply voted that Tweed and his Secretary might say what claims should be paid; and these Six Millions were paid accordingly. Most naturally, over One Million of the proceeds have been traced directly to Tweed's personal credit in bank, while the residue, it is pretty certain, took similar directions. In short, the Six Millions of claims were frauds; and they are but a fraction of the vast sums whereof the City has been rob

The Independent.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

BY FRED W. LORING.

In the dim days when Dante had but died,
When the old Italy lived in the new,
Now old and dead, e'en like the other too,
When in the name of Christ the crucified
Vice found a temple in the chosen home
Of the true Church, and, clad in scarlet robes,
Brought a reproach on the great name of Rome,
In a far vineyard, full of purple globes
That yielded wine, clear as the heavens' dew,
Labored a Christian and a lowly Jew.

Labored and loved, though different their creeds;
And often, when the day had finished there,
And the last golden sunbeams tinged the air,
The Christian told of Christ, and how He bleeds
That we all come not to his arms alike,
And often tearfully the Jew besought
To come to him—to let the sweet faith strike
Deep to his heart, and let himself be brought
Nearer to God and to our heavenly home.
Answered the Jew: "First let me see your Rome."

Then had the Christian no good word to say,
Knowing in Rome a second Babylon
Did crimes far greater than the first had done,
Yet did he let the Jew go on his way,
But often sorrowed after feeling sure
That when his friend had seen the sin and shame
Each day in Rome that he would not endure
To hear again the mention of Christ's name.
And so he waited oft in anxious pain,
Until one day the Jew returned again;

And met him and said: "Brother, it is well.
Henceforth my life is guided by this word:
HOSANNA EVERMORE TO CHRIST THE LORD!"
"How," said the Christian. "What is this you tell?
Have you seen Rome and yet considered twice?
Can you believe my words, with all that sin?
Do not Christ's servants minister to vice,
And riot shamelessly her streets within?
And, with a smile, his friend said: "It is true.

"First did her beauty fill my longing soul.
Surely, I thought, God's own truth dwelleth here.
But then I passed along, near and more near,
And saw how crime would fain corrupt the whole.
Now truly, said I, must I e'er believe,
Since now I see of Christ the wondrous strength
That his great Church can wickedness receive,
And yet his name can reach the utmost length
Of this our world and comfort all true souls;
His power, not others' wickedness, controls."

Oh! feeble souls, take note of this, that He
Moveth not merely where his sweet choir sings
Among his angels; but He ever brings
The incorruptible from what we see
Entirely base. Oh! judge him not by men,
Nor doubt his holy truth for the poor cause
That some of his poor servants wrong him then,
And weak, and wicked, do transgress his laws.
They may be little worth and full of wrong,
Yet does their weakness show how He is strong.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

BY B. R. COWEN,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

In the exciting days of Kansas emigration the poet and the orator united to encourage the hardy and adventurous emigrant to brave the dangers of his prospective home. The Western sky was golden hued, and his ardent hopes and eager imagination pictured there a paradise, awaiting his occupancy. Danger could not intimidate, hardships did not discourage, fear of death did not appal. There was a romantic attraction in the emigration of those days which the danger seemed only to heighten. The pious settler, with his Sharp's rifle and his Bible, became the fervid apostle of freedom—the chosen propagandist of the true faith to announce the evangel of freedom. He marched with all the sturdy, unquestioning courage of the psalm-singing "Roundhead," chanting his creed in nasal tone, the ridicule as he was afterward the terror, of the scoffing Southern cavalier.

Those were dark and bloody days in the history of the Western pioneer, the memory of which is yet green in the young state. It has molded the character of her people and her institutions, and held her ever true to the traditions of her early days. While there were many to charge that the enthusiasm of that time was principally due to the efforts of the "Kansas Emigration Society of New England," the danger was so real, and it was so promptly met, and the victory of the right was so decided and complete, that everything was forgotten but the bloody battle and its happy issue when the gallant young state was placed in the arch with shouting and praise.

That same tide of emigration still flows on. States are forming; cities spring up as if by magic. The poetry and eloquence of 1854 are missing; but as sterling and determined men push their way to the West to erect as lasting states and fight as bravely in the great battle of civilization. Quietly as the snowfall the tent of the emigrant drops upon the prairie. Anon it grows into a house, the house becomes a hamlet, the hamlet a city, with its bustle and noise and busy life; and still westwardly, beyond the city, the great tide flows on, flooding the prairie with humanity and dedicating the wilderness to civilization.

Thus the wide expanse of forest and prairie, limitless almost as the sea, is being occupied, and the public domain is being settled. So rapidly is this being done that it is difficult to mark its progress, or to note the steps by which it has been accomplished. So much has been said and written in a general way about the process of squandering the public domain, and the evil effects of land monopolies upon the general welfare, that some details relative to the present condition of the public lands and the past history of their management may not be inappropriate.

It would be interesting to know just what the fathers of the Republic designed to do with the public lands, for we find that all settlers thereon were considered trespassers, and dealt with as such in the most rigorous manner. But settlers in those days were much as they are now; and the policy of the fathers had to be modified as settlements increased, and was eventually abandoned altogether.

For thirty years prior to 1841 the Government did not seem to have any policy with regard to the public lands. Landtitles were all settled by special legislation, and such legislation was generally for the relief of trespassing settlers. Of course, such a plan could not long prevail, and a change was effected by the Pre-emption Law of September, 1841. Subsequently the policy of Congress seems to have been to enact such laws as would induce the most rapid settlement by small farmers, who would occupy the lands in person cultivating them to the best advantage. To carry out this policy various laws have been enacted. The legislation on this subject may be classified as follows: 1st. Pre-emption laws. 2d. Homestead law. 3d. Bounties for military service, and gratuities to half-breeds. 4th. Grants to states for various purposes. 5th. Grants to railroads.

1st. The pre-emption system seems to have been an accidental or involuntary outgrowth of the confusion and want of policy which had prevailed for so many years, and became necessary to avoid the numerous private acts which were pressed at each session of Congress. The Pre-emption Law gave any citizen or person who had declared his intention to become a citizen the right to enter upon any surveyed one-quarter section of unoccupied public land, and, after *bona fide* settlement thereon, to purchase the same at the minimum price of $1 25 per acre. This law has been amended in some of its details, but the main features are unchanged.

2nd. The Homestead Act permits any citizen or person who has declared his intention to become a citizen, and who is the head of a family, or over twenty-one years of age, to enter upon any unoccupied one-quarter section of the public land held at the minimum price, and, after residing thereon for five years, and making substantial improvement thereon, to receive a patent therefor, without any other expense than the payment of the fees for entry, etc. Under this law any man can acquire a homestead of 160 acres free of cost.

3d. Bounty-land laws are of several classes and passed at several times. They comprise bounties to soldiers for military service in several of the wars of the Republic, and gratuities to half-breed Indians, to induce their settlement and civilization.

4th. Grants to states have been made for educational purposes, for the promotion of agriculture, for internal improvements, and of swamp and overflowed lands, to induce their reclamation.

5th. Grants to corporations, to aid in the construction of railroads, of alternate sections within stated limits on each side of the line of road.

Inasmuch as large bodies of land have been obtained by speculators, it is evident that the policy of Congress so to legislate as to place the lands in the possession of the actual settler has not been carried out. Let us see under which of the above classes that policy has probably been subverted. Not under either of the first two, certainly, as a condition precedent to obtaining land thereunder was actual occupancy by the prospective owner. The legislation for the third class was intended by Congress to carry out its policy, and under the first law the warrants were not assignable. Subsequent legislation, however, modified this feature, and the soldiers to whom the warrants were issued were enabled to throw them on the market, which they did in large quantities, and the original holder realized an average price of not over twenty-five cents an acre. In the case of the gratuities to the half-breeds the scrip was not assignable, and could be legally entered by the grantee alone. But under that singular construction of law, which invariably results in detriment to the Indian, the scrip passed into the hands of white men, who obtained possession of it for the merest trifle, often by downright robbery, and, of course, went into the hand of speculators. This scrip, being not transferable, could only be alienated through fraud, and the outrages discovered as having been committed in that connection are a disgrace to humanity.

An idea of the extent to which these bounty lands have passed into the hands of speculators may be obtained when it is known that of seventy-three millions of acres granted to soldiers but three million of acres were settled on by the original holders of the warrant. Of the 715,000 acres of half-breed scrip the very smallest portion of it was ever entered by the grantee. Under the various grants of the fourth class the largest tracts have passed into the hands of capitalists, and placed beyond the reach of the small farmer and the immigrant. The swamp lands alone that have been claimed by states will aggregate seventy millions of acres, and this amount will be greatly exceeded unless Congress defines more clearly what swamp lands are than is done under existing statutes. In some cases lands lying in the mountain valleys of the Pacific States, that can only be cultivated by irrigation, have been conveyed to states as swamp lands, which is a clear violation of the intent of the law. California has been the richest harvest for swamp-land claims, and millions of acres of the most desirable land in the state have passed into the hands of speculators under the pretext that they were swamps. In many cases portions of these lands were held by settlers under the pre-emption or homestead laws, and some of them had been actually patented by the Government to the settler.

The grant of 1862 to states for the promotion of agriculture amounted to about nine and one-half millions of acres. About two-thirds of this has been given to the states, and passed directly into the hands of capitalists, and has either been entered by them, or the scrip is being sold at a handsome profit to the operator.

The grants to states in aid of internal improvements amount to over thirteen and one-half millions of acres. As a general thing these grants will be found not to have been judiciously applied. Impracticable schemes of internal improvement have been started and abandoned, and the lands so granted will be found to have passed into the control of capitalists.

The donation of the 16th and 36th sections for educational purposes, amounting in the aggregate to sixty-nine millions of acres, has proved the most useful donation that has been made to states, and has done much to foster the common school system. Lying in separate sections, it was not available for speculative purposes, and for that reason it has doubtless escaped the rapacity which seized upon the other grants.

Under the classes we have enumerated as the 3d and 4th, and excluding the 16th and 36th sections, the Government has given away over 153,000,000 of acres, almost all of which passed into the hands of capitalists, at much less than its real value, and was entered in large tracts, or the scrip was sold at a heavy profit. The amount so conveyed is almost equal in extent to the entire amount sold for cash since the organization of the Government, and ten times greater than the entire area entered under the Homestead Law by actual settlers.

The 5th class—that of grants to aid in the construction of railroads—is one which has attracted more attention than all others, and has received the severest denunciations of the public, because the impression seems to prevail that those grants have done more to place the lands beyond the reach of the actual settler than any other class of land legislation. It is true that the area of land granted for railroads is greater than that given for any other single object—amounting, exclusive of mineral and worthless desert land, to 89,000,000 of acres. But it is not true that this land has been withdrawn entirely from the reach of the poor man, who wants land for actual occupancy. Nor is it true that the Government is the loser by an amount equal to the price of the land so donated. Aside from the compensating advantages of the railroad, which are certainly very great, the Government doubles the price of the remaining land within the railroad limits; thus receiving as much for the remaining one-half as she would have received for the whole previous to the grant.

Neither is the railroad land beyond the reach of the settler. It is the interest of the railroad company to induce settlement as rapidly as possible, to furnish a carrying trade; and its lands cannot be disposed of if they are held at a price much in excess of the adjacent Government land. But it is not the purpose of this article to defend the policy of railroad grants, but simply so show what has become of our public domain.

The following recapitulation shows the amount of land granted under each of the foregoing classes, excepting the pre-emption, which cannot be separated from other sales:

Sales for Cash to Actual Settlers	80,894,000
All other Sales for Cash	80,294,000
Homestead Settlers	15,800,760
Bounties to Soldiers	73,000,000
Half-breed Scrip	715,584
Grant to States	152,546,473
Grants to Railroads	89,000,000

Showing an aggregate of donations or grants of 330,982,855 acres, or more than double the aggregate of all cash sales by the Government since its organization.

An examination of the above figures will show that, in spite of the avowed policy of Congress to preserve the public domain for actual settlers, only about one acre in five has gone directly to the actual settler. Putting the railroad grants out of the question, and there remain 306,256,125 acres that have passed into the hands of parties whose only object was to obtain the very highest price for them. The bulk of this was given in floating scrip, which could be and has been laid upon the most desirable lands, closing them against the occupancy of settlers. It has been estimated that speculators in the public lands under the several grants above cited have realized not less than one thousand millions of dollars profit; which amount has, of course, been paid by small farmers, who should have been enabled to procure their land from first hands.

There can be little doubt of the correctness of the policy of Congress, with regard to the disposition of the public lands. The Homestead Law indicates that the Government values a quarter section of land occupied and cultivated higher than the same amount in its own possession. The idea of deriving revenue directly from the public lands has been practically abandoned. The Government offers to give away all her land; yet in the nine years in which this offer has been standing she has given away less than sixteen millions of acres.

Our legislation should be framed so that the policy of Congress may be faithfully carried out. The history of the past in our land grants offers an excellent guide for the future, and the tendency of all legislation should be to increase the number of small farms. If land monopolies are detrimental to the best interests of the country, every honorable means should be resorted to to stop them. Capitalists have taken advantage of some of the most patriotic and commendable impulses of Congress, and, under the guise of rewarding patriotism, encouraging education, and promoting agriculture, have obtained possession of lands equal in area to one-third of all the domain yet unsold, and probably equal in amount to all the really valuable, salable land yet in Government possession.

This scattering of the land so liberally cannot go on much longer, for the Government supply is running low. Exclusive of Alaska, there remained, according to the Land Office report of 1870, but 1,018,202,609 acres; from which deduct twenty-one millions of acres since given to the Texas Pacific Railroad, and it leaves 997,202,609 acres. Probably not more than one-third of this is arable. If this estimate is correct, we have yet available for purposes of settlement but 332,400,869 acres, a large amount of which is reserved for Indians.

If allowed the space in a future issue, an effort will be made to demonstrate the beneficial results of railroad grants, not only to the country at large, but to the small farmer, who seeks cheap land for his own occupancy.

AFRICAN, CAUCASIAN, SAXON, MONGOLIAN.

BY PROF. TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D.

Let us go back to four centuries before Christ, or about 2,300 years ago. It is not a long time historically; it is brief when reckoned on the ethnological scales adopted by some writers; it is but a moment as regarded in the geological estimates. At that time there existed a people whose name frequently meets us in ethnological discussions. They are described by an accurate eye-witness as being then in a condition but little surpassing, in outward mode of living, that of the ferocious beasts with whom they herded together in the caves and thickets of the earth. They had no agriculture, no settled modes of subsistence. Their only kinds of food were the wild productions of the forest, seized without labor, and devoured without any providence for the future. They painted themselves with the figures of animals, and lived like them in their domestic and sexual relations; or in ways so gross and beastly that the passage of Herodotus describing it is omitted from most translations, as too indecent to be rendered into familiar modern speech. Their residence was not in Africa, nor in the central or remote regions of Asia. Their name has been given to a wide ethnological division; but their most direct descendants are still found in the same region, and still very far down in the human scale.

Contemporary with these, at no great distance south, lived another people, then waning, indeed, from a more ancient greatness, but who still exhibited marks of the highest civilization. It was a land of splendid cities, of most imposing public monuments. It had a most finished agriculture; it abounded in canals, in the most perfect facilities for domestic and commercial intercourse. Its architecture had a strength and vastness which have left its remains the wonder of modern times. For centuries preceding had this land possessed a regular, well-established government, distinguished for its admirable police, its perfect order, its minute division and subdivision of the arts of life. Men went there from Greece to get wisdom, and the best knowledge that could be obtained of the remote past or of the common ancestral origin of the human race.

The same historian and traveler who so graphically depicts the people just mentioned has devoted a whole book to his account of the latter. In both he may be regarded as the most reliable writer of antiquity; as one who took the greatest pains to obtain the most accurate knowledge of everything falling under his personal survey, and who relates with the utmost candor what is told to him by others, even when stating his own doubts of what seemed incredible.

We need not give the name of this latter people. Every reader of intelligence recognizes it as the renowned kingdom founded by Mitsraim, or the early descendants of Ham, the pioneers of human civilization. They were Africans—*Aithiopes*, or *burnt faces*—from whom came the populous agricultural tribes who yet dwell around the central waters of the great continent. If not the direct ancestors, they were, at least closely allied to the people who afterward inhabited Nigritia, or the Niger Country, now stigmatized as negroes, but who have ever preserved some of the marks of the ancient civilization, and have never, like some of the Northern nations, been wholly lost to history.

But who were the others of whom the old historian gives us such a sordid picture? They were the original *Caucasians*, sons of Japhet, who had been degenerating ever since the great early migrations. They formed the original of our boasted stock, as many are now fond of asserting. They lived in the very heart of that region which is claimed by some as the old home of humanity. They were a race then, as now, of fair proportions, excelling in this respect the Egyptian or the African, even as their horses, in like manner, surpassed those of other lands. They were not a rising people when Herodotus describes them. Like all other tribes on earth unvisited by Heaven or foreign human influence of any kind, it was the lower man coming out of the higher; but in this case the descent had been most rapid. From that lowest position, too, they never rose *of themselves*, or through any means that could not be traced to foreign and, ultimately, supernatural sources. These have been either the original creative force, soon lost in some tribes after the Fall; or some primæval vigor slowly spending itself in others, as was the case with the grand nations that first distinctly appear in history; or some mighty subsequent impulse, showing itself to be superhuman, like that great migrating, city-building, empire-founding tendency which followed the Babel dispersion; or, lastly, some collateral wave of light from that central stream of revelation which has been ever flowing and widening from the protevangel first proclaimed in Eden. But fallen man, *of himself*, ever continues to fall. Lubbock and other writers of that school may be safely challenged to deny the statement in respect to this or any people of a similar degradation ever found upon the face of the earth. It is always, we repeat it, the lower man coming out of the higher; never, *when left to himself*, the reverse.

From these regions streams branched out to Northern and Middle Europe—still sinking, however, until met by later influences, that saved them from their own and the degradation of their ancestors. But Caucasia itself has not thus risen. The part of the earth thus originally named has ever since that early time been the home of ignorance, squalor, beastliness, and degradation.

Let us now come down a few centuries, and the descendants of these Caucasians will furnish us another parallel. Tacitus, in his "Germania," section xlvi, describes to us a certain people in terms that would seem applicable to beasts, rather than to human beings: "*Illis mira feritas, fœda paupertas; non arma, non equi, non Penates*"—"A wonderful savageness, a most squalid poverty; no arms have they, no horses, no household gods. The wild herb their food, skins their clothing, the ground their bed. No other refuge have they for their infants, from the storms and wild beasts, except to place them in caverns, or suspend them from the branches of the trees. These are the only habitations of young and old. So low is their state that they are secure against men, secure against the gods." The historian explains this seeming paradox: "So great is their wretchedness that they cannot pray; since with the loss of hope they have lost all fear of any deeper misery that may befall them." No power can make their condition any worse. To such a pitch of degradation had this people sunk that the acute historian could not wholly reject the seemingly fabulous reports that, along with the human features, some among them had the bodies and limbs of brutes: "*Ora hominum vultusque corpora atque artus ferarum gerere.*" And this was not wholly a fable. In an exceedingly low condition of life, the wild surrounding nature, both animate and inanimate, may, doubtless, impress itself upon the human, changing its features, or affecting even the attitudes and forms. Something like Darwin's beastly "natural selection" may, in this way, have power even over man in his fallen state, left solely to *Nature*, without that divine grace or those higher human aids that are needed to keep him erect and fair. It is thus that generations of down-looking toil in the rice-swamps may have taken away the *os hominis sublime*, and given to the negro slave those repulsive features at which some of our nice people affect to shudder; but it falls short of the horror which the Roman writer seems to have felt at the beastly deformity of these Northern tribes less than eighteen centuries ago.

Contemporaneous with these poor specimens of humanity in Europe there was a people dwelling in the Far East, who were then and had been for centuries in an advanced though slowly declining state of civilization, excelling in this respect not only the miserable beings above described, but all the inhabitants of Europe north of Greece and Italy. They constituted an extensive empire. They had a government, strong, enlightened, and well administered. They had a rich literature. Agriculture and mechanical inventions were so advanced that they had even then anticipated some of the lauded discoveries of modern times. They had printed books; they were acquainted with the mariner's compass; they had a practical chemistry, which we may call empirical, if we please, but which led them to many useful discoveries.

Who were these two kinds of men, so greatly differing in their lives and culture? The first are represented by Tacitus as belonging either to the German or Sarmatian (Sclavonic) races; we could not well decide which, since they exhibited some resemblances of each. Their language had roots which yet remain in our own. They inhabited the Baltic region, not far from other tribes sunk in almost equal degradation, and among whom were our own boasted Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The others were of that race of whom some now speak with so much contempt under the name Mongolian. They were descendants of sons of Japhet, not mentioned in the Bible; but who are named, in the Mohammedan and Turkish traditions, as the elder branch who went to the fair and fertile East, whilst the sons of Gomer—the Celt, the Teuton, the Sclave—lost themselves, and became lost to history and civilization, in the rough mountains, the dense forests, the wild fens and marshes of Middle and Northern Europe. There the latter wandered, sinking lower and lower at every step, until help came to them from the Oriental sources. They would have gone down to a still deeper deep had not light and religion met them again from the old Shemitic fountain, as conveyed together with law and civilization through the Mediterranean channel; or that other branch of the Japhetites (the sons of Javan), whose geographical position and advantages had ever kept them in the main current of history, and in view, as it were, of the primitive source. No slight awakening, too, did these Western savages receive from the partial conquests of the Mongolian warriors, and the shocks of their mighty invasions. In the days of the great Timour these latter were the conquering—that is, the higher—race. Nothing is better established than the fact that from the dawning of history down to a period far within the Christian Era the Eastern Japhetites and Hamites, the Tartar, Indian, and Mongolian nations, as also the inhabitants of Northern and even Central Africa, were superior in culture and civilization to the wild, squalid men who, without law, without government, without the faintest traces of anything that could be called literature, roamed through Northern Europe—Celtic, Teutonic, and Sclavonic Europe—or that part of the world which, it is now contended, furnishes the only proper candidates for American citizenship.

"FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH."

BY CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D.

Do these words fitly represent an attainable experience? Is it practicable for a man here on earth to have the habitual knowledge that he is in the favor of God and in the way to Heaven? Is religion an experience, or a chimera? a matter of solid certainty, or only of more or less doubtful conjecture? In the light of the title of this article, which we borrow from St. Paul, the answer to three questions is easy. Either the most logical of the apostles, here and often elsewhere, when he seems to be speaking most plainly, uses language with the wildest poetic license, or else *religion is an experience*—a conscious, transforming, unutterably glorious experience.

And yet the battle for this primary position in religious thinking must ever be fought anew. There are, and always have been in Christendom, persons enough who admit that religion is a belief, and a code of ceremonies, and a line of conduct; but who are by no means so sure that it is also a mighty inward life and power. Their faith in all the unseen realities is weak. God is invisible; Heaven seems to them a brilliant dream; angels are myths; "the powers of the world to come" are ideas only, and not powers. And, if they see a man so under the dominion of those "powers" that he *acts* as though the world, with all its treasures, was only a glittering bauble compared with the prize held out to his eager spirit, they are quick to smile at his fanaticism, and reckon him among Quakers, with their "inner light," or Spiritualists, with their pretended visits from the departed. They do not deny that it was proper for Moses to "endure as seeing him who is invisible," and to "esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt"; but that was a long time ago, and the circumstances were very peculiar. Let a man do so now, and they will brand him as a fool—in their unspoken thoughts, at least, if not also with curling lip.

The ideas of many in the church even are totally inadequate. They fear God. They feel their guilt and demerit. They pray, read the Scriptures, join the church, and resist sin with variable success; but never come to have the spirit of adoption. They are trembling servants, but not rejoicing sons. They gravely doubt whether it is safe to venture much beyond this condition in this life. The proportion of this class in the church is much smaller than it was a century ago. Then, if a young convert, all aglow with the new-found joy of pardon, went to an old deacon with his glad story, he was very likely to be met with: "My child, the heart is deceitful above all things. Be careful. I fear you are still in the gall of bitterness. It is a very serious thing to indulge a hope." Better times have come; but some devout disciples are still withheld by the shackles of their theology from the delights of sonship.

The chief cause, however, of the prevalents kepticism concerning the higher forms of experimental religion is unquestionably the low experience of the church. Her experience comes far short of her theories. Many a professing Christian never realizes and makes no strenuous and persistent efforts to realize the state of personal experience which he believes attainable and even obligatory. He thinks a Christian may walk in the light of God's countenance; but himself walks in frequent darkness, interspersed with streaks of twilight. He sings:

> "Lord, I believe a rest remains
> To all thy people known;
> A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
> And thou art loved alone."

That is mere sentiment with him; and then, as his experience, he sings:

> "Look, how we grovel here below,
> Fond of these earthly toys;
> Our souls, how heavy they do
> To reach eternal joys."

In all calmness and charity, we are compelled to say that the habitual experience of many professors is scarcely better than a caricature of the divine standard, and that the prevailing type—that is, the religious experience of the majority of churchmembers—confessedly comes far short of that promised in the valedictory address of the Saviour, and illustrated in the glowing letters of the apostles.

We believe, as Jonathan Edwards says, that "the nature of the covenant of grace, and God's declared ends in the appointment and constitution of things in that covenant, do plainly show it to be God's design to make ample provision for the saints having an *assured hope* of eternal life while living here upon earth." The inimitably tender consolations in Jesus's farewell address were directed to this end—"That in me ye might have peace"; "That your joy may be full"; "Let not your heart be troubled"—and they accomplished their purpose. The apostles did not content themselves with the mere ghost of an uncertain hope; they trod the solid ground of knowledge. Paul says, "Christ liveth in me"; "To die is gain"; "I know whom I have believed." John: "We do know that we know him"; "Now are we the sons of God." Peter, "Whom having not seen we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It is carelessly taken for granted by some when the need of such experiences is earnestly insisted on, and the realization of them is joyfully professed, nowadays, that the advocates of them are running into raptures and rhapsodies. We fear St. Paul would find himself quite out of place in many a modern prayer-meeting. Imagine him in one of those "faultily-faultless, icily-regular, splendidly-null" meetings, of which there are quite too many among us, to rise and say: "I live, yet not I. Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Many a professor would (inwardly) say: "I don't understand that. Rather enthusiastic." Yes, thank God, enthusiastic; but not fanatical. It is a most solid and substantial experience. Nothing so pre-eminently marks this life as that it is a life of faith; a life in which faith is personal, habitual, assured, full. It may have far less violent emotion in it, and is, at all events, far less dependent on emotion than a lower state of grace; just as the Hudson is silent, while its tributaries babble.

> "Stillest streams
> Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird
> That flutters least is longest on the wing."

Many a disciple but poorly grounded in grace has, in some rare hour of fresh pardon, a thrill of feeling which the maturer Christian does not need, because he has no such backslidings to be healed. The one has just climbed a little hill, and is looking round with transport. The other is steadily traveling the "highway of holiness," along the mountain range, above the clouds.

The faith of assurance is personal, constant, and adequate to life's needs. Its possessor is not driven for comfort to search after the results of roundabout and uncertain inferences; he rejoices in a blissful fact. His relation to the Saviour is a permanent part of his consciousness. It stands no more in need of repeated proof than his relation to the members of his family. The delightful conviction of the existence of this relation needs not to be kept by an exhaustive effort. *It keeps him*, rests him, and enwraps him evermore, like an exhilarating atmosphere. Jesus is with him all the while. When he wakes in the night, when he rises in the morning, wherever he goes, Jesus is there. When he goes to his rest among utter strangers, or in the middle of the storm-swept ocean, his trusting spirit sings:

> "Jesus protects; my fears begone!
> What can the Rock of Ages more?
> Safe in Thine arms I lay me down—
> Thine everlasting arms of love."

Such a faith is eminently rational. It is avouched by the testimony of three unimpeachable witnesses: the Word of God, the Spirit of God, and the spirit of man. The man who has this experience *knows* he has it—knows it by faith; and that faith rests immovably on this three-fold foundation: God's promise, the witness of God's Spirit, and the answering testimony of the renewed soul. God's Word long ago laid the firm foundation of "exceeding great and precious promises" for such faith to rest on. But, not content with having spoken ages back *for* his child, God now speaks directly *to* him by the Holy Ghost, assuring him of his personal interest in Christ. And then this divine voice from Heaven is answered by a humble human voice within the soul: "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus. As Saul ceased to be Saul, and became Paul, so I am not the man I once was, but another man—a new man, with new tastes, new loves, new hopes; and, blessed be God, as the foundation of all else, with a new heart."

John Wesley thus defined "the witness of the Spirit": "By the testimony of the Spirit I mean an inward impression on the soul, whereby the spirit of God immediately and directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me and given himself for me; that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God." Later he said: "After twenty years' further consideration I see no cause to retract any part of this."

Is there need of any further proof of the existence of such an experience as "assurance of faith"? Does any man say, "Oh! this is only Methodist theology"? No; it is Pauline, Petrine, Johannean—nay, Christian. It was in the world long before Methodism was born. Almost a century before John Wesley began to preach it, it was proclaimed by the Westminster Assembly as part of the orthodox faith, and has since been adopted in their words in the religious symbols of many denominations, including the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in this country. I quote from the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church: "Such as truly believe in the Lord Jesus, and love him in sincerity, endeavoring to walk in all good conscience before him, may in this life be certainly assured that they are in a state of grace, and may rejoice in the hope of the glory of God; which hope shall never make them ashamed. This certainly, is not a bare conjectural and probable persuasion, grounded upon a fallable hope; but an infallible assurance of faith, founded upon the divine truth of the promises of salvation, the inward evidence of those graces unto which these promises are made, and the testimony of the Spirit of adoption, witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God."

THE GRACELESS RACE OF BOYS.

BY REV. W. C. WILKINSON.

Let no one make haste to be scandalized. My heading is borrowed, sentiment and phrase. I borrow it, to be sure, to confirm it. But I shall then immediately proceed to confute it. It is the Roman Horace's indictment against boys. I have perhaps humored its spirit a little, in overtranslating the letter.

The British of the charge is more brutal. The charge is thus drawn by burly Dr. Samuel Johnson. Said he: "If you see three boys together anywhere by themselves, flog them. You'll not go amiss. They are probably doing some mischief. If not, they either just have been or they immediately will be. It is never out of season. Flog them."

Boys are not girls, and my heading is only another way of vigorously implying that. Perhaps girls will be boys by and by, when the new time comes so importunately invoked by many. For my own part, I shall fervently hope that then boys will be girls in turn. We have our hands more than full now in managing our present generation of boys. We shall be in a sad case if the girls go over, not to exchange place and part with the boys, but to re-enforce their number.

No parent blessed with children in both sexes, and no teacher that has had experience with both girls and boys for pupils, is at any loss to know what Horace meant by his unhandsome fling at "little men," so long ago. For it is true, in a sense, and in a very serious sense, that boys are naturally a thankless tribe. The average child of the superior sex no sooner "loudens" into the boy than he seems somehow all at once to lose whatever knack at being grateful he may happen to have been born with. Boyhood might very well be defined as that period of life in the male human being during which the faculty of gratitude suffers syncope. This is a kind of ultimate fact in the natural history of the juvenile man, which needs to be cordially admitted in order to be effectively counteracted. It is an unpleasant fact; but the chief unpleasantness of it arises from our unconscious endeavor to ignore it. Once cheerfully acknowledged, and it is theneforward practically null.

A rich friend of mine once complained to me that his son, then in the just culmination of boyhood, was apparently insensible to what he, the father, was doing for him. It would have been a true relief to that father if he had thoroughly learned, and unreservedly confessed to himself, that gratitude is not one of the natural secretions of the boy character. The father's expectations from his son were pardonable; but they were unreasonable.

Another of my acquaintances, wealthy, and of a Christian conscience well seasoned with a generous heart, put his hand deep into his pocket and lavished a munificent benefaction on a bright boy, to whom he owed no obligation of kindred and from whom he could receive no return but gratitude. I told my friend that he would get no gratitude—that it was not a weakness of boys to be grateful. He thought he did not care; but when his cheerful little beneficiary went on thriving under his bounty, and friskily forgot to testify by word or sign any conscious ness of the debt, why, my friend was mortified and disgusted quite beyond his own anticipation, and finally had to confess his not ungenerous disappointment.

Of course, there is an obvious cynical defense of boys against the charge of special ingratitude. It consists in accusing men of hypocrisy, and claiming that boys appear less thankful than they only because they are less hypocritical. Boys are ingrates, to be sure, but honest ingrates; while men dissemble their ingratitude. Boys have merely not learned to act a part; whereas men are grateful with a thrifty eye to the benefits potential. And this is part of the truth, no doubt; but it is not the whole of the truth. Well analyzed, however, it perhaps suggests the whole of the truth; which seems to be that in the male sex gratitude is an acquired faculty, and not a spontaneous instinct.

Do the average boy a kindness, and he will be glad for you; but, mind, not grateful. A man will have learned how dependent we are upon each other in the offices of life, and he will have trained his gladness to take the kindred but soberer and humbler form of gratitude. So much truth as this, it may be conceded, there is in the satirist's definition of gratitude as a lively sense of favors expected.

It is this incapacity of gratitude on the part of boys, or chiefly this, which makes it so peculiarly hard to be a parent or a teacher to them. A girl's parent or teacher is quite half paid from day to day, and hour to hour, in that beautiful tribute of grateful respect which she renders in return for kindnesses shown, and can no more help rendering than she can help breathing. Talk with the first chance boy you meet about his teacher. Mark what he says, and his spirit in saying it. Then ask some school-girl—any school-girl, taken at random—if she likes her teacher, and contrast her report with the boy's. A boy almost never heartily likes his teacher. The girl who does not half worship hers is an exception, and not the rule.

What good from this disparagement of boys? Why, to know the truth and to reap our advantage of the knowledge. The boy's gratitude is dormant; but it is not dead. It will awaken at length. All the unforgotten gladness of the boy will have a glorious resurrection in the retarded but not, therefore, less elastic gratitude of the man. Hear almost any man recount the reminiscences of his boyhood days at school. He will dwell with delight and with reflected gratitude—gratitude that is almost pathetic, because consciously so tardy and so impotent—upon the patience, the kindness, the fidelity of his teachers; and wonder how he could have been so insensible to it all at the time. The boisterous boy, that again and again made his mother bite her lips, with sudden pain that she would not show, by his rough, rude, unfeeling ways; that often pierced her yearning heart with his cruel restlessness of ambition to be superior to her guidance and control—that same boy, when grown to manhood, will weep himself, remembering how he vexed his mother, and will drown his very soul with the overflow of his after gratitude.

Our appeal, therefore, is ever to be from the present boy to the future man. We are not adequately equipped to deal aright with boys, either as parents or as teachers, until we have learned a living faith in them, which can contemn appearances, and realize the "far-off interest" of our sacrifices and toils on their behalf, in plentiful wages of anticipative delight, enjoyed at pleasure beforehand, from present day to day. But this is above philosophy. It is Christianity.

Educational.

HIGHER.

Hillsdale (Michigan) College pays its president the princely salary of $1,200, and its professors from $700 to $900. From this sum they are expected to support their families, keep themselves supplied with the best periodical literature, make regular additions to their libraries, maintain a respectable position in society, and lay by some little savings against a rainy day. It has been the steadfast policy of the College, during the 18 years of its existence, to incur no debt; and the faculty have been content to receive a mere pittance, in the hope of better days to come. There is now a prospect of its receiving an additional endowment of $20,000 from the people of Hillsdale County, and efforts are making to secure the establishment of $100 scholarships. The graduates numbers 220.

MISCELLANEOUS.

....We have already mentioned in this column the law in New Jersey is subjecting her entire public-school system to a careful and thorough revision, at the hands of an able and influential commission. The following are among the provisions which it is said they will recommend to the adoption of the legislature at its next session: The appointment of an inspector of public schools in each congressional district, with the duty of looking after the sanitary as well as the educational condition of schools [whether this mode of supervision is to supersede that by county superintendents, which the state now employs, or be in addition to it, we have not ascertained]; the establishment of night-schools in towns of 10,000 people—smaller towns to decide the matter by vote; the establishment of a system of high schools (as mentioned in this column October 19th), capable of preparing students for college; the introduction of drawing and some other neglected studies into the normal school, and as rapidly as possible into all the schools of the state; the passage of a law authorizing towns by a majority vote to provide for the care of fragrant children. It is, of course, impossible to predict how many of these *projets* the legislature will adopt; but the method of revision by an independent commission of distinguished citizens is one that promises the best results, and may well be adopted in other states.

....It is stated that the forthcoming annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education will be more complete and accurate than any previous issue. Besides considerable information respecting the progress of education abroad, it will give fuller details of the condition and working of the public-school systems and collegiate institutions in the several states. Some new and useful features will be introduced: as statistics of the annual publication of educational books and periodicals throughout the country; accounts of the school systems of the principal towns and cities; statistics of asylums and prisons, showing (as far as they go) the relation of education to insanity and crime; amount of benefactions for educational purposes during the past year; and such other facts as may help to give a comprehensive exhibit of the condition, the needs, and the prospects of education in the United States.

....There has been no more bountiful charity in connection with the Chicago calamity than the eager bringing of their little gifts by the children of our public schools. We have no means of estimating the amount, but they must have reached an aggregate of several thousand dollars.....The schools of Cincinnati have been opened to Chicago children temporarily there, in consequence of the fire....The only college that we have noticed as making a contribution for the sufferers is Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., where the sum of about $375 was raised.

....These are evil days for barbarisms, great and small, and college "hazing" has lately been coming to grief. Some of the colleges have been so hardhearted as to discipline students found engaged in this manly pastime; and now come the Secretaries of War and of the Navy with orders expelling cadets from West Point and Annapolis for no other offense than "having a little fun" of this sort. But Secretary Robeson is really too bad. He says the youths who indulge in this sport are "blackguards." What will our fine young gentlemen say to this?

....Since 1862 the State of Minnesota has maintained a general system of school-land administration, which is producing the best results. At the date of the auditor's last report there had been sold 377,599 acres,

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Gordon, James, Univ., of Oneida, Ill., to
Lincoln, Neb.
Hartley, Isaac S., Reformed (Dutch), of
Philadelphia, to Utica, N. Y.
Hagerman, Charles S., D.D., Reformed
(Dutch), of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Free-
hold, N. J.
Hatch, E. R., Bapt., to Petaluma, Cal.
Hagedorn, H. W., Luth., of Germany, to
Ironton, O.
Hatch, J. L., Unit., to Westboro', Mass.
Hickok, Mr., Presb., of Orange, N. J., to
Central church, Auburn, N. Y.
Ireland, John, Epis., to Lambertville,
N. J.
Isaacs, C. C. L., Luth., to Eaton, O.
Lancaster, T. H., Epis., of Ilion, N. Y.,
to Cathedral, Garden City, L. I.
Lehmann, Mr., Luth., of Germany, to
Olivet, N. Y.
McAllister, R. S., Southern Presb., to
Bethany, La.
McClellan, Charles H., Presb., of Barnes-
ville, O., to Butler, Pa.
Meyer, W. L., Luth., of Hermansburg,
Germany, to Neenah, Wis.
Moore, Walter N., Epis., to St. John's
Cathedral, Denver, Col. Ter.
Muller, John Reformed (Dutch), of Free-
port, to Peoria, Ill.
Oesterreicher, F. W., Luth., to Tona-
wanda, N. Y.
Parkinson, M. A., Presb., to Carroll-
ton, O.
Patton, George, Presb., of Seneca, N. Y.,
to Third church, Rochester, N. Y.
Poulson, T. L., Meth., of Cecil County,
Md., to Reformed (German) church, Bal-
timore. Accepts.
Rhodes, Mosheim, Luth., of Lebanon, Pa.,
to St. Louis, Mo.
Seibert, George A., Reformed (Dutch), to
Blue Mountain, N. Y.
Seyler, T. L., Luth., to Hanover, Ill.
Smith, Sanford P., Univ., of Canton Sem-
inary, to Claremont, N. H.
Stebbins, Horatio, Unit., of San Fran-
cisco, to St. Louis, Mo.
Stocking, C. H., Epis., of Bridgeport,
Conn., to Epiphany church, Chicago.
Spalding, A. T., D.D., Bapt., of Louis-
ville, Ky., to Atlanta, Ga.
Vogelsang, L., Luth., of Brady's Bend,
Pa., to South Oil City, Pa.
Walsh, A. Stewart, Bapt., of Jamaica, L. I.
Yung, G., Luth., to New Lexington, O.

REMOVALS.

Clark, A. W., Cong., of Gilead, Conn.
Culter, L., Luth., of Millersburg, Pa.
Daniels, J. W., Bapt., of First church,
Omaha, Neb.
Gillespie, W. F., Southern Presb., of
Unity, La.
Hascall, Jefferson, Meth., of Shrewsbury,
Mass.
Hart, C. C., Presb., of Shawneetown, Ill.
Hooper, Noah, Bapt., of Water-street
church, Exeter, N. H.
Johnson, C. T., Meth., of Central church,
Springfield, Mass. Ill health.
Keating, C. W., Bapt., of Milford, Mass.
Kingston, B. L., Southern Presb., of
First church, Wilmington, N. C.
Timmins, Thomas, Unit., of Brighton,
Mass.
Trycher, D., Bapt., of Hanging Rock, O.
Waido, Milton, Presb., of Hornellsville,
N. Y.
Weber, G. H., Luth., of Avoca, N. Y.
Woodbridge, J., D.D., Presb., of Sara-
toga Springs, N. Y.

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Arthur, J. W., Meth., of New York, Oct.
21st.
Allen, Thomas M., Christian, of Kansas,
Oct. 15th
Elliott, Melvin Cox, Meth., of Morada-
bad, India, August 29th.
Hinsdale, Charles J., Cong., 76, of Bland-
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Jacobs, M., D. D., Luth., of Gettysburg,
Pa.
Lovejoy, Joseph C., Cong., 66, of Cam-
bridgport, Mass., Oct. 17th.
McFarland, Francis, D.D., Southern
Presb., 84, of Staunton, Va., Oct. 11th.
Mullen, Samuel, United Presb., of Mon-
mouth, Ill., Oct. 12th.
Newcomb, George, Meth., of Beaufort,
S. C., Oct. 12th.
Orr, G. B., Luth., 47, of Osborn, O.
Scull, William J., Epis., of Gadsden
County, Fla., Oct. 6th.

Pebbles.

....A farm laborer attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the laborer, determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity, and hanged himself behind the barn-door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down. When, several hours afterward, the master of the farm-yard asked him upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there, "Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground. I know I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times; and I know, too, he was wet through every rag; and I thought he hung himself up to dry."

....This is, says *Harper's* "Drawer," a little the close upon a Universalists; but they will relish it. A friend to our neighbor that he had been to hear a Universalist——mon.

"Well, what was the text?"

"It was this: 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"

"And what did he do with that?"

"Well, first he told us something about how great it was, and then he told us how we are all going to escape, even if we do neglect it."

....King Charles II. paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted through the room with his hat on, while his majesty walked complacently behind him, with his hat under his arm. But when he was taking his leave at the door the Doctor thus addressed the King: "I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but, if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

....The following is an exact copy of an official placard issued by the city authorities of Janesville, Wisconsin, twelve years ago:

"*Take Notice.*—All persons residing in the city of Janesville owning or having in his or her possession any dog or bitch, and suffering the same to run at large without being securely muzzled so as to prevent their biting, *will be killed* if found running at large after April 26th, 1859. By order of the mayor.

....A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession: "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice: "Perhaps he may be both, Doctor."

....It is stated that two-thirds of the women in lunatic asylums in America are the wives of farmers. It would seem from this that the American agriculturist is not a good husbandman.

....How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," the doctor replied.

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Armstrong, Hallock, Presb., inst., Oct. 16th, at Moorestown, Pa.
Berkley, John T., Bapt., ord., Oct. 10th, in First church, Boston. Colleague with Dr. Neale.
Bingham, E. B., Cong., inst., Oct. 17th, in First church, Rockville, Ct.
Brown, Thomas J., Presb., of Philadelphia, inst., Oct. 11th, at Utica, N. Y.
Cooke, J. J., Presb., inst., Oct. 10th, in Lower Spruce-street church, Philadelphia.
Post, G. D., Luth., inst., in St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, Oct. 15th.
Quensch, G. F. W., Luth., inst., Sept. 3d, at Minersville, Pa.
Haverhill, G. W., D.D., Luth., inst., Oct. 1st, at Stroudsburg, Pa.
Hillman, Mr., Presb., inst., at Livonia Center, N. Y.
Owen, Henry J., Presb., ord., Oct. 10th, at Port Richmond, Pa.
Rickert, W. H., Luth., inst., at Williamsport, Pa.
Roach, William C., Bapt., ord., August 5th, at Grand, Ill.
Rowell, Morse, Presb., inst., Oct. 22d, at Mandattanville, N. Y.
Rice, A. H., United Presb., inst., Sept. 28th, at Hamilton, O.
Simon, D., Luth., of Columbus, ord., Oct. 1st, at Uniontown, O.
Westervery, A., Reformed (Dutch), inst., Oct. 4th.

CALLS.

Beam, Samuel Z., Reformed (German), of Chambersburg, Pa., to Constantine, Mich.
Benson, John, Epis., of Peoria, Ill., to Lewiston, Ill.
Cornwall, J. H., D.D., Reformed (Dutch), of Brooklyn, to church on Long Island.
Camp, Philander, Presb., to Fall Brook, Pa.
Calhoun, F. S., Presb., to Lowell, Mass.
Carethan, William, Bapt., of Saratoga, N. Y., to Montreal, Canada. Accepts.
Chesrow, William M., Presb., secretary of Lane Seminary, to Second church, Kansas City, Mo.
Ely, F., Epis., of New York, to Newport, Ky.
Fisher, C. L., Bapt., to Marysville, Cal.
Fikenscher, G., Luth., to Versailles, Mo.
Fox, L. A., Luth., to Waynesboro', Va.
Fitman, John C., Epis., to Trinidad, Col. Ter.
French, S. J., Epis., to Trinity church, New Orleans.
Gardiner, H. V., Epis., of Cleveland, N. Y., to Geneva, N. Y.
Giessner, George W., Reformed (German), of Shippensburg, Pa., to Lancaster, Pa.
Gordon, James, Univ., of Oneida, Ill., to Lincoln, Neb.
Hartley, Isaac S., Reformed (Dutch), of Philadelphia, to Utica, N. Y.
Hagerman, Charles S., D.D., Reformed (Dutch), of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Freehold, N. J.
Hatch, E. R., Bapt., to Petaluma, Cal.
Hagedorn, H. W., Luth., of Germany, to Ironton, O.
Hatch, J. L., Unit., to Westboro', Mass.
Hickok, Mr., Presb., of Orange, N. J., to Central church, Auburn, N. Y.
Ireland, John, Epis., to Lambertville, N. J.
Isaacs, C. C. L., Luth., to Eaton, O.
Lancaster, T. H., Epis., of Ilion, N. Y., to Cathedral, Garden City, L. I.
Lehmann, Mr., Luth., of Germany, to Olivet, N. Y.
McAllister, R. S., Southern Presb., to Bethany, La.
McClellan, Charles H., Presb., of Barnesville, O., to Butler, Pa.
Meyer, W. L., Luth., of Hermansburg, Germany, to Neenah, Wis.
Moore, Walter N., Epis., to St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Col. Ter.
Muller, John Reformed (Dutch), of Freeport, to Peoria, Ill.
Oesterreicher, F. W., Luth., to Tonawanda, N. Y.
Parkinson, M. A., Presb., to Carrollton, O.
Patton, George, Presb., of Seneca, N. Y., to Third church, Rochester, N. Y.
Poulson, T. L., Meth., of Cecil County, Md., to Reformed (German) church, Baltimore. Accepts.
Rhodes, Mosheim, Luth., of Lebanon, Pa., to St. Louis, Mo.
Seibert, George A., Reformed (Dutch), to Blue Mountain, N. Y.
Seyler, T. L., Luth., to Hanover, Ill.
Smith, Sanford P., Univ., of Canton Seminary, to Claremont, N. H.
Stebbins, Horatio, Unit., of San Francisco, to St. Louis, Mo.
Stocking, C. H., Epis., of Bridgeport, Conn., to Epiphany church, Chicago.
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Our Young Folks.

TALE OF A KITE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Such a wondrous kite to fly!
Tinted paper—six feet high.
Nothing small would do for him—
Boy I tell of, Boasting Jim.

Biggest bits of all the lot;
Miles of strongest twine he got.
Small ones go a certain hight;
His he'd send clean out of sight.

Down the street, one day in Fall,
Went our Jim, kite, string, and all.
"Kite!" his comrades shout in joy.
"Where are you going with that, boy?"

All was ready soon, and—whew!
O'er the trees the giant flew.
Whisking Jimmy from the ground,
Just as if he weighed a pound.

Up they sailed, close to the moon,
Heard the man there sing a tune.
Foreign lands Jim saw and knew—
Tartary and Timbuctoo.

Met a comet in his flight—
Silver tail, just like a kite.
Couldn't starve, you well might say,
Up there in the Milky Way.

Across the sea he flew, and then
Fondly sighed for home again.
"Smaller kites are safe," he said;
Pop! he woke up in his bed!

GENIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

MOTHER was sick. That was the beginning of the trouble—the beginning of all trouble, Genie thought, as she stood by the window, her small nose flattened against the pane, and her doleful little face looking out at the bright October sunlight. Nancy Hopkins might be a very good housekeeper for grown people (the apple turnover that Genie had disposed of an hour before was unexceptionable, indeed), "but she don't know nothin' about keepin' house for children," said Genie, with a decisive shake of her curly head.

Nancy Hopkins was a good woman, everybody said; a "smart worker" she called herself. Her hair was always drawn in the tightest and smoothest way to a knot at the back of the head, and her striped calicoes were always clean. She flew about and "put things to rights," swept, dusted, and directed most vigorously; but she was not Mamma. And so, when she came, half a dozen times a day, upon some scattered group of Genie's army of dolls; when she found Bridget's clean tables spattered with the flour and water that had been necessary for "make-believe" bakings; or discovered dresses torn, and aprons wet from climbing fences and sailing boats in the rain barrel, she was sorely disturbed. She was like a locomotive—she could go very fast, and do a good deal, so long as the road was clear: but a very little thing would throw her off the track.

"Genie, child, what does ail you to *like* about so and get into everything? Why can't you be nice, now, and act like a little woman?" she would exclaim, in dismay.

"I don't know," said Genie to herself, meditating upon the subject. "Wish I just was a woman; then I 'spect I'd act like one."

She began to wonder how it would seem to be grown up. She stretched up on tip-toe, and surveyed the outside world from that hight, and finally clambered upon a stool; but even then she was not very tall. Suddenly a bright idea struck her. There were Fred's stilts; why not mount them? Then she would be as tall as any woman! Genie sprang from her perch, rushed out through the kitchen, like a little whirlwind, into the shed where the stilts were kept, and dragged them forth triumphantly.

Mounting was a matter of some difficulty, as first one stick slipped and then the other; but at last she stood upon them both, rather unsteadily, and looked about her. The next thing was to walk. It had been easy enough to watch Fred do it; but doing it herself was quite a different affair. However, with much pulling, twisting, and staggering, she succeeded in coaxing her long wooden limbs to take a few steps forward; and then, just as she was beginning to gain confidence, she lost her footing, and she and her poles fell flat on the ground together.

"Dear me! what air you about now?" called Nancy, from the doorway.

Genie slowly picked herself up, and, as her bumped nose began to bleed, forgot all about her hight and ladyhood, and walked cryine into the house, where Nancy applied cold water and reproof in equal quantities.

"What did possess you to climb onto them things, anyhow? They ain't fit for nothin' but boys—nor them neither. They just look like walkin' clo'es-frames when they're on 'em; and, for a little girl to try it—S's awful! Why can't you be quiet and nice, like a little woman? You never see your Ma doin' such things as that."

Genie's great blue eyes opened wide at the mere fancy of her mother traveling around on stilts, but she expressed no opinion on the subject; and, when Nancy had her washed and in order again, and the bleeding and scolding had both stopped, she slipped away into the parlor in a manner wonderfully quiet for her. In fact, she had resolved that she would be quiet; and she sat slowly rocking to and fro in her low chair, with some new thoughts running through her curly head.

She wasn't at all sure that she should like to be a woman, and never run, jump, or play any more. But then, she would have to be, some day; so she supposed she might as well practice a little then. Nancy thought she ought to, and she would; she would be a woman all the rest of the day. It seemed rather dull and solemn, though Mamma never looked so. Genie heaved a little lonesome sigh, as she thought how pleasant and happy Mamma looked, sitting there by that window with her work, when she was well. She was always cheerful and busy, and never acted as if she wanted to play with dolls or run races with Rover; though, to be sure, she couldn't do that last very well with such long dresses as she wore. Genie started, and glanced down at her plump little feet, encased in slippers and white stockings. Long dresses—why, that was the very thing! If hers were only long, she should feel a great deal more like a woman, of course. So she deserted her rocking-chair, and flew up-stairs to Mamma's room, to make herself over.

It was hard finding anything to suit. The wardrobe was mostly too sober for her taste; but she finally selected the brightest dress she could find, and after some trouble succeeded in getting into it—as far into it as she could get—but there was still great quantities of it dragging on the floor behind her, and such folds of it lying about her feet in front that walking was a work of great difficulty. It would not answer at all, and she was feeling sadly disappointed, when her eyes fell on a pretty purple overskirt, and her face brightened at once. An exchange was speedily made, and the new garment pinned about her waist. It was a trifle too long; but it was much better than the other, and, if it had neither waist nor sleeves, her own pink calico beneath it supplied the deficiency, and Genie was perfectly satisfied. She paced back and forth, and looked admiringly over her shoulder, to see the ruffles sweep after her, remarking over and over again:

"I look just like a lady. I do, just exzactly."

But what to do—that was the next question. She was sure she couldn't sit still all the afternoon with her hands folded. She did not know how to sew or play the piano, and what grown-up employment could she find? A parasol peeping out of a closet answered her.

"Go and make calls," it said.

"So I will," said Genie, delighted. "Mamma does that; and it's nice, 'cause I've been 'long with her sometimes."

It wasn't play, either; it was something useful. Hadn't she heard Mamma say, only a day or two before she was taken sick, that she must call on some new people near them; that it was a duty to be kind to strangers? Genie grew better and better pleased the more she thought about it. She tied a last winter's bonnet over her yellow curls (she liked it best because of the bright flowers) pinned a blue scarf around her shoulders, buried her little hands in a pair of Mamma's green kid gloves, and took up the parasol.

She didn't ask any one if she might go—*women* didn't have to do that. She just trudged down the stairs, and out the door, quite independently.

Little three-year-old Georgie sat on the ground by the gate, busily gathering pebble-stones into a tin cup. Genie paused and resolved to share her pleasure.

"Want to go 'long with me, Georgie?"

"Yes," said Georgie, promptly, dropping his cup.

Genie helped him to his feet, and they started off together. It was the new people Genie meant to visit. She wasn't quite sure that the neighbors who knew her would understand about her being a woman, even if she did look like one; so she took her way to a house where she had seen a load of goods carried in a week or two before, and rapped bravely at the door.

A school-boy, some fourteen or fifteen years old, answered it, looked at the two children for an instant, and then burst into a peal of laughter that made the house ring.

"Annie! Annie! do come here!" he called.

A young lady came and stood beside him, only to join in his mirth for a moment, though she tried to control herself, and ask soberly:

"What did you want, dear?"

"I came to make a call," Genie answered, shyly, her cheeks beginning to flush painfully under all this fun that she could not comprehend.

"You did? Well, that was very kind. Won't you walk in?" said the young lady, the corners of her mouth twisting, while the boy laughed again.

Genie, holding tightly to Georgie's hand, followed them into the sitting-room, and took the chair that was offered her.

"Hadn't you better put down your umbrella, ma'm? It doesn't seem to be raining much in doors," said the teasing school-boy.

Genie's blue eyes eazed at him seriously; but she put down her parasol.

"How are all your people at home?" inquired the young lady.

"Asleep, probably," suggested the boy.

"No; they're pretty well—only Ma," answered Genie, gravely. "How's yours?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Much amused, thank you," added the boy.

"Charlie, do be quiet," said the young lady.

"Will you tell me your name, dear?"

"Genie Rivers." answered the little caller, her eyes fixed wonderingly upon Charlie. There seemed no end to his laughing; and she thought it very queer. She wasn't sure that she knew quite the right thing to say next; but after a minute's silence she ventured upon it.

"Do you like tea-parties?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, when I have one, I 'spect may be I'll ask you."

Whereupon Charlie laughed again, and the young lady also. Genie didn't understand it; but she felt sure that this was not quite the way in which Mamma was treated when she went calling with her.

"I guess I'll have to go now," she said, drawing Georgie toward the door.

"Come again," called Charlie after her. But she was so glad to get away that she hurried down the walk without stopping to answer.

She suspected that he was only making fun of her, though she could not in the least tell why. She felt rather hot and uncomfortable, and concluded it wasn't pleasant to be kind to strangers. Mamma might do it; but she couldn't.

"We'll go to a nicer place than this, Georgie—a real nice house," she said, her spirits suddenly rising, as she recollected a call she had made with her mother, where grapes and flowers had been given her. "I 'spect they'll know better than to laugh at folks, too. We'll have the best kind of times."

She walked so fast, in her eagerness, that poor little Georgie could only keep up with her by running; and presented herself at the remembered door in full confidence. But the pleasant lady who had given the fruit was nowhere to be seen; and only an old lady appeared, who looked at her sternly through her gold spectacles, and asked:

"Why, what in the world are you doing here, rigged out in such style as that?"

"Why, they're nice things," said Genie, half frightened, looking first at her purple skirt, and then at her questioner, in astonishment.

"Humph! your mother's clothes, I suppose. Do your folks know where you are, or what you are about?"

"I didn't tell anybody," answered Genie, her eyelids drooping, and her voice beginning to tremble.

"Then you're a very naughty girl—taking things without leave, and running away besides. Whose child are you?"

"I'm nakin' a call, and I ain't a child. I'm a woman," faltered Genie, making a last effort to be womanly.

"No, you're not. You're just a mischievous, troublesome child; and somebody is wondering where you are and worrying about you, I haven't a doubt. Here, let me look at you. Mrs. Rivers's little girl, I do believe! Ain't you? And your mother sick, too? Well, it's a pity there isn't some one to look after you better, for you need it. Now, you run right home as straight as you can go, and mind you never try such a thing again."

Poor little Genie! She turned away sobbing; and it only needed the rude boys who laughed at her in the street, and the great dog that barked and frightened her, to complete her discomfiture. And she reached home quite heart-broken, with wee Georgie crying in sympathy. Right past the warm-hearted Bridget, without heeding her exclamations of wonder and surprise, she went straight to Mamma's door. Nobody else would answer then.

"Dear, dear! such a lookin' image as you air!" cried Nancy, as she caught sight of her. "You mustn't go in there now. Your Ma wants to sleep. What under the sun have you been doin'?"

"I want to see my Mamma," was the only reply. And a weak voice called: "Let her come in." So Nancy opened the door.

An odd, funny, forlorn little figure it was that rushed to the bedside. Even Mamma laughed from among her pillows, as she looked at it; but, as her thin hand smoothed the tangled curls the while, and Genie could cry on the same pillows, she did not much care. Little by little the whole story of her troubles was told.

"And I was trying to be good, too, Mamma," she added, disconsolately.

"Yes, dear. But, if you had played with Georgie at home, and just tried to be good little folks, instead of big ones, don't you think you would have succeeded better? You were trying to do somebody else's duty, instead of your own; and that is a mistake often made by older people than you, my little Genie."

"Don't you want me to be a woman, Mamma?" asked Genie, wonderingly.

"Some time, away in the long years, I hope you will be a true, noble woman; but not yet. No, I want you just my own little girl for a good while longer. God has use in his world for children, too. If he had meant you should be a woman now, don't you think he would have made you one?"

"I guess Nancy don't know about that," said Genie, looking up brightly through her tears. "Mamma, if you'll tell her, I won't wear your clothes any more, and I'll be as good a girl as I can. 'Cause I 'spect that's what I am wanted for, if I don't spoil it trying to make somethin' else."

The Sunday-school.

THE poor woman whose cow, according to the first report, kicked over the kerosene lamp that set Chicago on fire has declared, on being "interviewed," that she was not the owner of a lamp, while the question is left open if she ever had a cow. At all events, she insists that neither cow nor lamp of hers had anything to do with the great conflagration. This effort to evade responsibility for the terrible disaster is clearly made too late, whatever are the facts in the case. That story was too good a one to be yielded merely on the question of its truth or falsity. It has already been repeated too many times, and traveled too far to be recalled even by its originator. It would have been easier to quench the fire itself, when Chicago was all ablaze at mid-day of Monday, than now to extinguish the earliest story of its origin. Although reports are not yet in from all parts of the Sunday-school world, there is reason for supposing that that story of the cow and the lamp has been told in at least three thousand Sunday-schools during the last three weeks, and that not less than two thousand superintendents of other schools have it noted to tell at their next concert. Moreover, it has been mentioned in numberless lecture-rooms, and repeated countlessly in pulpits, even in some sermons "requested for publication"; while the periodical press, editorially and by contributors, has shaved and re-shaped it, until it is recognized as an established incident in the history of the city of startling metamorphoses. "Possession is nine points of the law." That story is fairly in possession of the traveling Sunday-school talkers. It must take its place henceforth in the stock illustrations of Sunday-school addresses at conventions and institutes, as well as at home school anniversaries and monthly meetings, in enforcement of the text, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," and in exhibition of "the beginnings of evil." It seems hardly kind to the homeless woman of Chicago to begrudge this good story to the Sunday-school public, when it was so greedily snapped at by illustration hunters and anecdote mongers; but, kind or hard hearted, she begrudges in vain. The cow that kicked the kerosene lamp that burnt Chicago has already as firm a foothold in the realm of our Sunday-school talkers as has "the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat," in the literature of our nurseries. The story may not be truth; but it is sure to be "a well stuck to." And the story, now that it has been authoritatively denied, is quite as authentic as many another story often repeated by Sunday-school talkers. The story of Dr. Morrison, the English missionary to China, picked up as a poor boy in the streets of London and brought into a mission school, has been denied again and again by the family or that good man; and a glance at a biographical dictionary would show that Robert Morrison, the son of a Scotch elder, could hardly have received his first religious impressions in a ragged school. But what of all that? The story sounds well, and why should it not be used? Make a note of the number of times you find it mentioned in pulpit, on the platform, or in the religious press, in the course of the next six months, and then ask yourselves, How many persons are at the pains to verify the historical illustrations they use with positiveness? There is a story in some of the school-readers of one George Wilson, befriended in the streets of Hartford by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and going thence to St. Petersburg, to become a teacher to some of the grand-uncles of the Grand Duke Alexis. That story was denied as positively, on the authority of Mr. Gallaudet, as is now the story of the Chicago cow; but the cow and George Wilson and Dr. Morrison must travel together in the service of Sunday-school speakers so long as good stories are in demand by those who will not be at the pains to inquire into the truth of what they assert as fact. It would, indeed, be well for those who tell historic incidents to children to know first that there is some ground of truth in what they are telling; but we cannot hope that such attention to accuracy will be yet generally secured. We can, however, all learn from the vitality of these Sunday-school fictions how much easier it is to start a lie than to stop it.

....It is certain that, if the choice must be made between fastening in a scholar's memory a thought which is the teacher's or the simple words of a Bible text, it is better to prefer the latter. No words which man can devise to convey a religious truth will ever equal the inexhaustible words in which the correspondent truth has been stated by the divinely inspired writer. It would be a sad day when the Sunday-schools of our land substituted the best talk of the best teachers for the memorizing of Scripture. If a scholar goes out from a Sunday-school class with the words of a single verse of the Bible newly fastened in his mind, he has gained *something*. If he has, in lieu of that single verse, the best results of a half-hour's talk from his teacher, it is an open question if he has gained *anything*. There is a growing interest in Bible memorizing in our Sunday-schools. Much is said and written on the subject by our Sunday-school workers. In the *Sunday-school Journal*, James H. Kellogg, of Troy, has been giving valuable thought on "The Bible in the Memory." He says:

"Had the Christian Church in America been thoroughly trained both to the memory and the use of Scripture words, we should have witnessed an almost total revolution in our church services and in our social meetings. Instead of volumes of words, burying, often, the richest lines of thought, we should have had strong, vigorous, and majestic thought, illustrated by a copious yet forcible use of human language in elaboration and illustration. And the verbal and rational memory of the Scriptures in Sunday-schools held higher place, fewer classes would have been allowed to lecture to death,' and more pupils would have become 'strong in the Lord,' rather than weak in wordiness and comparatively superficial attainments."

In guarding against the idea which sometimes prevails that the fastening of Scripture language in the mind, without any attempt to comprehend its meaning, is a sufficient result of Sunday-school instruction, he adds:

"But, with all the importance of a right culture of the memorizing faculty, it is a mistake, certainly, to merely stuff the mind with words or facts, or even to store it with them, simply as a task. Dry phrases, hard and distasteful, are not the best thing for a child or youth. Truth should be explained and made attractive, that the formulas of it may be impressed with all the vividness of a *pleasurable* recollection. . . . The effort of verbal memory should be always supplementary. We are ready to remember the words which relate to a subject we understand. And Bible lessons should bring to children's minds associations of life and happiness."

....It is estimated that seventy-five churches and chapels of various denominations were destroyed by the Chicago fire; and that 15,000 children were deprived of Sunday-school privileges, many of them escaping with nothing but the clothes they wore. F. G. Ensign, secretary for the Northwest of the American Sunday-school Union, is aiding in the regathering of the mission schools of the city, and in the relief of the scholars. He writes:

"To-day I gave clothing to a family in deep distress. The family had been taken out of danger, when the father and one child returned to rescue something from the house. He succeeded in reaching it; but the flames swept on with such fury that his retreat was cut off before he discovered it, and they both perished in the flames. The widow and orphans are thrown upon the world, with nothing to help them, not even the commonest comforts of life. Another family, wealthy three weeks ago, were burned out of business and home, and lost everything. They have not a change of clothing, nor money to buy one. They live on the food given to them by the generous public. To-day I sent a suit of clothes to the man and suits for his children."

....English Sunday-school periodicals have been widely circulated in this country for years, and their columns have been freely drawn upon for similar publications here. Indeed, it has been often said that the English were in advance of us in the *theory* of the Sunday-school, while we were ahead of them in *practice*. Now, however, our American writers on the Sunday-school are as frequently quoted by the English as are the latter by ourselves. A notable illustration of this is furnished in a recent issue of the London *Sunday-school Times*. The monthly part of this periodical for October comprises articles credited to Rev. Drs. Tyng, Bushnell, Wadsworth, and Eggleston; Rev. Messrs. Henry Ward Beecher, W. C. Wilkinson, A. McElroy Wylie, N. S. Dodge, H. D. Lothrop, W. I. Nichols, and J. S. Ostrander; Messrs. Ralph Wells, B. F. Jacobs, F. G. Ensign and W. F. Peters; Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, Mrs. M. E. Sangster, and Mrs. J. E. McConaughy; the *S.-S. Journal*, *American S.-S. Worker*, *New York Observer*, and *Central Baptist*; besides several anonymous American selections. A fair share, certainly, for one month.

....Many Sunday-schools are contributing in aid of the sufferers by fire at Chicago and in Wisconsin and Michigan. The reflex influence of such giving is good, especially when the children are induced to give that which has cost them something, either in effort or self-denial. The scholars of the First Congregational Sunday-school in Norwalk, Conn., have been making a liberal offering in this way; and some of them have, at the request of their teachers, reported the mode of their earnings. Thus six scholars just graduated from the "infant class" reported as follows: "For raking leaves, thirteen cents"; "for selling rags and hat, eighty cents"; "for work around home, fifty cents"; "for gathering and selling old iron, twenty-five cents"; "for measuring lots, thirty-five cents"; and for cleaning dooryard, fifty cents." Money thus raised may do good at the West to those who receive it; it can hardly fail to have already benefited those who gave it. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

....At a recent meeting of the Southampton Church of England Sunday-school Union, held under the auspices of Bishop Wilberforce, there was a fresh discussion of that peculiarly English question, "How far the power of caning insubordinate children should be exercised."

"Mr. R. Kimber, schoolmaster of St. Mary's, was of opinion that it should be used only as a last resource; but others, among them the Bishop, were against the use of the cane in the Sunday-school."

The cane in an American Sunday-school would be counted hardly less a relic of barbarism than would the whipping-post in one of our public parks. There is a vast difference between the blows of a cane and "the touch of a gentle hand," of the influence of which Dr. Holland has written so eloquently.

Scientific.

PROF. W. J. BEAL read before the American Association a paper on inequilateral leaves. As reported in the "Association number" of the *American Naturalist*, he remarks that the leaves of most plants—such as those of the white oak, sugar maple, and tulip tree—are equilateral; *i. e.*, the right and left sides are of the same size and match each other, as the two sides of the nose and chin, or the right hand and foot match the left. Some simple leaves and many leaflets of compound leaves show a marked want of symmetry in their lobes. The *Begonia* is often cited as an example. The hickory, bean, and poison ivy may illustrate the same thing in compound leaves. It is a very common thing to see a want of symmetry in the lobes of leaflets of compound leaves, while every botanist is familiar with the unsymmetrical petals on the sides of the pea flower, violet, lobes of mint blossoms, and those of other plants.

"The strange t thing under want of symmetry that I have noticed is plants is found in the cotyledons of our cultivated buckwheat. While in the seed, they are pressed together and rolled up from one edge. When the cotyledons have acquired their full growth they have petioles about half an inch long. Each cotyledon is fulcrumed on its *left* side;

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The Independent.

MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED TRIPLE SHEET.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, November 2d, 1871.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

DURING the week William M. Tweed has been proved guilty of astounding robberies. He has not stolen a loaf of bread or a hodful of coal, a theft which would have been quickly enough punished; he has plunged his arm to the shoulder into the treasure vaults of the city of which he was legal protector, and has abstracted millions. We have suspected his crime from the first; we have believed it for years; for months have we known it; and now we have the damning proof, good legal proof, proof irrefutable and unquestionable, copied from the books of the bank in which the confederates stored their plunder. A part of that proof we print in another column.

Is the man ashamed? Does he feel disgraced? Is he deserted by his friends? Has he fled the country? Has an uprising of indignant and plundered citizens compelled him to seek protection within the four stone walls of an impenetrable prison?

Not at all. Let the world admire the extreme protection which public sentiment throws about criminals acknowledged as such, but not yet legally convicted. Boss Tweed still remains superintendent of the most important department of municipal government, puts himself at the head of the county ticket as the regular Democratic candidate for senator, is followed by a scarcely diminished herd of voters and repeaters, and there is no kind of doubt that he will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

Think of it, citizens of New York—citizens of the United States! A branded and convicted thief will be elected as your senator at Albany! It is not out of keeping with the past. Bruisers and grogsellers have been our aldermen and our assemblymen. We have sent as our representative to Congress the most notorious prize-fighter and gambler that ever took steerage passage from the bogs of Ireland. It is well that our people should see it—it is an impressive spectacle to behold—the biggest thief on this continent chosen legislator of the state! He promises to be elected by a majority of thirty thousand. How he is to do it will be understood when we remember that three years ago his own ward gave his candidate, Governor Hoffman, 1,089 more ballots than it contained voters.

Yet a little longer we would have our citizens be patient. We must have justice and reform—by the law if possible; but we must have it. It is better that the outraged people should in a body reassume the power they have delegated to the officers of the law than that justice should be wantonly, brazenly, and finally thwarted.

But we trust legal justice will not be thwarted. Our Cæsar, who strides the city like a colossus, has been politely approached by the sheriff—having been first delicately informed that a visit might be expected—and has been requested to consider himself under arrest. It required but a fraction of his stealings to provide a million dollars bail; and he still superintends our public works and runs for senator.

Yes, citizens, give this trial a fair chance. Meanwhile, let there be no violence. Earnest men have hold of it; men who will fight Tweed bitterly—some because he is a thief and a brand of disgrace to our civilization, others because they think there may be a chance for carrion crows when the vultures are driven away. But there is an intense earnestness about this prosecution. We expect and mean to put William M. Tweed in prison, and to strip him of his stolen wealth. We expect to *prove* who are his accomplices—we *know* well enough already—and to make them too a memorable lesson to succeeding mayors and controllers.

But this is not the chief remedy, after all. Next Tuesday's election will settle whether we are to be governed by rogues. We present this last appeal to all honest men, of whatever party, to vote only for men who can be trusted at Albany. The Republican party is pledged to municipal reform. Its success will be the death-blow to these corruptionists. But above all party interests are the interests of honesty and good government, and for these we beseech the earnest labor of all good men in our state. If our courts and our state legislature should fail us, there will be but one resort left—the last and the most dreadful.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE MEETING AND GENERAL GRANT.

THE Republican ratification rally in New York City, last week, gave no uncertain sound in respect to President Grant. The fourth resolution reads thus:

"That we have abiding faith in the wisdom, firmness, and patriotism of President Grant, and his true and trusted counselors; and we point with just pride to the confidence which his Administration has inspired, both at home and abroad, and to the fact that by its prudent and economical management our national faith and credit have been preserved unimpaired, our public debt greatly reduced, the blessings of lasting peace have been assured, and the whole land has been made prosperous and happy."

The Syracuse Convention, representing the Republican party of the state, spake thus in regard to President Grant:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize in the wisdom, patience, courage, and patriotic foresight of the Administration of Ulysses S. Grant a full redemption of the pledges upon which he was nominated, and we view with pride and admiration the result of his policy and action."

These tributes, so well deserved, prove that the Republican party of the Empire State and the Metropolitan City is more than satisfied with the Administration of President Grant. There may be individual Republicans who, for personal reasons, are opposed to the President, and would be glad to have him rejected by the next National Republican Convention. This is to be expected, as a matter of course, since no President can please all the members of his own party, especially in distributing his appointments to office. Yet the great heart of the Republican party in the State of New York is clearly with President Grant. Facts prove the same to be true throughout the nation. The state elections already held, and in which Republicans have won the victory, have been decided by the people with the distinct anticipation that General Grant would be the Republican nominee for the next Presidency. The people have been virtually voting for him while voting for state officers.

The great reaction against General Grant, of which Democrats have been prophesying, and for which hoping, shows no signs of its coming. Republicans, by an overwhelming prevalence of numbers, have settled down upon the firm conviction that Ulysses S. Grant is their best man for the next Presidential campaign. We expressed this opinion, with its reasons, several months ago, and have seen no occasion either to alter it or regret its early announcement.

THE REBEL COTTON LOAN.

IT is perhaps to be regretted that the admissible claims for compensation to British subjects who may have suffered from acts of our Government during the war were not more specifically defined in the late Treaty of Washington. The commissioners must have had in their minds, one would think, the case of those who lent money to the Confederate Government on the pledge of cotton at a specific price. Now, were they willing that these claims should come before the arbitrators, who are soon to meet at Washington; and did they regard them as so futile that no apprehension was to be entertained in regard to their being allowed? They certainly received no public assurances that Great Britain would not present such claims on the part of her subjects. So, then, if the British administration sees fit, they will be presented, although all parties to this treaty must have been aware that nothing could be more odious to the people of the United States than the agreement to pay such claims out of the public treasury.

In truth, however, we see little reason to apprehend that any such claims (being for the seizure of cotton before April 9, 1863, and thus prior to confiscation) will be brought, or if brought before the commissioners, will meet with any favor at their hands. The grounds for believing this are two.

First, The loan was an unlawful one, according to the laws of both Great Britain and the United States. Phillimore (iii § 151) uses these words: "The principles which have been laid down prohibit the neutral from assisting a belligerent by money, in the shape of a loan or in any other form, as much as by arms; and so it has been solemnly decided by the English courts of justice." In the case of Demetrius De Wütz *vs.* Hendricks, which he proceeds to cite, and in which the plaintiff had proposed to raise money in order to assist the Greeks against Turkey, Chief-Justice Best gave this opinion: "A resident in this country could not enter into an engagement to raise money, by way of loan, to assist subjects of a foreign state, so as to enable them to prosecute a war against a government in alliance with our own, without the license of the Crown." The points of law in this case came up again under a rule *nisi* for re-examination before judges of the Court of Common Pleas, when Judge Best repeated his decision, and referred to a case in which the lord chancellor had recently been reported as saying that "English courts of justice will not take notice of or afford any assistance to persons who set about raising loans for subjects of the king of Spain, to enable them to prosecute a war against their sovereign; or, at all events, that such loans could not be raised without license of the Crown." The other judges, adds Phillimore, concurred in Best's opinion.

So our courts have held that "contracts are void if made in the United States with a view to excite war or insurrection in a friendly state, or to furnish military supplies to a citizen of a state at war with a state friendly to the United States. (Dana on Wheaton, p. 150.) In the case of Kenneth *vs.* Chambers (Howard's Reports, xiv, 38), a person in Texas, before we had recognized its independence, made a contract to convey land situated there to persons in the United States, in consideration of money advanced to him by them in order to carry on war with Mexico, a power at peace with us. The Supreme Court held that the contract when made was contrary to our national obligations to Mexico, and could not be enforced, even after recognition of the independence of Texas. (Dana U. S., 557.)

It hardly need be added that loans made to a public revolutionary authority must be treated in the same way with such as are made for hostile purposes to individual subjects of either belligerent.

Is it credible, after such decisions of her courts, that Great Britain would urge such claims as these upon a country that concurs with her in regarding the loans out of which they grew unlawful ones? If the claims could have come before English courts in any shape, no remedy would have been afforded. How can it be believed that the British Commission would urge a remedy before an international court?

Secondly, It may be said in favor of such claims that when a temporary government *de facto* is expelled the restored government is bound to sanction some of its transactions; and that, as far as foreigners were concerned, to borrow money on pledge of cotton for the purpose of maintaining its existence was a transaction which ought to be respected. The United States, upon the conquest of the Confederacy, succeeded to all public property, and among the rest to the cotton, on which there was a pledge to British moneylenders.

On this point we have to say that it is a perplexed and litigated question how far and in what respects a restored lawful government is bound by the acts of a temporary usurping one. The German publicist, Heffter, in giving us his views on the subject, is obliged to say that "much, almost everything, is in question"; and, with respect to the sale of domains, to debts contracted by the temporary government, and the like, that "this whole point is the most questionable of all." The long discussions in Phillimore on what may be called "political postliminy" do not seem, so far as we can see, to apply to this case. (Vol. iii, §§ 539—596.) Bluntschli, one of the most recent writers on international law, expresses himself as follows (§ 732): "A restored government is not obligated to recognize the validity of the alienation of state domains or of revenues which a hostile government, superseding it for a time, had carried out, nor the validity of state debts which such a government had imposed upon the occupied territory; but is authorized to recall such state property and to refuse payment of such debts."

He adds, in a remark, that "although these acts of the internal government belong to the finance department of administration, yet they have, for the most part, in an eminent degree, a political character; and so far as this is the case the government which is restored, after being driven out by force, is not required to acquiesce in such acts." This remark is intended to provide for his consistency; for he had already stated correctly the ordinary rule, that the acts of state power performed by a conqueror, in the legitimate management of the interests of a conquered country, ought not to be declared invalid by a restored and reconquering government.

We affirm, then, to bring what we have said to a point, that: 1. The English lenders of money to the Confederate Government entered into a transaction which was unlawful, by the law of nations, as interpreted by the courts of both countries; 2. That as conquerors we succeeded to the possession of whatever cotton or other effects belonged to the defunct Confederacy; and, 3. That our Government—although it might be bound to sanction certain acts of the Confederate Government—was not bound to sanction its political acts; 4. Above all, it was bound in no sense to acknowledge any lien on conquered property on the part of persons who lent their money for the very purpose of aiding in a war against itself. Here the considerations which common sense suggest must surely prevail over any—if there were any—founded on received rules of public law. It would be monstrous if, in a rebellion, a state was bound to pay the debts of rebels contracted in fighting against it. The bare statement of such a kind of obligation shows that it cannot exist. And the reasons for so affirming are enforced when we consider that the body or government contracting such a debt had no existence in the eye of international law, was never recognized by any state in any part of the world, and never attained to any higher standing than that of an *actual belligerent*. The loan was a gambling one, made in view of a risk, besides being otherwise unlawful, to an irresponsible party, for bad purposes. If such loans could stand, every nation would be exposed to so much the greater difficulty in overcoming a rebellion; and, when it overcame, would be saddled with a double debt—its own and its adversary's.

A SILVER WEDDING.

IT was twenty-five years ago the third day of September last, in the city of Albany, that Liberty and Religion, long twain, were made one. It was not exactly a runaway match, but it was a marriage without consent; for the State, the stern parent of Liberty, and the Church, the stepmother of Religion, both opposed the union. The nuptials were of the simplest and humblest sort. Not many wise, not many mighty were called to the wedding; but a few faithful souls took part in the ceremony and joined in the solemn vow.

It was an event of which the newspapers took but little notice; but a few of them found it out, and chronicled it as the formation of a new society, to be known as the American Missionary Association.

At that day the great majority of those who were the foremost champions of Liberty were known as the foes of Religion; while the great majority of the professors of religion had turned their backs upon liberty. There were still, however, a faithful few who believed that the two were made one in Heaven, and that what God had joined together man had no right to put asunder. They believed in no religion that did not proclaim liberty; they suspected the liberty which mocked at religion. And, therefore, they made a solemn confederacy of faith and freedom; earnestly avowing their allegiance to the Lord Christ, and sturdily protesting against the rule of King Cotton. In the sin of slavery they would have no complicity; neither would they keep a craven silence concerning its enormity. To *all* the poor they would preach the Gospel, remembering them that were in bonds as bound with them, and praying always for their speedy deliverance.

It may be said that these men who founded the American Missionary Association were not always so gracious in speech or so prudent in action as was becoming. It may be charged that there was sometimes a savor of bitterness in their words, and a tinge of fanaticism in their public deliverances. That, indeed, is not wholly incredible. Men who are called to such a service as theirs are not always able to win by gentleness. Sharp work is needed; and it would be strange if the flame of a just indignation were not sometimes kindled into the heat of an unjust severity. Yet, whatever may have been its failings, in this direction, we believe that this society has for the most part been managed in the interests of charity as well as liberty. Bearing witness against the wrong, it has yet gained steadily in the regards of those against whom its testimony was pronounced; until now no words but those of praise are found for its faithfulness.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of this society was held in the city of Hartford during the past week. In our Religious Intelligence a condensed report of this delightful meeting will be found. Great were the rejoicings of the veterans who were present at the wondrous things which God had wrought since they begun in feebleness this Christian enterprise. Great was the faith of the younger men into whose hands the work has fallen that the next quarter of a century would witness a revolution in the social and religious condition of the colored race quite as thorough as that which has taken place in their civil condition.

The opportunity inviting this society at the South is boundless. The work of education in which it has been engaged is steadily enlarging upon its hands. What the Southern States are doing to provide educational facilities for the colored people is but little, compared with what waits to be done. The great need of the South is teachers for the public schools which the states may organize. And who shall teach the teachers? This is the work to which this society is now with vigor addressing itself. Thus it reaches and sanctifies the fountains of influence, and helps to mould the mass of semi-pagan ignorance into the forms of a Christian state.

The extension of its church work, upon which the Association has zealously entered, is also said to be full of promise. The negroes have abundant faith in this organization, and if it can succeed in leading them into a more sober and healthful religious life the result will be most beneficent.

The interest which our Christian statesmen take in the work of this Association is worthy of remark. Senator Wilson, Secretary Delano, Governor Jewell, Ex-Governor Hawley, General Howard, and others who were present and addressed the meeting all bore witness, in the most positive and hearty words, to the value of the service it is rendering to the state as well as the church. Other organizations are laboring with diligence and success in this field; but the American Missionary Association was the first to enter it, and it is only justice to say that its work has been more abundant and successful than that of any other society. General Howard may be a partial witness, but his testimony is that this Association has done more for the education of the freedmen than all other agencies combined.

It would appear that this society ought to concentrate its efforts upon the Southern field. The work there awaiting it is beyond comparison, more important and more urgent than any other that is now within its reach. Among the Indians there may be need of maintaining its agencies; upon the Chinamen it may keep a friendly eye; but its foreign work should, if there be no legal obstacle in the way, be transferred to the American Board, and all the energies of the society should be directed to the education and Christianization of the colored race at the South. If the society will give itself with all diligence to this work, and the people will put into its treasuries the means to make the work efficient, Liberty and Religion will gather a larger company and a braver festival at their golden wedding.

NON-VOTING ELECTORS.

THE *Tribune Almanac* for 1870 contained a table extending over a period of forty-four years, from 1836 to 1869 inclusive, and showing what proportion of the electors in the State of New York discharged one of the highest duties of citizenship by voting each year for state officers. In 1836 the votes cast for governor were 96,074, out of a voting population of 308,724, which proves that 212,650 electors in the state failed that year to deposit a gubernatorial ballot. In 1860—the year in which Abraham Lincoln was elected to the Presidency—out of a voting population of 737,783 there were but 673,469 gubernatorial votes, leaving 64,314 electors who did not vote for the chief magistrate of the state. In 1868 the number of votes cast for governor was 850,656, out of a voting population of 876,500, leaving 25,844 persons entitled to the franchise who did not exercise it. The per centage of voters on electors through this series of years runs all the way from ninety-seven and seven hundredths per cent., in 1868, down to thirty-one and twelve hundredths per cent., in 1826. In a period of forty-four years the per centage was less than eighty per cent. at thirty annual elections in the State of New York. In several of these years not one-half of the electors appears in the character of actual voters.

Of course, a proportion—comparatively a small one—of these non-voting electors may be explained on the ground of sheer inability to go to the polls and perform the citizen's duty. Another proportion may be accounted for by a failure to secure the opportunity of voting, without any remissness or blame on the part of the elector, unless it be the fact that he did not seasonably make the effort, or thought that he could not spare time enough to overcome difficulties and gain the end. It would be unjust to charge willful delinquency upon the entire class; yet the charge will hold true of far the larger part of them. They failed to vote on election days not because they could not, but because they did not choose to do so.

Whatever these self-disfranchised citizens who possess the right to the ballot, and have the power to use it, but decline to vote, may be in other respects, they are in this particular grossly at fault. Were the right denied to them, they would bitterly complain of the outrage, and even fight for it; yet, having it as an inheritance under popular government, they treat it with indifference, if not practical contempt. Their example needs only to be imitated by all to make government in the name and by the authority of the people an impossibility. They must live under laws enacted and executed by somebody, whether they participate in the choice of civil rulers or not. There is scarcely a single interest in the whole circle of human life which these laws do not more or less affect. Nearly all political and governmental questions, either directly or indirectly, involve moral elements, in which there is a right and a contrasted wrong, with the certainty that the one or the other will prevail. The weal of society is most intimately connected with good government, and also the personal and official character of those who administer it. Every man who has a right conscience instinctively desires competent, just, and equitable rulers in places of public trust. To them are committed all the functions of law; and whether they are the right men for the position, and will faithfully perform their duties, is a question of the very first consequence to the whole community. Bad rulers are a great curse to the people, as good rulers are a great blessing. That man is but little better than a brute in intellectual and moral condition who cannot see the value of good government for the interests of time.

The responsibility of creating such a government, maintaining it, and choosing proper persons to conduct it rests by a law of natural justice with the people. It is theirs to create and control by fitting representatives. Under the political institutions of this country the whole power is in their hands. No one is in office whom they do not put there, and no one can retain office, beyond a single term, against the popular will. If the laws are not right, it is because the people make them wrong. If "the wicked bear rule," the people are responsible for it. Voting is the means by which they exert their power, most effectively express their moral sense, and determine who shall make and execute the laws under which they are to live. It is hence a *duty*, and not merely a right, which the elector, having the power to discharge it, cannot omit, and yet be innocent. It is as really a duty which he owes to himself, to society, and the interests of good government as it is a duty to worship God, to pay an honest debt, or meet the requirements of any other obligation. Not to vote is an offense against society as truly as stealing is an offense. It breaks one of the most elementary obligations of citizenship, and is, hence, proof not of eminent virtue, but rather of "original sin," coming out in the form of political depravity. Indeed, it is not quite clear that society might not with propriety enforce the discharge of this duty by punishing the omission in a suitable way, just as it punishes theft, or the act of obtaining goods on false pretenses. If men will not exercise the right, they would have no ground of complaint if it were legally forfeited, as the penalty of non-use. Their protest against bad rulers and bad laws is little better than hypocritical cant, if they themselves refuse to employ the suitable remedy to correct the evils they denounce. The ballot is the citizen's great instrument of power; and the proper use of it is one of the most sacred obligations he owes to his country. Morality and religion alike demand that he should wield this power, and will not hold him guiltless when he willfully commits the crime of political suicide. He has no right thus to annihilate himself, and leave society without the benefit of the elective franchise conscientiously exercised on his part. An apostle said, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel"; and the elector would not morally strain the matter if he were to say, "Woe is unto me if I wield not the power of the ballot."

We do these delinquent electors no injustice in calling them *sinners;* and that, too, whether they be ministers who preach and pray on the Sabbath, officers of the church, private members, or those who make no pretensions to religion. They are sinners against society, and against that order of Heaven which appoints government as the agent of expressing and executing the public will. They are none the less so because they are uncondemned by their own consciences. The law of right reason condemns them, and so would their consciences, if they were sufficiently discriminating. That politics are corrupt, and political parties resort to many evil practices, is no excuse for their non-performance of a duty; but, rather, a reason why they should employ their whole power to make politics and parties better, always voting for those candidates and those principles that, on the whole, best represent their sense of what is right. In this way they will cause their political power to be felt to a good purpose, as they will not and cannot if they are absentees from the ballot-box on election days.

The people of the State of New York, containing a voting population of nearly a million of persons, are about to choose important state officers. The two great questions before them are: the policy of the General Government, and the problem of city reform growing out of the villainies practiced by the Democratic Tammany Ring. The day is fixed, the candidates named, and probably a majority of electors will vote; yet, judging from the past, a great many thousands will not. Why, in the name of reason, of patriotism, of sound morality, and religion, should these non-voting electors refuse to unite with their fellow-citizens in determining what shall be the policy of this state and what sort of men shall rule it? We appeal to them, whatever may be their political affiliations, and earnestly exhort them not to leave this work exclusively to others. They are not and they cannot be good citizens so long as they neglect this one duty. There is no reason why they should neglect it which would not equally justify its neglect by all the people. He who divorces politics from religion, or from the sphere of his social obligations, commits a mistake in theoretical ethics; and, if he acts upon it, he commits an equal mistake in practice.

AN INFANT MARTYR.

A MONUMENT has been unearthed in Rome recently whose inscription has a sad lesson in it.

It is peculiarly sad and disheartening to those who have been hoping that a better day would come for the children.

If Roman parents three thousand years ago were just as infatuated and silly as American parents to-day; if children died then, as they die now, from the effects of over brain-work, what hope have we?

The gravestone of this murdered Roman baby has been doing duty all these years as part of a wall, and has come to light now, in the rebuilding of one of the gates of Rome. The inscription is perfectly clear, and reads as follows:

"*Dis manibus.* To Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, son of Quintus, of the Claudian Tribus; born in Rome.

"He lived eleven years, five months, twelve days. He competed in the third lustrum of the Capitoline Games with fifty-two Greek poets, raised the favor which he had enlisted by his tender age to admiration by his powers of mind, and came out of the contest with honor. His improvised verses have been added, lest men should think the parents had been biased in their judgment by their love.

"Quintus Sulpicius Eugrammus and Sulpicia Januaria, the most unhappy parents, have erected this sepulcher for their dear son, themselves, and their successors."

A large part of the rest of the monument is covered with the child's verses. There are forty-three hexameters.

The subject given out sounds singularly like some of the titles heard upon the platforms of our school-houses in the equally merciless Agons of modern days.

"How Zeus spoke to Helius when he upbraided him for giving the chariot of the sun to Paæthon."

Substitute politics for mythology, and Saxon for Greek proper names, and we shall find boys of to-day at work on as congenial and easy themes.

Poor little Quintus Sulpicius! His full-length figure was carved on the stone, we are told, and he held in one hand a scroll written in Greek characters.

It is not the fashion now to make monuments so acurately and minutely commemorative of the deaths they record. Modern cemetery literature is more pious and less explicit. Resignation has no room for inquiry into causes, and the doctrine of the resurrection is dwelt upon to the exclusion of doctrines which might be better understood and more useful. Greenwood and Mount Auburn are full of short graves, and "the most unhappy parents" of the released little ones who sleep there are weeping in the East and in the West. But they will send the brothers and sisters who survive into the same schools, to learn the same tasks, to breathe the same air, to bear the same confinement, to endure the same punishments, to strive, struggle, and strain after the same prizes, which the dear departed infant learned, breathed, bore, endured, strove, struggled, and strained after, and—died! And each year there will be more short graves, and more monuments with pious inscriptions, and more tears, and the world will go on blasphemously musquoting, "Whom the gods love die young."

The prize in the Agon, in which little Quintus Sulpicius, Jr., won such fatal triumph, was a crown of olive and oak leaves. Probably it lingered long among the household treasures which his mother held sacred. Perhaps it was even handed down to the next generation; for this contest was regarded of equal rank with the Olympian, and poets of fame did not disdain to compete in it.

The conferrinr of this crown was one of the most brilliant occasions which the Roman capital ever witnessed. The Emperor presided, attired in a purple mantle, and wearing on his head a golden garland, on which were carved images of Jove, Juno, and Minerva, and with his own hand he placed the wreath on the brow of the victor.

How well we can fancy the trembling, sensitive, overwrought boy of eleven kneeling to receive the honor! How well we can fancy the faces of Eugrammus and Januaria in the front row of spectators!

We have seen just such boys of eleven, or younger, within the past few months; we have seen just such fond, blind fathers and mothers; we shall be invited to many "exhibitions" and "competitive examinations," and—funerals—before the year is over.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE principal impression on the mind, in recalling the proceedings of the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, just closed at Baltimore, is the excellent temper and dignity with which the debates were conducted. The verbatim reports of these proceedings lie before us in a file of the *Daily Churchman*. They concern questions of great importance, and especially that question on which feeling runs deepest in the Episcopal Church, and party lines are most sharply drawn—the question of Ritual. The rules of the House of Deputies contain no provision for "the previous question," and the most honorable jealousy prevailed among all parties against all proposals to limit the largest freedom of debate. The discussion was consequently protracted, and sometimes fatiguing, and characterized by great earnestness and a fair degree of ability. But it is worthy of being commemorated for the fact that, from the beginning of it to the end, hardly an exasperating or offensive word was uttered, and not a passage occurred which may not be recalled by the speakers with satisfaction.

Another characteristic may be noted, which, we are fain to believe, marks a happy change in the temper of this very worthy communion of Christians—we allude to the almost uniform tone of courtesy and respect whenever reference was made to Christians of other denominations. Twenty years ago this would not have been. Until very lately, the Episcopal Church, from a certain conscious inferiority in numbers, in intellectual force, and in certain other elements of strength, has been under constant temptation to take on a somewhat swaggering and pretentious air, and to talk too much about its grandfather and its distinguished cousins in England, and to speak scornfully about its neighbors, "the sects." All this, of course, tended in a measure to make it disagreeable in society; and, joined with that elbowing, pushing, proselyting habit which is apt to be a failing of the minor sects, has sometimes drawn from observant English visitors the remark: "How much your American Episcopalians are like our English Dissenters!" It is pleasant to observe how much the growth of real strength and prosperity and genuine self-respect has done, in co-operation with Christian grace, to abate these unpleasant *parvenu* qualities. We feel bound especially to acknowledge the very honorable mention made upon the floor of the house, in terms of high respect and thanks, of our contributor, the Rev. Mr. Bacon, of Baltimore, whose strictures in THE INDEPENDENT on the position of the parties in the Episcopal Church, though not unkindly, have certainly not been minced or sparing.

The most notable speech in all this debate was that of Mr. Andrews, layman, of Ohio, until the Rev. Dr. Paddock, of Brooklyn, took the platform. After his speech, it was the general consent of all witnesses that no other argument in the whole debate compared with his in every quality of a good forensic discourse. The effect of both these speeches was visible in the very aspect of the House, in changing the sentiment of deputies in favor of the proposed canon against Ritualism.

To be sure, the canon, though adopted by the Bishops, just failed of the requisite vote in the House of Deputies. But the Ritualist party must feel that it cannot afford any more such scant victories. It was a fact to appall them when they observed as the leader of the attack upon them none of the representatives of the "high-flying Evangelicals," neither any champion of the moderate Low Church party; but that very representative type of the standard "Connecticut High Churchman," the venerable Dr. Mead, of Norwalk. The whole substance of the movement against the innovators represented that conservative *center* of which we spoke a fortnight ago as constituting the bulk of the Convention.

On the whole, the Episcopal Church is to be congratulated on the failure of the bill. First, considered as a project of legislation, it was clumsy in the last degree; and was, indeed, urged on the adoption of the Convention by one of the weightiest speakers with Mr. Toots's argument that it was "of no consequence," that all its provisions were law already. It proposed to declare certain English canons, which no mortal in the House had read, to be the law of Ritual for the Church, and then to appoint a committee of jurisconsults to find out what they were, and report in three years—in the hope, doubtless, that these canons might secure the same peace and uniformity of worship in the American Church which prevails so sweetly in the English. Secondly, the adoption of repressive legislation toward these novelties would have been a step backward in the course toward a larger comprehensiveness in which this communion is making very slow but perceptible progress. The purpose openly entertained by many in the Convention, of extinguishing the new party by specific prescriptions and prohibitions of garment and posture, was a purpose to put down Ritualism by Ritualism—to suppress rites voluntarily performed by rites prescribed and enforced—as if the difficulty from which their Church is suffering was too great liberty and flexibility of worship!

But, on the other hand, the grand object in the minds of the majority of the Convention—peace and unity through uniformity—is undoubtedly lost. The Convention, by its attempt to act in the first place, and in the second place by its failure to act, has undoubtedly laid out before the Church three years of increased agitation, and a harder task for its successors at the end of that period. Happily, peace is not always the highest blessing for a church; and, since the Convention has shown by admirable example how courteously and Christianly it is possible to differ and dispute, we can sincerely congratulate the body which it represents on the prospect of three years of wholesome, thorough, agitating controversy. We hardly know another denomination in the land in which this would be more useful.

THE "OLD CATHOLIC" CHURCH.

IF any enthusiastic persons have been expecting a thing so unprecedented in history as the sudden, complete crystallization of a sound, orthodox, evangelical church from within the Church of Rome, the news from the Liberal Catholic Conference at Munich has served to disappoint and disabuse them, and they are probably ready now to denounce the whole of the marvelous movement of opinion which was there manifested as a bad business—not much better, in fact, than flat Popery. On the other hand, some sanguine and sentimental people will be quite ready to declare (as they seem to have done the other day in the Episcopal Convention in Baltimore) that the programme laid down by the Munich Liberals is quite satisfactory; that henceforth there is no dogmatic bar between them and Protestants, and that we give them the right hand of fellowship. We are disposed to think that sensible folks generally would choose to take a second look at the "programme" before committing themselves so far.

The articles of it are, for substance, these:

I. Rejection of the dogmas proclaimed by Pius IX, and especially that of infallibility.

II. Adhesion to the Tridentine constitution of the Church; declaring especially

(a) That an Œcumenical Council is necessary to make authoritative decrees of dogma; and even this cannot make such decrees in opposition to fundamental truth and past history.

(b) That the decrees of a council must conform to Catholic belief and tradition, and may be judged by this test, by Catholic clergy and laity, as well as by theologians.

III. Reform of the Church by abatement of abuses, and admission of the Catholic people to a share in the direction of ecclesiastical affairs. Under this head it is declared:

1. That the Church of Utrecht is unjustly excommunicated for Jansenism, being in fact orthodox.

2. That there is no dogmatic hindrance to a hoped-for reunion with the Greek and Oriental churches.

3. That *in the progress of science and Christian culture* it is to be hoped that an understanding may be reached with the various Protestant churches, especially with the Episcopal churches of England and America.

4. Liberal education of the clergy and protection of the lower clergy from Episcopal tyranny.

5. Loyalty to civil government, and therefore repudiation of the *Syllabus*.

6. Condemnation of the Jesuits as a mischief-making and demoralizing institution.

7. A claim to the church property for themselves, as the true representatives of the Old Church as it was before the Vatican Council.

8. Assertion of the right of the censured priests in circumstances of necessity to perform ecclesiastical functions, and provision by which such services can be furnished where they are needed. Further, an assertion of the right in the circumstances of inviting foreign bishops to perform episcopal functions.

This eighth article, which will be recognized as the practically important one of the whole paper, inasmuch as it looks to organization and action, was brought in as an amendment to the original draft by Dr. Döllinger, and carried through against his strenuous opposition. His abhorrence of the idea of schism, the growth of four-score years, forbade him to tolerate what can hardly bear any other name than the organization of a sect—or, at best, a national church in protest against the Holy See. Happily for the vitality of the movement, his counsels were overruled; and the Old Catholic Church of Germany—perhaps we may also say, with Father Hyacinthe, not of Germany, but of Europe and the world—is henceforth a new factor in ecclesiastical history.

Considered as a beginning, this programme will do very well. On the whole, it is a much better beginning than the Anglican departure (to which it bears some obvious points of resemblance) under bluff King Harry. But, considered as a *conclusion*, it is somewhat "lame and impotent." And we wonder not a little what will be the emotions of the Evangelical divines in the Episcopal Convention when they come to read over their gushing language in the matter of "Italian Reform" and their tender of the right hand of fellowship to the doctrines of transubstantiation, *opus operatum*, and the denial of justification by faith, and all the rest of the heresies of Trent.

Happily, this programme is only a beginning. It is a programme which it will be impossible to adhere to. Already the breaking loose of the Conference from the cautious plans of Döllinger is a hint to the leaders that great religious movements are not always bound by a programme. We believe that there is a divine work here. We see its long preparations not in the shrewd forecast of men; but in their unconscious labors, and even in their mad folly and vanity and fanaticism. If it is God's work, it will go on in God's way, not in the way that the Congress has chalked out for it; and this platform so carefully drawn up at Munich will be interesting only as an historical landmark from which to measure its future advancement.

Meanwhile, it is most unjust to accuse the caution or conservatism of the great theologian who is looked up to as the father of this movement, as if it were timorousness or cowardice. It does not yet appear that "the courage of his convictions" has been lacking in Döllinger; and that other courage which is common enough in history—the courage of other people's convictions—is hardly to be reckoned as a necessary attribute of a great leader.

Döllinger is the Moses of this new Exodus. He is "not eloquent, but slow of speech and of a slow tongue," and must have some Aaron to "be to him instead of a mouth"; and, when the hot fight is fairly joined, at last, some Hur will have to stand beside him to bear up his aged arms. He may not expect to share in the consummation of the work on which he has entered. And, if his

"long experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain,"

and it be given him, as from a mount of vision, to explore the future, whither the great events in which he is involved are tending, he can but descry it afar off, and dim and indistinct as it is distant.

Editorial Notes.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S Administration is beyond all praise in the two most important departments which in times of peace are under a president's control. Its financial management has been such a splendid success that the only criticism of his enemies is that its success has been too great. They charge that debt is being paid too rapidly, forgetting that the country is prospering under the policy of honestly paying our creditors. The revenue was never more economically collected, and never have defaulters been more rigorously punished. The other department of government to which a president must give especial attention is the enforcement of the laws, and it is cheering to see the vigor with which the President is doing his duty, even where it is embarrassing to do it. Where the laws are forcibly resisted by armed bands he has not hesitated to take extreme measures to suppress the lawless Ku-Klux hordes. And now in Utah he is doing what no administration has ever dared to do before. He allows no temporizing policy. He makes no terms with lawbreakers, but enforces the law, without regard on whom it may fall. For years have we been disgraced as a nation by the barbarism of polygamy and murder projected upon our generation and our civilization. But now one Mormon leader has been condemned to fine and imprisonment for having three wives, and indictments for adultery and murder are brought against Brigham Young, and we are told that he has fled from the city. We would ask the governor of New York whether there are no laws against lewdness which a kindred faithfulness would require him to apply to a more shameless Community in this state—a Community whose system of complex marriage is a stage more barbarous than polygamy.

We don't think that Tweed will run away! Garvey, Ingersoll, and Woodward may do it. They are but traders or clerks, and cannot defend themselves—especially if the Ring should decline to protect them. But Tweed is intrenched behind the votes of the men who govern New York. A word from him would raise the most fearful riot the city has ever seen. He does not refuse to submit to the form of an arrest. For the sake of precaution, he may transfer his property to his children, as he is now doing; but we fear that when he is convicted, as we believe he will be, it will require the extreme power of the state, and perhaps the aid of General Sheridan, to insure his punishment. We hope our authorities understand the magnitude of the crisis, and are prepared to push the trial to a successful termination, and then to carry out its result. We are for peace and good order, even if it must be enforced by the sword. But the hold which such audacious criminals have on the voting population suggests the important question whether the basis of suffrage in such a city as New York ought not to be radically altered.

THE *Times*, whose action we have had so many occasions to approve in the war upon our corrupt city government, makes one mistake. It urges that immediate provision be made by which the amount due by appropriation from the city to the "Roman Catholic Protectory," the "Children's Aid Society," and other responsible charities, shall be speedily paid. We cannot agree to this suggestion. Not because the large bulk of this money goes, of course, to Roman Catholic institutions; but because nearly or quite all of them are under religious control and give religious instruction, and should, therefore, appear for aid solely to those in sympathy with them religiously. The Children's Aid Society is primarily a religious institution. We know that a very plausible argument can be made out why it should be aided. It provides for needy children, represses vice, and withdraws from the slums of the city those who would have been sure to grow up to crowd our criminal docks. Of course, the city is benefited largely by its works. But so each church and Sabbath-school does the same thing. It is the business of the Church to attend to these charities with moral and religious ends in view; and this is but one of its branches of labor—one which should no more be aided by the city than an ordinary Sabbath-school. We trust that every other bill due by the city will be paid before any subvention is allowed to any work of the Protestant or the Catholic Church.

We have received the catalogue of the Jarves collection of 119 paintings, now announced for sale at auction in New Haven, by Messrs. Leonard & Co., of Boston, on the 9th inst. If this dispersion shall take place as announced we shall regret it as a probably irreparable loss to our galleries. After repeated examinations of this collection, we agree in the opinion of Mr. Charles E. Norton, that it "would make a truly magnificent foundation for a gallery, and the institution that should acquire it would have an easy pre-eminence over all other schools of art in America." After such experts as Rio, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Prof. Migliarini, the late director of the Uffizzi Gallery, in Florence, have recorded their judgment in favor of the merit and authenticity of these pictures, it is amusing to hear of the grave doubts of our New York art committees, true descendants of Wouter Van

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TITUS COAN.
ISLANDS, Sept. 12th, 1871.

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bbot, of the *Index*, replies to our
Free Logic and Free Religion"
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reply to him has been crowded
ill attend to his case next week.

Religious Intelligence.

THE important event of the past week in the religious world was the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, in Hartford. The meeting was the largest and by far the most interesting that the society has yet held. The place of meeting was the Pearl-street church. The session continued through Tuesday afternoon and evening, the whole of Wednesday, and Thursday forenoon, and the chair was occupied by Dr. Horace Bushnell. The devotional meetings held on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, before the hour for business, were of deep interest and great joy. In the meeting on Wednesday morning the reverend and venerable Mr. Jocelyn, who has been connected with the society from the beginning, in a brief and feeling address, recounted the great events which had transpired in its history; and the strain of solemn thankfulness and confidence in God which this recital called forth was the key-note of the whole meeting. In these devotional exercises on the two mornings many of the old veterans took part—among them Rev. Messrs. Underwood, Brewer, Brown, of Sag Harbor, and others. The father of Gen. Hawley, who was present, gave an interesting account of his own work as an anti-slavery agent in the days before this society was organized. The treasurer's report, which was read on Tuesday afternoon, by Secretary Whipple, showed that the receipts for the year were $366,825, the expenditures $350,0.5, thus reducing the balance against the Association to $61,860. The debt, which was incurred in purchasing and fitting up school buildings at the South, has been diminished during the year about $15,000. The Association has under its care 41 churches, with 2,744 members, of whom 464 have been added during the year; 7 chartered institutions of learning, 18 graded and normal schools, and 65 common schools. The number of pupils enrolled for the school year was 17,015. The value of the school property is estimated at about $500,000. The sermon on Tuesday evening, by Dr. Henry M. Scudder, of Brooklyn, from the text "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," was a masterly production, and was listened to by a large and sympathetic audience. Following him, Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, made a brief and hearty speech, giving his complete endorsement to the Association and its work, and calling upon the people of the land to sustain it. "To all Christians he would say that among all the Christian associations of the land the one here to-day is the chief; it should have our money, our labor, and our prayers on bended knees." The address on Wednesday morning, by Rev. S. R. Denner, of Woburn, Mass., on the relations of Christianity to culture, with special reference to the educational work of this Association at the South, was a carefully prepared and eloquent effort. Gen. O. Howard followed with a short but stirring speech in the same way; especially commending the charities of the churches those educational institutions at the South which serve as the training-schools of teachers. Church work in the South was the subject of a report by Rev. E. S. Atwood, of Salem. The report recommended an immediate and vigorous endeavor to push the organization of churches, after the New England model, throughout the South. It was asserted that the existing church organizations there are inadequate to the needs of the emergency; and that there is a lack of careful discrimination as to who are proper candidates for churchmembership, and a want of strict discipline, while hurtful extravagances in the name of worship are suffered without rebuke. It was also asserted that the prospect of so revolutionizing existing systems as to free them from these objectionable results is not a promising one. The attempt would be considered unwarrantable and impertinent. These defects are the growth of years, their extirpation will be a matter of time, and even for that the circumstances are not favorable. The intense denominationalism of the Southern churches makes the rallying cry of a sect avail when the Gospel is unheeded. The report added the declaration that the freedmen and the poor whites are longing for something better. The lack of education, it was contended, is not the only barrier to successful religious work; instance and common sense more than make good the lack of culture, and, therefore, there is no need to withhold the Gospel in waiting for education. Such being the facts it was recommended that there be at least one energetic, prudent man in each Southern state who should prospect with reference to the best points for establishing churches, securing the best sites for schoolhouses, and who should be putting his hand on the most promising young men with reference to the work of the ministry, giving them suitable instruction in theology, and overseeing them generally in their work. This report presented the most important practical suggestion that was made to the meeting. The attempt is to be made in good earnest to carry the religious ideas and methods of New England into the South, to substitute for the highly wrought and extravagant religious fervor of the negroes a more rational and intellectual type of piety. The experiment is a bold one, and we shall watch its success with interest and hope. Speeches on the same subject were made by President Healey, of the Straight University, and the Rev. John B. Reeves, professor of theology in Howard University, Washington. Prof. Reeves, who is a colored man, made an excellent impression. His speech was fluent, vigorous, and manly, and he showed a most thorough understanding of the true wants of his own race. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, of Brooklyn, presented the report on finance, and heated the figures to a glow with a warmly enthusiastic address. In the afternoon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, Professor Reeves and Dr. Bascom, of Iowa, officiating. After the sacrament the Chinese question came up for discussion, the principal address being delivered by the Rev. Dr. Perkins, of Ware, Mass. The speaker had studied the question in California, and gave, as the result of his observations, many valuable suggestions as to the urgency and feasibility of the mission work among the Chinamen. The evening session of Wednesday was the jubilee session, and all the speeches were dedicated to commemorate the founding of the Association, which has just completed its first quarter of a century. Rev. Mr. Strieby, the field secretary, led off in a series of graphic pictures of some of those scenes and events under the old rule of slavery, which led to the formation of this society. He was followed by Rev. Wm. B. Brown, of Newark, in a very earnest address upon the capacity of the negro for civilization, as indicated by the providence of God in opening the way for his emancipation, and as proved by his rapid and splendid attainments since his emancipation. Mr. Brown gave a glowing account of the examination of the pupils of Atlanta University, at which he was present, describing the proficiency of the pupils and the complete victory that they gained by their admirable performances over Southern prejudice. After this Gen. Howard delivered an historical address, and Gov. Jewell closed the meeting with a few cordial and manly words. The morning session of Thursday was occupied with the Indian question. The principal speakers were Gen. J. R. Hawley and the Hon. C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior. The speech of Mr. Delano, an hour in length, was a most eloquent argument for justice and charity in our dealing with the Indians, and made a profound impression upon his auditors, not only of the need of Christianity as a civilizing power of the present Administration firmly to adhere to its policy of dealing justly and kindly with the red man. After this speech the transaction of the usual routine business brought to a close a meeting that will long be memorable among the friends of this society.

....We desire to call attention to the condition and necessities of the Western theological seminaries. Chicago was a great theological center, and a heavy blow has fallen on all these institutions. In providing bread for the hungry, Eastern Christians must not forget that physical wants, however pressing, are temporary; but the great religious institutions are permanent necessities. The men who have cherished them and supplied their deficient funds from year to year, and who would soon have munificently endowed them, have been utterly prostrated, to a degree which only the friends of those institutions can comprehend. It is melancholy, and it is, for some years, irretrievable. The Methodist Seminary at Evanston, if we are rightly informed, has lost all its income; and Dr. Bannister and other members of the faculty have come East for aid. The Baptist and Presbyterian seminaries must have suffered very heavily; and we believe Rev. Mr. Kittridge has come East in behalf of the latter. The Congregational Seminary, though losing nominally very little of its vested funds, will find it very difficult to realize a sufficient income to maintain its professors; while its general or central fund is absolutely exhausted, and the men who have hitherto supplemented its deficiencies are, one and all, entirely unprovided from that service for a long while to come. They were just on the point of raising $100,000 for this purpose, in which the Chicago gentlemen would have led off generously, as always, when the disaster came. There is great danger of serious embarrassment unless large-minded Christians come speedily to their aid. Why should wise Christian givers overlook this great strategic point of power? Let them come forward spontaneously, and communicate with Prof. S. C. Bartlett, who is also temporarily at the East, and can be addressed at the Bible House, Astor Place, care of Rev. D. B. Coe, D.D. There will doubtless be urgent calls from denominational sources to aid in rebuilding churches and missions destroyed by the fire. They should be and will be generously met. We are pleased to learn that Mr. D. L. Moody, who had planned to come either to this city or to Philadelphia to engage in Christian labor, now feels that the exigency requires his services in Chicago. He is now soliciting funds to the extent of $50,000 to replace his famous Illinois-street Mission, an undenominational mission, which has cared for 1,500 children. In a year or two this region will be as thickly settled as ever. Mr. Moody has received contributions of $3,000 from R. L. & A. Stewart, $1,000 from Mr. Beecher's church and $1,300 from his Bethel Mission, $1,000 each from Jay Cooke and John Wanamaker, and George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, and is receiving further contributions.

....The American Home Missionary Society makes an urgent appeal for the immediate replenishment of its treasury. It owes $40,000 to missionaries for labor already performed; and many of these faithful laborers are suffering severe physical privation. Some of them have already sacrificed their furniture and books, and have even sold the horse and the cow that are indispensable to a missionary on the frontiers, to obtain the necessaries of life. It is shameful to permit these brave and true men to suffer in this way. Let the ministers who have already taken collections for the society lay the matter before their people, and ask for additional contributions. Let those churches that have failed to contribute do so immediately. Let individual Christians to whom this appeal comes send their gifts at once to the secretary, Rev. David B. Coe, Bible House, New York City; and let the relief of this suffering be instant and abundant!

....The Freewill Baptists lately in session at Hillsdale, Ohio, discussed the project of modifying the name of the denomination; and of making overtures to the various bodies of liberal Baptists—those calling themselves Free Baptists, General Baptists, United Baptists, Separate Baptists, Church of God, and the rest—to co-operate with them, and to be represented in the General Conference, without surrendering their specific name or changing their peculiar methods of managing their local affairs.

....The Rock River Association of Congregational Churches protests against calling the new national organization a "council." It thinks the name may do mischief by suggesting ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and suggests instead the title of "The American Congregational Union," if the society known by that name will permit the use of its trade-mark.

News of the Week.

THERE have been exciting times in Salt Lake City during the past week. First, in order of time, Hawkins (whose conviction of robbery was announced in our last issue) was sentenced by Judge Jeres years' imprisonment with hard labor, and to pay a fine of $500. Contrary to expectations, there was little or no excitement in the court-room when the sentence was passed; but the U. S. marshal and detectives were fully prepared for any emergency. Hawkins's counsel gave notice that he would appeal to the Supreme Court. Secondly, a case was brought against Brigham Young by a Mrs. Cooke, (formerly a Mormon, but now a prominent apostate), to recover the sum of $2,000, with interest, collected by the Young for her benefit upon the death of her husband, some years ago, and placed in Brigham's hands, but never paid over to her. A verdict was rendered in Mrs. Cooke's favor for $2,986. Thirdly, Daniel H. Wells, mayor of the city; Hoza Stout, formerly general of the Territory; and one William Belden, keeper of a hotel in Parley Canyon, were arrested by the U. S. marshal upon the indictment of the grand jury charging them with the murder of Richard Yates and a man named Buck, several years since. Warrants were also issued for the arrest of Brigham Young, his brother Joseph, and Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church; but they all eluded the officers, and fled to the Southern part of the Territory. They were pursued; but our latest advices do not state whether their capture has as yet been effected. It is thought doubtful in Salt Lake City whether Brigham Young will again make his appearance there until the present trouble is over; while many think he has left the country for good.

....From Rome we learn that there will shortly be held at some point in France a conclave of cardinals of the Catholic Church, to consider the action which the Sacred College should take in the event of the death of the Pope.... In an allocution just published the Pope "recognizes the bishops appointed by the Italian Government as possessing the requisite qualifications of t eir offices," but solemnly repudiates Italy's "guarantees," and protests against the invasion of the Holy See. He also condemns the course of Dr. Doellinger and such "as are following his example in warring against the decisions of the Œcumenical Council."....In consequence of the workingmen's societies in Rome and Naples having refused to participate in the Congress of Workingmen which is soon to be held in the former city, on the ground that such an assembly will be merely a republican demonstration, and as such inimical to Italy, the government has relaxed the vigor of its precautions against the Internationals and the partisans of republican agitation, believing that their principles have no hold upon the Italian people.

....The state of revolution in Mexico seems to have again been fully entered upon. Gen. Trevino openly denounced the Juarez rule; called on the soldiers to join his standard, which they did; and attacked and captured the city of Saltillo, with much war material. An engagement has taken place near Buena Vista between a body of rebels, under Martinez, and a detachment of Government troops, in which the former succeeded in capturing the latter's wagons. The State of Nuevo Leon is in a condition of revolt, and Gen. Escobedo is moving to suppress it. Gen. Rocha, with 5,000 Government troops, is marching to put down a revolt in San Luis Potosi, while the Huastaca Country, an extensive section adjoining that state, has also declared against Juarez.

....In the town of Los Angeles, Cal., there was a terrible riot between the Chinamen and a mob of Irishmen and others, on the 24th ult. It appears that a Chinaman resisted and shot a policeman whilst the latter was arresting him; whereupon an armed mob, 500 strong, collected and attacked the whole Chinese quarter of the town, shooting them —men, women, and children—indiscriminately, hanging fifteen of them, and plundering the houses of money and valuables to the estimated amount of $30,000. They also fired the buildings; but the flames were subsequently extinguished. The mob seemed determined to clean the Chinese out of the city. The Chinese have themselves arrested the man who shot the policeman, and delivered him up to the city authorities.

....A message from the King of Spain and his ministry to the Cortez states the cost of the war in Cuba for the past year at about $62,000,000, and the colonial deficit for the same period at about $11,000,000. A credit of $30,000,000 is asked, for military purposes.... The Spanish Government has made propositions to our Government to refer the matter of the filibuster steamer "Hornet" to a court of admiralty, which will pass upon the character of the vessel, and decide whether or not she is a piratical craft, as alleged by the Spanish authorities. Our Government has the matter under consideration, and it is understood that the proposition meets with general favor among the members of the Cabinet.

....Some 10,000 of the Communists have already been released from imprisonment; and it is believed that, when the Pardons Commission meets, on the 8th inst., a large proportion of those still remaining in durance will be liberated. The second appeal of Rossel, the Communist leader, from the decision of the military court, has also been rejected....The German evacuation of French territory is proceeding quietly and steadily.

....The Duke d'Aumale has been elected president of the general council of the Department of the Oise....The Bonapartist party has been defeated in the Supreme Legislative Council of Corsica, on a party test vote; and, as a consequence, it is stated that Prince Napoleon has resigned as a member of that body.

....William M. Evarts, of this city, late Attorney-General, and Benjamin R Curtis, late a Justice of the Supreme Court, have been appointed counsel for the United States before the tribunal to meet in Geneva, Switzerland, on the "Alabama" claims question, pending between Great Britain and this country. Mr. Evarts has accepted the appointment. Judge Curtis is on the way home from Europe, and his appointment awaits his arrival. Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, had also been previously appointed as counsel. Mr. Cushing has accepted; but Mr. Meredith was forced to decline, owing to his inability to make the sea voyage at an inclement season of the year.

....William M. Tweed, one of the Tammany Ring, was arrested on the 27th ult., and held to bail in $1,000,000, in answer to the charge of defrauding the city government. Connolly, Woodward, and Ingersoll were included in the warrant for arrest; but the two first named are reported to have fled the country, and the latter has not been arrested up to the present date. Judgment is asked against them for the sum of $6,312,000, with interest and cost. Accompanying the bill of complaint is the affidavit of John H. Keyser (among many other most important ones) making oath that most of the warrants for money made in his name were forgeries.

....Forest fires have not been confined to the Western States alone. During the past week extensive ones have raged in Western New York, where large tracts of timber, several houses, two flour-mills, and many hundred cords of cut wood have been destroyed, and also along the Hudson River; in Maryland, where the woods near Cumberland were burned, and the safety of the bituminous coal-regions was threatened; and also in Pennsylvania, where the entire breadth of Peter's Mountain, above Dauphin, for an extent of two miles, was devastated.

....President Grant has recommended the 30th day of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the nation.... Three days previous to the issuance of the President's proclamation, Gov. Hoffman published one appointing the 23d day of November as the annual Thanksgiving Day in this state. Whether Gov. Hoffman will reconsider his proclamation, and alter the date to correspond with that for the National Thanksgiving, or whether our people shall enjoy two days of thanksgiving and prayer this year, remains to be seen.

....In an editorial on the fishing schooner "Horton" difficulty the London *Times* suggests the appointment of an impartial commission to settle any international difficulty which may grow out of the affair, and expresses the belief that any complications could be thus compromised promptly on an equitable basis....Another frightful colliery explosion is reported, in the Seaham Mine, near Newcastle, Eng., whereby 33 miners lost their lives.

....Later advices confirm the statement made last week that the Brazilian Senate had passed the emancipation bill. The vote was 64 for emancipation to 33 against. The Government has issued a circular to the authorities of the several departments recommending that the law be put into immediate execution. The Benedictine Order have already emancipated all of their slaves, to the number of 1,600.

....Vincent Colyer has just returned to Washington from a three months' sojourn among the Apache Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. He represents the greater portion of them in a suffering and starving condition. He says they are intensely eager to accept the President's offer of peace and to retire within reservations under the protecting care of the Government.

....The labor strikes are on the increase in both Germany and Belgium. In the large manufacturing town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, the operations of twenty factories have been suspended in consequence of the strike of the operatives. The strike commenced in Ghent, Belgium, is spreading among all classes of workingmen.

....Brig.-Gen. Robert Anderson, the gallant defender of Fort Sumpter at the breaking out of the war, died at Nice, France—where he was residing for his health—on the 27th ult. His remains will be brought to this country for interment, by the U. S. steamer "Guerriere."

....The Civil Service Commission is now in session in Washington, preparing some plan of reform to be presented to the next Congress. It is stated that Senator Trumbull will introduce a new bill, more comprehensive than the last.

....The Hohenwart ministry of Austria has resigned, and the Emperor has accepted their resignations. No successors have yet been named, but Chevalier de Schmerling will probably be called on to take the head of the new ministry.

....Steamer "Haseler" has sailed from Philadelphia for Boston, where she will take on board Professor Agassiz and party, and proceed to them on their exploring expedition around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Ocean.

....Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, has resigned his office, and Benjamin Conley, President of the Senate, has been installed as governor *ad interim*. Much excitement prevails over the resignation.

Publisher's Department.

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by druggists generally.

SAFES.—CHICAGO FIRE.

AMID the general destruction of property in Chicago by the late fire, and the total loss of buildings and goods which ensued, it is no small importance and consolation to the business man to have his valuables, his books and papers, notes and accounts, preserved to him. This, it seems, has been the good fate of several leading firms.

We have examined one of Valentine & Butler's safes used by a branch of the great house of Lorrillard & Co., tobacconists, which has been sent on here (see card, in another column), and found the interior showing hardly an indication of having been subjected to heat. We broke off a piece of the wooden shelving, upon which even the varnish was uninjured.

SOME people say we do not use sauces of any kind; our appetites are good enough. A good sauce is not to change your appetite, but only to make your food taste better. You eat butter on bread, and should eat the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce on meats, if your value palatable food; and the better the meats the more need of the Sauce.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

VIRGINIA COAL AND IRON.

MR. GREELEY, in the *Tribune* of the 21st ult., thus refers to the prospects of successful iron manufacture in Virginia and West Virginia, along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad:

"The certain and speedy completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, connecting by rail every important city of old Virginia, through the heart of West Virginia, with the valleys of the Kanawha, Ohio, and Mississippi, gives a new value to the Mineral Wealth of both the states traversed by that great work.

"West Virginia, which embraces 16,000 of the 55,000 square miles of the great Allegheny coal-basin—the largest and among the richest known to exist in the world. Its center seems to be the valley of the Great Kanawha, the chief river of West Virginia, wherein Prof. Ansted reports nearly twenty workable seams of coal, with an aggregate thickness of over seventy feet. Its entire length is 800 miles, extending from Northern Pennsylvania to Alabama, with a width ranging from 30 to 180 miles. Its horizontal position, proximity to the surface, and freedom from noxious gases render it the easiest mined Coal in America. From this field the coal is now dug which supplies New York and Philadelphia with gas. It has been computed that most of this area will yield 45,000 tons of coal to the acre, or 23,800,000 tons to the square mile; much of it so disposed as to render pumping or lifting unnecessary. Immense quantities of it are now boated down the Kanawha and Ohio, finding markets all the way down to New Orleans. Splint, Cannel, and every other variety of Bituminous Coal are found in different parts of this vast field. The Splint is widely regarded as the best Coal known for smelting Iron from the ore, which exists in great abundance all through both Virginias. It is probable that the valley of the Kanawha, when traversed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and its branches, will be found one of our best localities for making good Pig Iron cheap; while the Cannel Coal yields sixty gallons of superior Petroleum to the tun, and has been, as it probably will again be, the surest and most profitable source of that valuable oil. The seams of Cannel Coal often show an aggregate thickness of fourteen feet, giving 21,000 tuns to the acre, containing 1,260,000 gallons of crude oil; and fit timber for oil-casks is nowhere else so abundant as in West Virginia.

"Iron Ore is found in most of the counties of the two Virginias, and has been mined to profit in at least twenty of them. The James River Canal and most of the Virginia railroads (laid with British rails) traverse or cross it, as the Chesapeake and Ohio either does or soon will. When the Chesapeake and Ohio and Norfolk and Great Western shall have been finished, the requisite branches and connections will almost build themselves. When these roads shall have commenced freighting Ore to the coal-fields, and Coal back to the ore-beds, Virginia may profitably supply half the seaboard and a third of the Ohio Valley with cheap and excellent Iron. The fact that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad had to be cut for a considerable distance through a vein of Coal eleven feet thick will serve to convey some idea of the mineral wealth of the two Virginians. A new railroad from the Chesapeake and Ohio at the junction of the Greenbrier with New River, forming the Great Kanawha, will run up the valley of New River, crossing the Virginia and Tennessee and the Norfolk and Great Western Roads, carrying the Coal of the Kanawha Valley to the great ore-beds of Southwestern (old) Virginia, and incite unwonted and beneficent activity in Iron-making therefrom.

"In most Counties of either Virginia excellent Coal or ore (often both in close proximity) can now be bought at prices ranging from $5 to $50 per acre. Many of these acres have a rich, deep, virgin soil, with a splendid growth of forest-trees covering two-thirds to three-fourths of them—lands which in Pennsylvania would be deemed dirt-cheap at $1,000 per acre. Who can doubt that Free Labor with Railroads will soon give a like value to the Mineral Lands of old and of West Virginia?

$16.00 for $5.00.

The Phrenological Journal

is a First-class Family Magazine, devoted to Phrenology, Ethnology, Physiology, Education, and Literature, with measures to Reform, Elevate, and Improve Mankind Physically, Mentally, and Morally. Its articles are of the highest interest to all. It teaches what we are and how to make the most of ourselves. The information it contains on the Laws of Life and Health is well worth the price of the Magazine to every Family.

Terms.—Published monthly, at $3 a year, in advance. New volume (the 54th) begins with Jan. number. All who subscribe for 1872 before Dec. 1st, will receive the Oct., Nov., and Dec. numbers free. Now is the time to secure fifteen monthly numbers for one year's subscription.

The Christian Union

is a First-class Weekly Religious and Family Newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER, and published at $3 a year.

Arrangements have been made by which the "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL," $3 a year; "THE CHRISTIAN UNION," $3 a year; and a pair of superb *Oil Chromos*—"WIDE AWAKE" and "FAST ASLEEP"—price $10, will be sent for $5. Here is a chance to secure a first-class magazine; a splendid weekly paper; a fine pair of chromos—all for $5. Address, with P.-O. Orders or Registered Letters,

S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N.Y.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

IF NOT, THEN NOW IS THE TIME.—Send 50 cents to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, and you will receive the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for three months, ON TRIAL. You ought to do this, just to see if all you hear about it is true. Yearly, $3.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. C. D. GOODMAN, Cleveland, O., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine four and one-half years with the same No. 2 needle that came in it, without breaking or blunting it.

SARATOGA has no spring equal in medicinal qualities to the "Pavilion."

PYLE'S O K SOAP, Saleratus, and Cream Tartar are first-class household articles, and will so prove themselves on trial. Sold by all first-class grocers. Manufactured by JAMES PYLE, 350 Washington St., New York.

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF BROOKLYN.

THIS noble corporation has passed through the Chicago fire with only a slight scorching, just enough to let its excellent officers know that, with the best of management, they must suffer a little, with others. They come out of this great calamity, however, with nearly a million and a half in good, reliable assets, leaving the Phenix one of the strongest institutions in the country. Business men in every section should remember this staunch company and give it their patronage.

A DAGUERREOTYPE or card can be enlarged to a life-sized portrait by ROCKWOOD & Co., 845 Broadway.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS can now be obtained of reliable grocers everywhere.

NOTICES.

A MEETING in the interest of ITALIAN EVANGELIZATION will be held in the South Reformed church, Fifth Avenue, corner of 21st street, on Sunday, the 5th inst., 7½ P. M. Addresses may be expected from Rev. W. M. Paxton, D.D., just returned from Europe; Rev. T. E. Vermilye, D.D.; and Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D.D., pastor of the American church, Florence, Italy.

THE General Conference of Connecticut will hold its annual meeting at South Norwalk, with the Rev. H. N. Dunning's church, Tuesday to Thursday, November 7–9, organizing at 11 A. M. G. L. Walker D.D., will preach.

MARRIED.

RISING—CAMP.—On Wednesday, Oct. 17th, Prof. F. A. Rising, Principal of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes of New York, to Miss Augusta L., daughter of G. J. Camp, Esq., of Winsted, Conn., by Rev. Charles Wetherby. No cards.

BUSINESS NOTICES!

DECKER BROS.,

PIANO MANUFACTURERS,

33 Union Square, (BROADWAY),

between 16th and 17th streets,

NEW YORK.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, during THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

NOTICE.

REDEMPTION OF 5-20 BONDS OF 1862.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, September 1st, 1871.

By virtue of the authority given by an Act of Congress approved July 14th, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," I hereby give notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds hereinafter designated, known as Five twenty Bonds, will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the City of Washington, on or after the first day of December next, and that the interest on said bonds will cease on that day. That is to say, Coupon Bonds known as the first series, Act of February 25th, 1862, dated May 1st, 1863, numbered as follows:

1 to 20699, inclusive, of	$50	each.
1 to 62372, "	100	"
1 to 66011, "	500	"
1 to 74104, "	1000	"

And Registered Bonds of the same Act:

1 to 905, inclusive, of	$50	each.
1 to 4103, "	100	"
1 to 1895, "	500	"
1 to 6906, "	1000	"
1 to 2555, "	5.00	"
1 to 2906, "	10000	"

The amount outstanding (embraced in the numbers as above) is one hundred million ($100,000,000) dollars.

Coupon Bonds of the Act of February 25th, 1863, were issued in four distinct series. Bonds of the first series (embracing those described above) do not bear the series designation upon them; while those of the second, third, and fourth series are distinctly marked on the face of the bonds.

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WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAM

The Independent.

THORNS.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

For must not tear them from the Tree!
They make a language sharp and sad—
A fierce sign-language, that to me
Tells all the life it ever had;
Tells why it never grows too glad
At the little murmur of the bee,
Or tender touch of bud or root,
Or thrill of wing in lifted leaves.
Poor Tree! it holds nor flower nor fruit,
Yet not for flower or fruit it grieves.

Vell it with climbing roses? No.
Were not its blood-marked Thorns left plain
It might not have the grace to grow;
Might fancy fain still stars were vain,
Nor yearn for dew nor reach for rain,
Nor bear that white reproof, the snow,
Nor tremble at some shadowy crime,
Some wound made over eyes divine,
In the great gloom of backward time,
By its own dreary sin, or mine.

Leave me the Thorns. I need them, too.
No priest-watched faith from Holy Land
Keeps one Christ-relic half so true.
Through them I dimly understand,
And learn to quiet and command
The passionate pain I bear for you.
They crown the phantom of a Face
So beautiful with agony
That at its upward sorrowful grace
Your own fades faint and far from me.

HOW TO WIN SOULS.

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES G. FINNEY.

"Take heed to thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."—1 Tim., iv, 16.

I beg leave in this article to suggest to my younger brethren in the ministry some thoughts on the philosophy of so preaching the Gospel as to secure the salvation of souls. They are the result of much study, much prayer for Divine teaching, and a practical experience of many years.

I understand the admonition at the head of this article to relate to the *matter*, *order*, and *manner* of preaching.

The problem is, how shall we win souls wholly to Christ. Certainly we must win them away from *themselves*.

1st. They are free moral agents, of course—rational, accountable.

2d. They are in *rebellion against God*, wholly *alienated*, intensely *prejudiced*, and *committed* against him.

3d. They are committed to *self-gratification* as the end of their being.

4th. This committed *state* is moral depravity, the fountain of sin within them, from which flow by a natural law all their sinful ways. This committed voluntary state is their "wicked heart." This it is that needs a *radical change*.

5th. God is infinitely benevolent, and unconverted sinners are supremely selfish; so that they are *radically opposed* to God. Their committal to the gratification of their appetites and propensities is known in Bible language as the "carnal mind"; or, as in the margin, "the minding of the flesh," which is enmity against God.

6th. This enmity is voluntary, and must be overcome, if at all, by the Word of God, made effectual by the *teaching* of the Holy Spirit.

7th. The Gospel is adapted to this end, and when wisely presented we may confidently expect the effectual co-operation of the Holy Spirit. This is implied in our commission, "Go and disciple all nations, and lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

8th. If we are unwise, illogical, unphilosophical, and out of all natural order, in presenting the Gospel, we have no warrant for expecting Divine co-operation.

9th. In winning souls, as in everything else, God works through and in accordance with natural laws. Hence, if we would win souls, we must wisely adapt means to this end. We must present those truths and in that order adapted to the natural laws of mind, of thought, and mental action. A false mental philosophy will greatly mislead us, and we shall often be found ignorantly working against the agency of the Holy Spirit.

10th. Sinners must be convicted of their enmity. They do not know God, and consequently are often ignorant of the opposition of their hearts to him. "By the law is the knowledge of sin," because by the law the sinner gets his first true idea of God. By the law he first learns that God is perfectly benevolent, and infinitely opposed to all selfishness. This law, then, should be arrayed in all its majesty against the selfishness and enmity of the sinner.

11th. This law carries irresistible conviction of its righteousness, and no moral agent can doubt it.

12th. All men know that they have sinned, but all are not *convicted* of the *guilt* and *ill desert* of sin. The many are careless, and do not feel the burden of sin, the horrors and terrors of remorse, and have not a sense of condemnation and of being lost.

13th. But without this they cannot understand or appreciate the Gospel method of salvation. One cannot *intelligently* and *heartily* ask or accept a pardon until he sees and feels the *fact* and *justice* of his condemnation.

14th. It is absurd to suppose that a careless, unconvicted sinner can *intelligently* and *thankfully* accept the Gospel offer of pardon until he accepts the righteousness of God in his condemnation. Conversion to Christ is an intelligent change. Hence the conviction of ill desert must precede the acceptance of mercy; for without this conviction the soul does not understand its need of mercy. Of course, the offer is rejected. The Gospel is no glad tidings to the careless, unconvicted sinner.

15th. The spirituality of the law should be unsparingly applied to the conscience until the sinner's self-righteousness is annihilated, and he stands speechless and self-condemned before a holy God.

16th. In some men this conviction is already ripe, and the preacher may at once present Christ, with the hope of his being accepted; but at ordinary times such cases are exceptional. The great mass of sinners are careless, unconvicted, and to assume their conviction and preparedness to receive Christ, and, hence, to urge sinners immediately to accept him, is to begin at the wrong end of our work—to render our teaching unintelligible. And such a course will be found to have been a mistaken one, whatever present appearances and professions may indicate. The sinner may obtain a hope under such teaching; but, unless the Holy Spirit supplies something which the preacher has failed to do, it will be found to be a false one. All the essential links of truth must be supplied.

17th. When the law has done its work, annihilated self-righteousness, and shut the sinner up to the acceptance of mercy, he should be made to understand the delicacy and danger of dispensing with the execution of the penalty when the precept of law has been violated.

18th. Right here the sinner should be made to understand that from the benevolence of God he cannot justly infer that God can consistently forgive him. For unless public justice can be satisfied the law of universal benevolence forbids the forgiveness of sin. If public justice is not regarded in the exercise of mercy, the good of the *public* is sacrificed to that of the *individual*. God will never do this.

19th. This teaching will shut the sinner up to look for some offering to *public* justice.

20th. Now give him the atonement as a *revealed fact*, and shut him up to Christ as his own sin offering. Press the *revealed fact* that God has accepted the death of Christ as a substitute for the sinner's death, and that this is to be received upon the *testimony* of God.

21st. Being already crushed into contrition by the convicting power of the law, the revelation of the love of God manifested in the death of Christ, will naturally beget great self-loathing, and that godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of. Under this showing the sinner can never forgive himself. God is holy and glorious; and he a sinner, saved by sovereign grace. This teaching may be more or less formal as the souls you address are more or less thoughtful, intelligent, and careful to understand.

22d. It was not by accident that the dispensation of law preceded the dispensation of grace; but it is in the natural order of things, in accordance with established mental laws, and evermore the law must prepare the way for the Gospel. To overlook this in instructing souls is almost certain to result in false hope, the introduction of a false standard of Christian experience, and to fill the church with spurious converts. Time will make this plain.

23d. The truth should be preached *to* the persons present, and so personally applied as to compel every one to feel that you mean *him* or *her*. As has been often said of a certain preacher: "He does not preach, but explains what other people preach, and seems to be talking directly to *me*."

24th. This course will rivet attention, and cause your hearers to lose sight of the length of your sermon. They will tire if they feel no *personal* interest in what you say. To secure their individual interest in what you are saying is an indispensable condition of their being converted. And, while their individual interest is thus awakened, and held fast to your subject, they will seldom complain of the length of your sermon. In nearly all cases, if the people complain of the length of our sermons, it is because we fail to interest them *personally* in what we say.

25th. If we fail to interest them personally, it is either because we do not address them personally, or because we lack unction and earnestness, or because we lack clearness and force, or certainly because we lack something that we ought to possess. To make them feel that we and that God means *them* is indispensable.

26th. Do not think that earnest piety alone can make you successful in winning souls. This is only one condition of success. There must be common sense, there must be spiritual wisdom in adapting means to the end. Matter and manner and order and time and place all need to be wisely adjusted to the end we have in view.

27th. God may sometimes convert souls by men who are not spiritually minded, when they possess that natural sagacity which enables them to adapt means to that end; but the Bible warrants us in affirming that these are exceptional cases. Without this sagacity and adaptation of means to this end a *spiritual* mind will fail to win souls to Christ.

28th. Souls need instruction in accordance with the measure of their intelligence. A few simple truths, when wisely applied and illuminated by the Holy Ghost, will convert children to Christ. I say *wisely* applied, for they too are sinners, and need the application of the law, as a schoolmaster, to bring them to Christ, that they may be justified by faith. It will sooner or later appear that supposed conversions to Christ are spurious where the preparatory law work has been omitted, and Christ has not been embraced as a Saviour from sin and condemnation.

29th. Sinners of education and culture, who are, after all, unconvicted and skeptical in their hearts, need a vastly more extended and thorough application of truth. Professional men need the Gospel not to be thrown quite around them, with no break through which they can escape; and, when thus dealt with, they are all the more sure to be converted in proportion to their real intelligence. I have found that a course of lectures addressed to lawyers, and adapted to their habits of thought and reasoning, is most *sure* to convert them.

30th. To be successful in winning souls, we need to be observing—to study individual character, to press the facts of experience, observation, and revelation upon the consciences of all classes.

31st. Be sure to explain the terms you use. Before I was converted, I failed to hear the terms repentance, faith, regeneration, and conversion intelligibly explained. Repentance was described as a feeling. Faith was represented as an intellectual *act* or *state*, and not as a *voluntary* act of *trust*. Regeneration was represented as some physical change in the *nature*, produced by the *direct power* of the Holy Ghost, instead of a *voluntary* change of the *ultimate preference* of the soul, produced by the spiritual *illumination* of the Holy Ghost. Even conversion was represented as being the work of the Holy Ghost in such a sense as to cover up the fact that it is the sinner's own act, under the persuasions of the Holy Ghost.

32d. Urge the fact that repentance involves the voluntary and actual renunciation of all sin; that it is a radical change of mind toward God.

33d. Also the fact that saving faith is *heart trust* in Christ; that it works by love, it purifies the heart, and overcomes the world; that no faith is saving that has not these attributes.

34th. The sinner is required to put forth certain *mental acts*. What these are he needs to understand. Error in mental philosophy but embarrasses, and may fatally deceive the inquiring soul. Sinners are often put upon a wrong track. They are put upon a strain to *feel* instead of putting forth the required acts of *will*. Before my conversion I never received from *man* any intelligible idea of the mental acts that God required of me.

35th. The deceitfulness of sin renders the inquiring soul exceedingly exposed to delusion; therefore it behooves teachers to beat about every bush, and to search out every nook and corner where a soul can find a false refuge. Be so thorough and discriminating as to render it as nearly impossible as the nature of the case will admit that the inquirer should entertain a false hope.

36th. Do not fear to be thorough. Do not through false pity put on a plaster where the probe is needed. Do not fear that you shall discourage the convicted sinner, and turn him back, by searching him out to the bottom. If the Holy Spirit is dealing with him, the more you search and probe the more impossible it will be for the soul to turn back or rest in sin.

37th. If you would save the soul, do not spare a right hand, or right eye, or any darling idol; but see to it that every form of sin is given up. Insist upon full confession of wrong, to all that have a right to confession. Insist upon full restitution, so far as is possible, to all injured parties. Do not fall short of the express teachings of Christ on this subject. Whoever the sinner may be, let him distinctly understand that unless he forsakes all that he has he cannot be the disciple of Christ. Insist upon entire and universal consecration of all the powers of body and mind, and of all property, possessions, character, and influence to God. Insist upon the total abandonment to God of all ownership of self, or anything else, as a condition of being accepted.

38th. Understand yourself, and, if possible, make the sinner understand that nothing short of this is involved in true faith or true repentance, and that true consecration involves them all.

39th. Keep constantly before the sinner's mind that it is the *personal* Christ with whom he is dealing, that *God in Christ* is seeking his reconciliation to himself, and that the condition of his reconciliation is that he gives up his will and his whole being to God—that he leave not a hoof behind.

40th. Assure him that "God has given to him eternal life, and this life is in his son"; that "Christ is made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption"; and that from first to last he is to find his whole salvation in Christ.

41st. When satisfied that the soul intelligently receives all this doctrine, and the Christ herein revealed, then remember that he must persevere unto the end, as the further condition of his saivation. Here you have before you the great work of preventing the soul from backsliding, of securing its permanent sanctification and sealing for eternal glory.

42d. Does not the very common backsliding in heart of converts indicate some grave defect in the teachings of the pulpit on this subject? What does it mean that so many hopeful converts, within a few months of their apparent conversion, lose their first love, lose all their fervency in religion, neglect their duty, and live on in name Christians, but in spirit and life worldlings?

43d. A truly successful preacher must not only win souls to Christ, but must keep them won. He must not only secure their conversion, but their permanent sanctification.

44th. Nothing in the Bible is more expressly promised in this life than *permanent sanctification*. I Thes., v, 23, 24: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." This is unquestionably a prayer of the apostle for permanent sanctification in this life, with an express promise that he who has called us will do it.

45th. We learn from the Scriptures that "*after* we believe" we are or may be *sealed* with the Holy Spirit of promise, and that this sealing is the earnest of our inheritance. Eph., i, 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." His sealing this earnest of our inheritance is that which renders our salvation sure. Hence, in Eph., iv, 30, the apostle says: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And in II Cor., i, 21st and 22d verses, the apostle says: "Now he which establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God, who hath also sealed us and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Thus we are *established* in Christ and *anointed* by the Spirit, and also *sealed* by the *earnest* of the Spirit in our hearts. And this, remember, is a blessing that we receive after that we believe, as Paul has informed us in his Epistle to the Ephesians, above quoted. Now, it is of the last importance that converts should be taught not to rest short of this *permanent sanctification*, this sealing, this being established in Christ by the special anointing of the Holy Ghost.

46th. Now, brethren, unless we know what this means by our own experience, and lead converts to this experience, we fail most lamentably and essentially in our teaching. We leave out the very cream and fullness of the Gospel.

47th. It should be understood that while this experience is rare amongst ministers it will be discredited by the churches, and it will be next to impossible for an isolated preacher of this doctrine to overcome the unbelief of his church. They will feel doubtful about it, because so few preach it or believe in it; and will account for their pastor's insisting upon it by saying that his experience is owing to his peculiar temperament, and thus they will fail to receive this anointing because of their unbelief. Under such circumstances it is all the more necessary to insist much upon the importance and privilege of permanent sanctification.

48th. Sin consists in carnal mindedness, in "obeying the desires of the flesh and of the mind." Permanent sanctification consists in entire and permanent consecration to God. It implies the refusal to obey the desire of the flesh or of the mind. The baptism or sealing of the Holy Spirit subdues the power of the desires and strengthens and confirms the will in resisting the impulse of desire, and in abiding permanently in a state of making the whole being an offering to God.

49th. If we are silent upon this subject, the natural inference will be that we do not believe in it, and, of course, that we know nothing about it in experience. This will inevitably be a stumbling-block to the church.

50th. Since this is undeniably an important doctrine, and plainly taught in the Gospel, and is, indeed, the marrow and fatness of the Gospel, to fail in teaching this is to rob the church of its richest inheritance.

51st. The testimony of the church, and to a great extent of the ministry, on the subject has been lamentably defective. This legacy has been withheld from the church, and is it any wonder that she so disgracefully backslides? The testimony of the comparatively few, here and there, that insist upon this doctrine is almost nullified by the counter testimony or culpable silence of the great mass of Christ's witnesses.

52d. My dear brethren, my convictions are so ripe and my feelings so deep upon this subject that I must not conceal from you my fears that lack of personal experience, in many cases, is the reason of this great defect in preaching the Gospel. I do not say this to reproach you; it is not in my heart to do so. It is not wonderful that many of you, at least, have not this experience. Your religious training has been defective. You have been led to take a different view of this subject. Various causes have operated to prejudice you against this blessed doctrine of the glorious Gospel. You have not intellectually believed it; and, of course, have not received Christ in his fullness into your hearts. Perhaps this doctrine to you has been a stumbling-block and a rock of offense; but I pray you let not prejudice prevail, but venture upon Christ by a present acceptance of him as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and see if he will not do for you exceeding abundantly, above all that you asked or thought.

53d. No man, saint or sinner, should be left by us to rest or be quiet in the indulgence of *any sin*. No one should be allowed to entertain the hope of Heaven, if we can prevent it, who lives in the indulgence of known sin in any form. Our constant demand and persuasion should be, "Be ye holy, for God is holy." "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Let us remember the manner in which Christ concludes his memorable Sermon on the Mount. After spreading out those awfully searching truths before his hearers, and demanding that they should be perfect, as their Father in Heaven was perfect, he concludes by assuring them that no one could be saved who did not receive and obey his teachings. Instead of attempting to please our people in their sins, we should continually endeavor to hunt and persuade them *out* of their sins. Brethren, let us do it, as we would not have our skirts defiled with their blood. If we pursue this course, and constantly preach with unction and power, and abide in the fullness of the doctrine of Christ, we may joyfully expect to save ourselves and them that hear us.

Literary Department.

HANDY-BOOKS.*

This useful little book upon *Stimulants and Narcotics*, of the "Handy-Book" series, is a carefully prepared summary of the principal facts and arguments relating to these subjects. There is no other social question, says the author, "concerning which so much has been stated and so little known; upon which men have felt so strongly and reasoned so feebly. While very many of the choicest spirits of the world have thought intensely on this subject, have spoken and written eloquently upon it, have quarreled over it, wept over and prayed over it, comparatively few have reasoned upon it, and those few have been too meagerly supplied with facts to arrive at any just conclusion. Even some of the men of science who have entered upon the study of this subject have displayed a spirit the reverse of scientific." Dr. Beard has prepared his work "in the belief that there is a large and increasing number in this country who have not been wholly satisfied with the manner in which the subject has thus far been treated; who perhaps suspect that something more than witty stories, or stirring songs, or eloquent exhortations are needed to solve a great social problem; who are beginning to feel the propriety and necessity of discussing a question that is primarily scientific by scientific methods of reasoning; who in the spirit of honest inquiry are eagerly seeking for information to aid them in forming their opinions; and who are ready and willing to attend to facts that are novel and to listen to views that are directly opposed to their own, and who recognize the need of patience and wisdom, as well as of courage and enthusiasm, in conducting a great reform." While he contributes little that is new to the inquiry, Mr. Beard has given it the first fair discussion, of equal length, that is at once popular and scientific, that the question of Stimulants has received in this country. The leading idea given in this work is that of Dr. Anstie, editor of the *British Practitioner* and author of an able work upon Stimulants. We do not ask our readers to assent to it; but we believe that they will like to hear it. This idea is, in brief, that each one of the principal stimulants in use has two quite different and independent actions upon the human organism. The first is defined by Dr. Anstie as stimulation proper. He describes this action as one which corrects, economizes, or intensifies the forces of the system. The second action, on the other hand, is produced by taking a quantity of the substance larger than that which is necessary to produce stimulation in the same person. It is called narcotism; and the narcotic effect of these substances differs not so much in intensity as in character from the stimulant effect. The distinction, says Dr. Beard, is radical, just, and important. "The signs of stimulation are relief of fatigue, irritation, and pain; equalization of the circulation; improvement in sleep and in nutrition." The signs of narcotism, on the other hand, are, in the first stage, flushing of the face, dilatation of the pupil, mental disturbance of various kinds, nausea, tremor, spasms, and convulsions. In the last stages they are delirium, stupor, stertorous breathing, and death. The general law," says he, "is that small doses produce stimulation, and large doses narcotism. But small and large are relative terms; what would stimulate one would narcotize another. What would stimulate at one time of life at another narcotizes." Race, temperament, habit, and health also make the line between stimulation and narcosis to vary; but the distinction, according to the view which we have quoted, is essential. This book should be widely read. Those who have not the time to master the larger and more technical treatise of Dr. Anstie will do well to examine this carefully prepared manual.

Eating and Drinking is intended as a manual of food and diet in health and disease. It gives an account, compiled from many sources, of the principal articles of ordinary consumption. It describes the eating customs in different parts of the world, and attacks the errors of asceticism in diet—such as "Grahamism," the foolish doctrines of "leaving off hungry" and of never eating at night. The relations of food to work, to temperament, to age, sex, health, and climate are briefly discussed; and there are paragraphs upon cooking and upon dietaries. The merit of the volume, like that of the companion to it, that we have just described, does not consist in originality of discussion; but in the soundness and discretion of the author's judgment. We believe that this treatise will do much good in extending a needed knowledge of the subjects of which it treats. Its literary faults are numerous; but as a practical guide it is the best manual that has lately appeared.

* STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS. By GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D. 16mo, pp. 155. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS.

EATING AND DRINKING. 16mo, pp. 180. Same author and publisher.

QUARTERLIES.

The *Congregational Quarterly* has for its leading article a sketch of the late Rev. William Carter, of Pittsfield, Ill., by President Sturtevant. The Rev. James H. Means, of Dorchester, gives some reasons why a revision of the English Bible is needed, and indicates several passages which should be altered; Nathan Allen, Esq., of Lowell, furnishes some "Lessons in Population," drawn from Grecian and Roman history; Rev. J. E. Twitchell treats of "Revivals," and the methods by which they are best promoted, from what Hawthorne would call the "warm interior of belief"; and Rev. Kinsley Twining discusses "The State and Religion in its Schools." Mr. Twining's article is a singular mixture of wit, mist, and inconsistency. He attempts to show that, in a system of secular education, the teaching of science would infallibly lead to atheism. We do not think so poorly of science. We have no doubt that the God of the world is the God of the Bible, and that the laws of Nature testify of him quite as clearly as the words of revelation. And, if the facts of science were presented, and the theories of the atheists were placed side by side with those of the theists, allowing the pupils to choose between them, we have no doubt that the result would be in the interests of theism and biblical Christianity. Mr. Twining endeavors to prove, by labored argument and abundant quotation, that the majority of a nation has a right by force of law to prescribe for the minority religious symbols and ceremonies. It takes several pages, of course, to say this without seeming to say it; but it comes out finally. To impose such observances by the ballot is precisely the same thing as to enforce them at the point of the bayonet; for what is a law good for that has not physical force behind it? Now this is directly opposed not only to the spirit of our institutions, but to the spirit of Christianity; and no amount of sophistry can hide the fact. Mr. Twining says in one place that the little religion now in the schools is all that stops the mouths of the Romanists, who are opposed to secular education. "The Bible in the schools is to-day the divine salt which breaks the force of the Romanist appeal to the conscience of her congregation. Take it away, and what will prevent them from carrying that conscience with them against the whole system." In another place he says that "the Romanist raises the cry of an injured conscience not because the use of the Bible hurts him, but because *he sees his way, through that course, to get rid of the public school*, which is the real pain." One of these statements may be true. Again he says: "The teacher is a creature in whom the spiritual and the secular combine; and the resultant is the composite product, character, with its irrepressible power of influence. Until that man with religious nature in him is got out of the world religious influence of some kind cannot be got out of the school-room." If this be true—and we have no doubt of it—then we cannot understand the anxiety of those who fear that the exclusion of the Bible from the schools will overthrow religion. Religious influence of the very strongest kind remains in the schools, in the characters of many of the teachers, after the forms under discussion are abandoned. Of Christianity as a *life* nobody will complain; it is only the forms and symbols of Christianity that are assailed, and it is precisely these that we have no right to force upon protesting consciences. The Literary Notices in this quarterly are unusually good.

The North American Review for October is a strong number. The opening article, by Prof. J. D. Whitney, entitled "Volcanism and Mountain Building," is an able paper, based upon large reading and considerable observation. The author believes "that granite or some rocks of the granitic family formed the original exterior crust of the earth"; but his argument is not that of a *doctrinaire*. It is a fair statement of the best modern thought and knowledge concerning the geological causes which have determined the present configuration of the earth's surface. Professor Whitney does not forget that geology is still an undeveloped science, and this recognition has saved the present discussion from the dogmatism into which geological writers are too apt to fall. Mr. E. Gryzanovski has a not very well written but very instructive article upon recent Italian history, called "The Regeneration of Italy." Mr. Charles Nordhoff writes upon "The Misgovernment of New York: a Remedy Suggested"; and the remedy is a city charter in character not unlike the Constitution of the United States. This charter should provide (1) a single responsible head of the city government; (2) a judiciary appointed for life; and (3) a legislature, which should hold the purse-strings, to be constituted, preferably, of a single house, with not less than one hundred members. Articles like this one give us some faint hope that American institutions will not go to ruin for lack of interest taken in them by American-born citizens. Prof. W. D. Whitney has a thoughtful article upon "Language and Education." Among the critical notices a competent and masterly hand, which is understood to be that of one of our own American scholars of European reputation, exposes Mr. Max Müller's brilliant but overestimated claims in Eastern scholarship. The writer, after making one of the ablest critical examinations that we have lately seen, concludes that Mr. Müller has not earned "the right to be regarded as a trustworthy authority in matters of language."

The *New Englander* gives us one of its best numbers. Robert K. Weeks contributes an acute and discriminating critique upon the "Poetry of William Morris"—one of the best pieces of analytical criticism we have lately come upon. Mr. Wm. C. Conant, one of our more ambitious essayists, discusses the "Cultus Ventris" in a rather large-worded but spicy and readable essay. For one discovery in psychology we must express our thanks to Mr. Conant. "Sympathy," he tells us, is "the protoplasm of love." Professor Timothy Dwight gives the final installment of his "Thoughts respecting the Future of Yale College," which will commend themselves to the judgment of the new governing board. The doctrine of "The Extinction of the Wicked" is confuted by Professor Bartlett, of Chicago in a scriptural argument of great clearness and vigor. Dr. Leonard Bacon discusses "Railways and the State," giving an interesting history of some of the exploits of the railway managers in the capital of his own state, pointing out the conditions of the problem to be solved, and making some valuable suggestions. Dr. Bacon closes his essay with the following generous compliment:

"We congratulate the public on the ability and thoroughness with which two well-known contributors to the *North American Review* have been for some time past discussing various aspects of what is rapidly becoming one of the most important of public questions. Nor can we repress the expression of the satisfaction with which we see, in the fourth generation from "the elder Adams," an undiminished capacity of eminent statesmanship."

The *Bibliotheca Sacra* gives the place of honor to an essay by Prof. W. A. Stevens, of Denison University, on "Prehistoric Literature." He strongly dissents from the old theory of the authorship of the Homeric poems, and inclines to that of Facsi, which is, in substance, that they are folk lore—poetic legends, which were born, not made—which sprung up on the eastern coast of the Ægean, and, after several centuries of oral transmission, were "gradually enriched, expanded, and formed into a connected story, the interest of which centered in the heroic figure of Achilles." Afterward came a man whose name has disappeared, but who came to be known as Homer (*nunoc, the framer, the compiler*), who framed many of these legends into one, "retaining the dramatic unity he had detected, and stamping all anew with the marks of his own genius." Prof. John Bascom writes of "Instinct," in which he urges that memory and sensation are sufficient to explain the mental phenomena of brute life. Perhaps so; but there are some things in animal life that his philosophy must be considerably stretched to explain. Prof. Park continues his discussion of the writing of sermons, which is crowded with admirable suggestions. The rest of the quarterly is good, with the exception of the book notices, which might be better.

The American Presbyterian Review contains two elaborate articles on the conflict between the materialistic and the spiritualistic philosophy; the one by Prof. Welch, of Union College, entitled "Faith; its Place and Prerogative," and the other by Prof. John W. Mears, of Hamilton College, entitled "The Antagonisms, Perils, and Glory of the Spiritual Philosophy." Prof. Welch first endeavors to vindicate a place for faith by the admissions of the materialists themselves, and then turns from the indirect to the direct argument, and attempts to base upon facts of Intelligence, Conscience, and Volition the doctrine of faith. His argument is comprehensive and able. The paper of Prof. Mears, which is the address he delivered at his inauguration, is more popular and rhetorical than that of Prof. Welch, yet it grapples the question with considerable vigor. The question which these two articles raise is the main question of theology, and it is well to have as many cross lights as possible thrown upon it. The Rev. E. P. Rogers, D. D., of this city, writes of "The Judicial Trial of Jesus"; Rev. E. J. Hamilton treats of "Term Service in the Eldership," and there are other interesting and valuable articles. The book notices are copious and discriminating.

The *Methodist Quarterly* opens with a learned review of "Curtius's History of Greece," by Professor Baird, of the University of the City of New York. "Christian Evidences from the Catacombs" is an interesting article by the Rev. Wm. H. Withrow. Rev. Samuel W. Williams writes in an entertaining way of "Early Methodism in the West"; the Rev. H. B. Ridgeway, of this city, discusses, with more positiveness of assertion than breadth of vision, the doctrine of "Vicarious Atonement"; Dr. E. N. Cobleigh, of Athens, Tenn., treats of "Church Property Questions in the South"; and the Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D., of Bangor, illustrates the fellowship of the saints by contributing an essay upon "Socrates." The "Synopsis of the Quarterlies," the *resumé* of religious and literary intelligence, and the reviews of books are comprehensive and able.

The Princeton Review opens with an "Introduction to a New System of Rhetoric," by Rev. J. H. McIlvane, D.D., which is an exceedingly lucid and methodical opening of the subject. If the whole work keeps the promise of the introduction, it will prove a valuable contribution to the science. A review of "The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber," by the Rev. William Scribner, presents a vivid picture of this pure and devoted though somewhat morbid man. "Future Retribution," by the Rev. George S. Mott; "Plan in History," by the Rev. E. A. Lawrence, D.D.; and two long articles on Temperance complete the table of contents.

The *Mercersburg Review* continues the discussion, by Samuel H. Giesy, D.D., of "Organic Redemption." Ritualism of the most pronounced sort is boldly proclaimed in this article. Witness this passage: "The Divine Presence in the Eucharist depends not upon the communicant's state of mind. It is an independent fact. Not by human thought or memory, or will or faith, any mere mental exercise, is Christ put into the eucharistical transaction. He is there by the sacramental (Divine) act of consecration through the Spirit." There is more of the same kind in this article; and other articles reveal the same tendency of this wing of the German Reformed Church.

The *Quarterly Review of the Evangelical Lutheran Church* has, among other articles, a learned and well-written paper by Rev. C. A. Stork on "New Obedience"; a thoroughly good essay on "The Religious Training of Children," by Rev. L. M. Kuhns, and a timely and interesting article on "Papal Infallibility," which contains the full text of the Dogmatic Decree, with the English translation, and Dr. Doellinger's reply to the Archbishop of Munich.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Lippincott's Magazine contains the fifth chapter of Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps," a series of sketches that we have already praised. Mr. C. P. Cranch has a graceful translation from Schiller, called "The Ideals"; and an article by Mr. Charles W. Stoddard on "A California Seaside" is pleasant reading. In the "Monthly Gossip" there is a letter from London, in which some of the latest developments of snobbery in that metropolis are described.

Scribner's Monthly has an illustrated article upon "Thirty-seven Days of Peril" in the region of the Yellowstone. In the illustration called "The Mountain Lion" the artist has committed the opposite error to that which is common in sensational pictures. He has not magnified; but, if we may say so, has minified his office, and made his lion look like a tom-cat. Helen B. Bostwick has some good verses entitled "Too Wise for Love." "The Unbarring of Hell Gate" is a well-illustrated account of the mining and blasting operations at Hallet's Point. Mr. W. C. Conant has an essay on "The Right not to Vote." Like all other later essays upon the woman question, it does not go to the bottom of the inquiry. A main reason of this fault is that the public will not endure plain speaking upon this subject; and, consequently, our best thinkers keep silence respecting it, or tell us the least important part of their thought, not being allowed an audience in the better class of periodicals. This is one of the most injurious results of the American pusillanimity, misnamed "good nature," of which Dr. Holland discourses in another part of this number. Joaquin Miller has a poem called "From Sea to Sea," which will please those who like to "kiss hands to the sea," or enjoy "the shade of trees that are white with blossoms or brown with bees." This poem, like others of Mr. Miller's writing, is too much an affair of pretty phrases. Our "new poet" should beware of using his old properties until they become threadbare. Mary C. Putnam, M. D., has an article upon "The Clubs of Paris." In the "Home and Society" department we find a paragraph upon that terrible creature, Bridget in America—the marauder upon domestic life, the terror of those intending marriage, and the consequent promoter of clubs, boarding-houses, and celibacy in this country, where the servants, and not the masters, rule the house.

The monthly part of *Appleton's Journal* (No. XXXI) which has just reached us contains a number of papers which represent real work and culture, and particularly one by H. T. Tuckerman, upon the "Literature of Fiction." George Cooper has a little poem, "Empty Arms," which only needs the excision of the first stanza to make it a good one; and Prof. De Vere should have added to his little article describing "What Sand May Do" some account of the new process of engraving by the sand blast. The "Table Talk" about the Lenox Library and Walt Whitman is excellent.

—*Saving Faith; its Rationale: A Demonstration of its Presence in the Organic Condition of Methodist Churchmembership, A Treatise in Two Parts;* by Rev. Israel Chamberlayne, D.D., may be fairly judged by its voluminous title-page. It greatly confuses a matter which ought to be plain as the daylight, and would be if so many preposterous treatises had not been written about it. Saving faith is nothing but personal trust in a personal Saviour—the committing of the soul to Him in well-doing; and it is an outrage upon our common Christianity to have a truth so clear obscured by all these wire-drawn refinements of the logicians. The best way to demonstrate the presence of saving faith in the organic conditions of Methodist churchmembership or any other churchmembership is to begin to do the works in which faith exists. (Carlton & Lanahan.)

—Dr. George Hartwig's *The Subterranean World* is a beautiful English-made book, with the satisfactory paper, type, illustrations, and indexes which an increasing class of readers in this country are learning to appreciate. For the rest, the book is a popular account of fossils, geological revolutions, subterranean waters, earthquakes, volcanoes, landslips, caves, and cave-dwellers; of the most important metals, minerals, and precious stones; in short, of the principal subjects of general interest connected with geological science. It is quite miscellaneous in character, but will not on that account be less popular.

—John Hay's *Castilian Days* is composed of papers written in Madrid, in 1870, and partly political in their character. These papers will please readers who may agree with Mr. Hay's rather juvenile utterance in a prefatory paragraph: "There are those who think the Spaniards are not fit for freedom. I believe that no people are fit for anything else." For the rest, these papers are written in a lively style, and give just views of the Spain of a recent date.

—W. M. L. Jay's *Winter in Cuba* (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a brightly-written account of the domestic side of Cuban life and is noticeably above the average standard of merit in works of its class. We wish that the author had told us more of the present Cuban rebellion; but for what is told in these pages we are not the less thankful. It is an enjoyable book, a faithful transcript of what the author has really seen and heard.

—*The Christian Use of Money*, by J. F. Wyckoff, Esq., contains some valuable suggestions as to the bestowment of charities. But the whole subject of Wealth and its Uses receives a much more comprehensive and judicious treatment in a sermon by Rev. Frank P. Woodbury, of Rockford, Ill., an extract from which will be found on our twelfth page. The Tract Society would do well to circulate this sermon.

—*Heart Life* is a collection of the newspaper articles of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, published by the Tract Society. The readers of THE INDEPENDENT do not need to be told of the merits of Dr. Cuyler as a writer on spiritual religion. This little book contains some of his best writings. Fresh, direct, full of earnestness, these chapters will prove to many readers both suggestive and stimulating.

—In Mrs. S. M. Griswold's *Woman's Pilgrimage in the Holy Land* (J. B. Burr & Hyde) we see little that is not to be found in the guide-books, except the woodcuts, which are of an unusually low order of demerit. We have seldom taken a more sapless volume in hand; but it possesses no other particular distinction.

—*The Life of John Bunyan*, by D. A. Harsha, M.A., appears to be a conscientious and faithful biographical portraiture. The materials for a memoir of Bunyan are but slight; but Mr. Harsha seems to have studied the man and the period, and he gives us a readable and apparently trustworthy history. (Lippincott.)

—*The Resurrection of the Redeemed, and Hades*, by James Boggs, (Lippincott), is one of those truly good and dreadfully commonplace books which it is always safe to place in the hands of an invalid who has been forbidden to read.

—J. R. Osgood & Co. send us a neat 12mo edition of Bryant's translation of the *Iliad*, criticised at length in these columns some time ago.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons will publish during the ensuing months: *The Great Works of the Flemish and Dutch Schools of Painting*, with twenty engravings from celebrated paintings by famous masters, with letter-press by G. W. Reid, keeper of prints in the British Museum; *The Picture Gallery of all Nations*, a popular account of the manners, customs, etc., of all nations, with numerous engravings; *Bewick's Fables*, with original illustrations from the blocks engraved by Bewick; *John Ogilvie*, finely illustrated; a new edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*; *Benjamin Franklin, the Printer's Boy, Philosopher, and Statesman*, with illustrations; *Men who have made Themselves*, a volume of biography, illustrated; *The Heroes of Europe*, illustrated, and *Memorable Women*, also illustrated; and *The Poems of Thomas Hood*, with illustrations by Doré, Birket Foster, The Etching Club, Darley, and Scacombe. The work will be printed on toned paper, with red lines, and will be uniform in size with "The Artists' Sketch-Book."..... The Boston *Gazette* has traced a well-known scrap of popular slang to an exceedingly classical origin—as may be seen in the two lines subjoined, from "Titus Andronicus," in which play Marcus Andronicus says:

"Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to put a *head* on headless Rome."

....*Scribner's Monthly* for December will contain a poem by a Dr. Hake, a person who has never read Milton, Dryden, or Pope, before publishing his first volume of poems recently in London. *Hake poeta

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"God gives every one Roses," sang a seaward Song
Over cliff, over crag, flitting blithely along.
"God gives every one Roses, and sooner or late:
Let the saddest but wait, but wait.

"Fresh Roses, red Roses." But the Rock and the Wave,
And a something still sadder, one lone answer gave:
"No Rose blooms for us: go say way, laughing Song:
Chant only where bright buds belong."

"God gives every one Roses." Then Ocean's deep bell,
Where the pale weeds turn red, with a passionate start,
To the billow one burning and beaming branch gave.
And "I have my Rose," said the Wave.*

"God gives every one Roses." When evening —most blest—
With sanbralded garlands crowned the gates of the West,
One red wrath fell, flame-lit, to the strand's rugged block.
And "I have my Rose," said the Rock.

"Fresh Roses, red Roses." But the echoes dropped dead;
And in vain the Tides listened—the Song's soul had fled.
It had sung its bright prophecy, spent its sweet breath:
Thou, too, hast thy Rose, Silent Death.

FANCHON.

* "The depth of color of *Algæ* in deep seas pusales botanists. Deep olive and red belong to the depths."

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. LIII.

INTERMARRIAGE LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS—COLORED PERSONS EXCLUDED FROM RAILWAY CARS AND SCHOOLS.

The divine declaration that what a man sowed that also shall he reap is quite as true of nations as of individuals. Nowhere has the retributive nature of sin appeared more manifest than in the history of American slavery. For long years after the guilty cause has disappeared have the wretched effects remained. Even in Massachusetts, first among the old thirteen states to discard slavery, did the consequences linger in some of her laws, in the customs of society, and in prejudices which in many minds, with unreasoning and unyielding pertinacity, set at naught the principles of justice and humanity, to say nothing of the sublime principles of Christianity. Like the vicious indulgences of youth, though discarded in riper years, it left its enfeebling effects in the system; so slavery, though early in form removed, left many a bitter legacy behind to test the temper of the people and make work for after generations. As examples: the law against the intermarriage of blacks with whites, the rules in many cities and towns against colored children attending the same schools with whites, and the regulations on some railroads excluding blacks from the cars of whites.

These invidious discriminations and obnoxious regulations were among the early objects of attack by the Abolitionists. In the session of 1839 several petitions were presented, praying for the repeal of the act against intermarriage. Some of these petitions were from women, a fact which subjected them to special reproach and ridicule, not only in the public press, but in the legislature itself. The petitions were referred to the committee on the judiciary, and that committee reported that the petitioners have leave to withdraw. This report was made by William Lincoln, of Worcester, son of the ex-governor, Levi Lincoln. Its spirit and purport may be gathered from its closing paragraph: "Lest future historians should form an erroneous estimate of the manners and morals of the age, it is desirable to afford these persons, styling themselves ladies, an opportunity to reconsider their opinions on matrimonial and constitutional rights, and to remove their names from the rolls on which they are written."

The repeal of the law was vigorously resisted by Franklin Dexter, an eminent lawyer of Boston. Mr. Minot Thayer, too, a veteran member of the house, opposed any legislation, in a violent and vituperative speech. Referring to a petition signed by a large number of ladies in Dorchester, he had the bad taste to express the opinion that there were not ten virtuous women among them.

George Bradburn, then a representative from Nantucket, defended with force and vigor the petitioners, and advocated the principle embodied in their petition. He replied with merciless severity to the arguments of Mr. Dexter and Mr. Thayer; and, in response to their assertion that the repeal would encourage amalgamation, he asserted that, on the contrary, it would most effectually discourage it.

At the session of 1840, George T. Davis, then a representative from Greenfield, reported in favor of repealing the law. The report maintained that the act sprung from social prejudices; was based on the basis of social inequality; was unequal and invidious in its operations; facilitated injustice and promoted licentiousness. "This law," it said, "is the last relic of the old slave code of Massachusetts, and is the only legislative recognition to be found in our statute-book of inequality among the different races of our citizens. It stands in direct and odious contrast with all our principles and our practice in other particulars. It gives the lie to the sentiments which we have heretofore expressed to Congress and the world on the subject of slavery; for, by denying to our colored fellow-citizens the privileges and immunities of freemen, we virtually assert their inequality, and justify that theory of negro slavery which represents it as a necessary state of nutelage and guardianship."

In the debate that followed Mr. Bradburn maintained that the law had not the word "white" in it originally; but provided that no person of a Christian nation should marry a negro or mulatto, and that in 1786 Indians were included, and the word "white" then inserted. He asserted that the law was unconstitutional, authorized robbery, encouraged amalgamation, and abrogated the law of God. Mr. Theophilus Parsons, then a member from the city of Boston, admitted that he had been opposed to the passage of the bill; but his objections had been overcome, and he should then vote for it. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Lincoln, who had so strenuously opposed the repeal of the act at the preceding session, continued their opposition. If they were less caustic and vituperative, they were no less determined in their hostility. The bill passed the house by a majority of one. It then passed the senate; but was defeated in the house on its engrossment.

But the Abolitionists and the other friends of equal rights were persistent and determined. Petitions were presented in 1841; and Mr. Bradburn, from a committee to which they were referred, brought in a bill to repeal the obnoxious law, accompanied by an elaborate report. It failed, however, in the house. A similar bill was reported to the senate by General Appleton Howe, then a senator from Norfolk County. It passed that body by the casting vote of its president, Daniel P. King, then a senator from Essex County, and afterward a representative in Congress. It was, however, defeated in the house by a vote of 140 to 204. Not discouraged by this defeat, the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts again appealed to the people and to the legislature. At the next session a bill was reported in the senate by Seth Sprague, Jr., and passed that body by a vote of 21 to 9.

In the house an earnest debate arose. Mr. Marcey, a Democratic member from Greenwich, denounced the bill as an innovation, which would be speedily followed by another, allowing the blacks to ride in the cars with the whites. Mr. Gibbens, a merchant of Boston, declared that he would rather follow his daughter to the tomb than that she should be married by a black man. He denounced the measure as an experiment fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the manners and morals of the people. John C. Park, of Boston, vehemently opposed the passage of the bill, and maintained the constitutionality and expediency of the existing law. The legislature, he said, could pass laws for the preservation of health, hens, and fishes, and for the improvement of the breeds of cattle, sheep, and pigs; but, when the question came of preserving their own race from the deterioration which must inevitably follow amalgamation, their constitutional scruples were interposed.

Mr. Seth J. Thomas, a representative from Charlestown, then one of the leaders of the Democratic party, declared that conservatism was the "party of yesterday"; but he belonged to the party of today, and was in favor of turning the world topsy turvy, providing things were made better by it. "The black man," he said, "will have his day, and I want him to have it peaceably, else he will be obliged to use force, which is the last resort of kings. And, if that necessity is resorted to, although I should regret it, yet in the great cause of human rights I should rush into the battle as gladly as I would to a bridal-feast." His subsequent course hardly warranted quite so confident a boast. He, no doubt, failed to apprehend, when he uttered it, that in a few years he would be found, not rushing to the rescue of the fearful and fainting fugitive, but as the paid attorney in the ignoble work of remanding him back to the bondage from which he was vainly striving to escape.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, complimenting Mr. Park on his eloquent speech, proceeded to reply to it in a clear, convincing, and unanswerable argument. Henry Wilson, then a representative from Natick, avowed himself in favor of the repeal of the act, as it was founded on inequality and caste. No act of that kind, he asserted, dishonored other New England states. He declared that the bill was not inspired by political, but by human motives; and, though it might be defeated then, it would ultimately be enacted. It was only a question of time. Mr. John P. Robinson, of Lowell, showed that the law had been passed as a protection against heathenism and paganism; that the question of its constitutionality had been evaded by the Supreme Court; that it had become a dead letter, and that it ought to be repealed. Prejudice and passion, however, again triumphed, and the bill was defeated by a majority of four.

At the next session the Democrats had a majority in both houses of the legislature. A bill repealing the law was reported in the senate by George Hood, of Essex County, which passed without a division. In the house it was opposed by Gibbens and Park, of Boston, and supported by Whitmarsh of Sekonk, Prince of Essex, Wheatland of Salem, and Adams of Boston, and passed by a decided majority.

It was the same inhuman and unchristian prejudice, with far less apparent reason, which induced the regulations adopted by railroads to exclude persons of color from the ordinary passenger cars, and compelled them to ride in cars by themselves, or, sometimes, without regard to tastes, character, or means, in second-class cars, bare and comfortless, the enforced receptacle of all who from any cause would not or could not take their seats in the first class. The two companies in Massachusetts which were prominent in making and enforcing these odious regulations were the Eastern and New Bedford corporations. The New Bedford road outrages were often perpetrated on persons of color, and sometimes on their friends, who remonstrated against their treatment. In the year 1841 David Ruggles, a colored man of New York, who had aided six hundred of his countrymen in escaping from servitude, was ejected from the cars, against the earnest protest of Rev. John M. Spear, who was present, for attempting to take a seat in a car with white passengers. He brought an action in the police court of New Bedford against the employees of the company for an aggravated assault; but Justice Crapo promptly discharged the defendants.

Scenes of violence were of frequent occurrence on the Eastern Railroad. Colored persons of intelligence and character were, in several instances, violently dragged from the cars occupied by white passengers; and in some cases their friends, who remonstrated against such brutality. Among the persons forcibly ejected from these cars was Frederick Douglass, perhaps the most gifted man of his race in the United States. The general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society was repeatedly insulted, while traveling upon that road, for remonstrating against its unjust and inhuman usages; and in one instance he received blows and kicks, the effects of which were felt for weeks. On one occasion a well-known colored man, who had taken his seat in the cars with the white passengers, was ejected. Dr. Daniel Mann and several white passengers, remonstrating against such conduct, were dragged from the cars, and prohibited from continuing their journey "unless they behaved themselves." Dr. Mann brought an action in the police court of Boston against the conductor of the train; but failed to obtain any redress for such high-handed outrages.

Such conduct excited the deepest indignation. Public meetings were held, the managers of the road denounced, and the interference of the legislature invoked. The *Lynn Record*, edited by Daniel Henshaw, a gentleman of integrity, character, and moral courage, denounced the ruffianism of such proceedings in the most direct and fearless manner.

In spite, however, of all remonstrances, the managers of that corporation persisted in the enforcement of their harsh and unjust regulations. A striking instance of this was manifested on the return from his foreign tour of Charles Lenox Remond. He was a native of Salem, a gentleman of intelligence, personal character, and of prepossessing manners. In England, where he had spent nearly two years, he had vindicated the cause of the oppressed, and had won the confidence and applause of the British Abolitionists. He was everywhere hailed as the champion of his race, and treated with the most friendly and respectful consideration. He left England bearing with him the warmest sympathies and best wishes of the friends of emancipation. He was commissioned to bear to his country the address of sixty thousand Irishmen to their countrymen here, headed by the names of Daniel O'Connell and Father Mathew. Arriving in Boston, he went to the Eastern Railroad station to take passage for his home in Salem. He was not allowed, however, to take his seat with the other passengers; but compelled to take a seat in what was called the "Jim Crow" car. Several of his white friends wishing to welcome him on his return, met him at the station and took seats in the car with him. They were ordered, however, by the conductor to leave voluntarily, or to be removed by force. Thus was this gentleman of character and culture, fresh from his travels and the hospitalities of the best families of England, rudely and roughly treated on his arrival in his native state. And not only that, but so inveterate and implacable was the prejudice that it visited upon his admiring friends a kind of vicarious punishment for the crime of cherishing and exhibiting anything like feelings of regard and sympathy in his behalf.

Petitions and memorials were sent to the legislature demanding legislation against such arbitrary proceedings, and that protection which they could not obtain from the managers of the roads or from the judicial tribunals. These were referred to a committee, before whom there was a public hearing. The committee was addressed by Wendell Phillips, Mr. Remond, and Ellis Grey Loring. A bill was reported by Seth Sprague, Jr.; but interest and prejudice bore sway, and it failed to pass the senate. The outrages continuing, similar petitions were presented at the next session, and a bill was reported to the house; but it failed of enactment, being indefinitely postponed by a majority of more than one hundred. Mr. Adams, a member of the committee which reported the bill, admitted the legality, but doubted the expediency of such a law. There were but two railroads that made the obnoxious regulations, and he advised their immediate repeal. He doubted whether the time had come for such a general law, and advised waiting to see if the point could not be gained without legislation.

The managers of these corporations saw the determined purpose of the friends of freedom and the temper of the legislature; and they hastened to take Mr. Adams's advice, and abandoned their arbitrary discriminations and tyrannical regulations. So another victory was won, and another of the hateful relics of the slave system, as it once disgraced the land of the Pilgrims, was removed.

Many of the large towns and cities in Massachusetts demanded separation between black and white citizens in the schools and seminaries of learning. Even in the common schools sustained by law, to whose benefits all were entitled, without distinction of color, did not escape the hateful discrimination; and, though all were alike taxed for their support, yet all could not alike partake of the privileges they afforded. Could anything be more unfair and dishonorable than thus to put the brand of inferiority upon innocent and unoffending childhood, to lay upon them unnecessary as well as unrighteous burdens as they start on the journey of life, found at best to be hard and harsh enough by their oppressors, with all the advantages of birth, position, and superior culture?

Many saw the gross injustice and undeserved opprobrium involved in such discrimination, and its manifest tendency to perpetuate the existence and evils of caste in communities where such a policy was adopted. Among the efforts of the friends of freedom were protests in various forms against its continuance. In the city of Salem there sprang up a sharp controversy, and Stephen C. Phillips, its mayor, maintained the right of the colored children to the full and complete benefit of the common schools. Chiefly through his influence a legal opinion was obtained from Richard Fletcher, one of the most eminent and conscientious lawyers of the state, in which he maintained that such schools were contrary to the constitution of the commonwealth.

In Nantucket, too, the same matter became the subject of an excited controversy. It was brought before the town in 1844, by the report of the school committee recommending that no discrimination should be made between the children of the two races. The report was not, however, sustained by the town; but was indefinitely postponed. A resolution was carried in town meeting that colored children should be instructed by themselves, if deemed practicable by the school committee. A portion, however, of the citizens, aggrieved by this decision, held a public meeting, largely attended by many of the most enlightened of its inhabitants, and presided over by John H. Shaw. They protested against the action of the town as a flagrant violation of the state constitution, as a violation of the laws of the commonwealth, as unchristian, and as an additional tax upon the people. They invoked the friends of law and order, morality and religion, freedom and equality, to act in defence of the just claims of their colored population.

In 1845 petitions were presented to the legislature in favor of legislation. They were referred to the committee on education, hearings were had, and a bill was reported to the senate, by Mr. Barnett, of Hampshire, providing that any child unlawfully excluded from the public schools should be entitled to recover damages in the courts of the commonwealth. Coming up for consideration on the 18th of February, it failed of passage.

The next day Mr. Wilson, then a senator from Middlesex County, moved a reconsideration of the vote by which it was rejected, expressing his regret at the failure of the bill, which he represented as being in his view the most important that had come up during the session. "It concerned," he said, "the rights and feelings of a large but humble portion of our people, whose interests should be watched over and cared for by the legislature; whose imperative duty it was, when complaints were made of the invasion of the rights of the poorest and humblest being to provide a remedy that should be full and ample to secure and guard all his rights." He said the common school system, the pride and glory of Massachusetts, was based upon the principle of perfect equality, and that the distinction set up at Nantucket aimed a blow at its very existence. The colored people felt, and rightly, that their feelings were trifled with and their rights disregarded. Denouncing the spirit that excluded colored children from the full and equal benefits of common schools, he said: "It was the same which drenched the world with blood for six thousand years, made a slaveholder in South Carolina and a slave-pirate on the coast of Africa." He said that those whose rights he wished to guard and secure had but little influence or power; while those who opposed them had both, and were only too willing to use them for their own aggrandizement. It was more popular to keep along with the current of prejudice than by resisting it to be denounced "a Radical or Abolitionist." "In retiring from the legislature," he said, "I am sustained by the consciousness that I have never uttered a word or given a vote against the rights of any human being. I had far rather have the warm and generous thanks of one poor orphan boy down in the island of Nantucket, that I may never see, nor even know, than to have the approbation and applause of every man in the commonwealth, whether in this chamber or out of it, who would deny to any child the full and equal benefits of our public schools."

Mr. Adams, of Suffolk, thought, if white children left the common school because colored children were admitted, the sooner they went the better. Such distinction in common schools sanctioned an aristocracy which he did not acknowledge.

There were several senators, however, who opposed views like these, and advocated the exclusive policy. Mr. Livermore, of Middlesex County, avowed his opposition to the proposed legislation. Referring to some remonstrants from Nantucket, he said they had fairly shown that no real injury was inflicted. If the colored children were excluded from the High School of Nantucket, "it was not on account of their color, but of their capacity." "I dislike," he said, "the philanthropic hobby-horses, and am not disposed to mount any of them." Mr. Clifford, of Bristol, afterward attorney-general and governor, warmly eulogized the people and schools of Nantucket, and denied that the colored children there were deprived of their privileges. He emphatically avowed that he would not sacrifice the larger class for the benefit of the smaller. Mr. Park, of Suffolk, traced the history and establishment of the Smith School in Boston. Referring to the objection of the greater distance some colored children must walk by this arrangement, he said: "Boys in the country have frequently to walk miles through the snows of winter to attend the district school." Mr. Stone, of Worcester County, opposed any other action of the law. He said if the bill passed the interest in the public schools would be lost and less money would be raised. "By driving the colored children in," he said, "they will drive the white children out." Mr. Lawrence, of Hamsphire, said if they could legislate to the last moment of time they could not change or remedy the difficulty complained of. "The Ethiopian," he said, "cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spot; neither can the white man change his tastes, nor his prejudices against the colored race. I do not justify it; I deplore it. But it exists, and we cannot change it."

After an earnest debate, Mr. Wilson's motion was adopted by a large majority, and the bill was committed to the judiciary committee. That committee reported a bill in accordance with the prayer of the petitioners, which passed and became the law of the commonwealth.

HOMOCARDIAN NATIONALITY AND PATRIOTISM.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Ever since this American Republic first had a being and name as a nation it has been regarded abroad as well as at home a land which its whole people might and should love with every sentiment of affection and pride that an elevated patriotism could inspire. In its first century it made a history of greater worth and interest to the world than the annals of some European nations for a thousand years. It was a history that the world read and held at this value. It was full of hope and promise, and of precedents to which the peoples of the Old World looked as guidelights and guide-posts on their slow and encumbered march upon the highway of civilization. The vast extent and capacities of the country, the character of its people, the spirit and structure of its political institutions, and all its physical and moral circumstances combined to make home a refuge and inheritance from other countries by actual experience, and to millions more in thought or anticipation never realized. And, in review of our past life as a nation, which the life of some men living in our midst outmeasures in length, can these millions that have cast in their lot with us, and the larger numbers still that have wished to do so, say that our government and people have not done all they could to attach them to the country and its institutions? Have we not shared with them equitably and even generously all the privileges and enjoyments of this great continental home? Is it not as worthy of their undivided love or patriotism as it is of that of all the native American millions of the land? If it be their full and honest purpose to make it the permanent home of themselves and their children, surely we may expect and claim that they shall be as American in heart as if they were born here; that they shall face to the future of our country with the same hope and interest that native citizens feel in the prospect; that they shall give to it an allegiance and loyalty as full and undivided. Is this asking more of them than they promised when they first came to the ballot-box with the credentials of their American citizenship? Is it more than they can afford to pay for what they claim and receive as the privileges of that citizenship?

These questions and considerations it is high time for patriotic men, of all our political parties and religious denominations, to urge upon the minds of our Irish-born citizens, both of the *green* and *orange* shade or sentiment. For it is their divided loyalty that breaks up or prevents the patriotic unity of the nation. It was one of President Lincoln's happy illustrations, in denouncing the idea and act of secession, that the union of the states was a sacred and indissoluble wedlock, and not a free-love *liaison*, to be sundered at pleasure. The same argument and illustration may be addressed, if possible, with more propriety to all the Irish in this country that are agitating for a "repeal of the union," and the erection of their native country into an independent nationality. They must have gone to the ballot-box altar with very crude notions when they plighted their troth to our republic in the most solemn oath, and promised to take her for better for worse, for richer for poorer, to love and cherish her until death should part them; and, forsaking all other, to keep only unto her. In prosecuting this agitation, they do not keep themselves only unto this republic in the sense they promised. They are free lovers in sentiment, purpose, and act, or premeditated bigamists at best. Another country divides their love and gets the best part of it. This is not the end of it. They seek to make this country, to which they have sworn such fealty, a party to the breach of their promise; even to restore them by force to their first love, whom they professed to have abandoned for a new and better wedlock. In this divided loyalty our naturalized Irish citizens are unlike all other populations that come to us from abroad. The Germans do live up to their plighted faith. Forsaking all other fealties, they fully and honestly take our country for better for worse, and keep themselves only to it, as realizing to them all their hopes and anticipations. They do not make it a point of attack or a *point d'appui* from which to organize political agitations and revolutions abroad. They content themselves with what we have and hope for as a nation, and share both with us as full and exclusive citizens of this republic alone. They have just as much right and motive to wish that the states they left should be like ours as the Irish can have. But they do not attempt nor wish to produce any violent revolutions in those states to hasten this progress. In a word, they fulfill what they promised at the altar of the ballot-box. And we may reasonably ask our Irish citizens to weigh a few considerations that should induce them to do likewise.

In the first place, then, we may ask them to balance the probabilities and possibilities of ever seeing Ireland erected into an independent, self-standing nationality. They must have noticed the working of an irresistible law against the consummation of their hopes. It is a law that neither the British Government nor any other enacted, and which none can control. It is that law of social gravitation that is steadily operating upon all the small states of Christendom, amalgamating them with larger combinations. One may as well hope to arrest the law of gravitation in the material as this in the political world. In minuteness and magnitude of operations the two are alike. As one attaches atom to atom and planet to planet, so the other acts in the same way upon the atoms of human society, and upon all its planets, great and small. In these primary and minute attractions we see what it is doing simultaneously in America and England. Here it has already extinguished nearly all the old manufacturing firms by absorbing them into joint-stock corporations. These, again, are beginning to confederate themselves into leagues or "rings" to enlarge or concentrate their economical forces, or their political influence, on legislation in their behalf. To talk of repeal of these unions would be like whistling against the wind. Who thinks now of pitting against these vast corporations private firms of two or three partners? The day of such firms is gone forever. The day of *share*-holders has come, and that of *whole*-holders is passed, never to return in the history of American manufactories. And have not capital and labor and all the material interests of the country gained by these unions and co-operations? Go to England, and you see the same law working to the same end in these smaller circles of its attraction. There it operates also upon small farms, combining them into larger estates, to make their aggregate acreage less expensive in tillage and more profitable in production.

Here we have this great law or force of social gravitation working before our eyes upon what we may call atoms of society. What human power can essay to arrest the working of this law here? Well, look at the action of the same law upon the larger farms and common wealths of Christendom. See how steadily it has worked upon them for a thousand years. See what it has done in this space in England, France, and Germany. Count up the little independent kingdoms, principalities, and duchies it has amalgamated into great, one-hearted empires. Has a single community of them all lost anything in the long run of experience by this combination, by becoming a *share* holder of a great power, instead of a *whole* holder of a political shadow or impotent entity? It is passing strange that any intelligent mind can even glance at the history which this law has made in Christendom, and at what it is doing now before our eyes, and yet cheat itself with the hallucination that it is not only to be held back from producing new combinations, but is actually to release its hold upon those it has formed; that a lot of little states are to be thrown off by a superior centrifugal force, to revolve upon their own axes, as small asteriods, which the naked eye may recognize as independent bodies in the orbit of the great powers. No; how ever it may at first distress the local patriotism of small communities, this very law will not only keep what it has got, but it will set what it can. It is just as strong and active now as it was in England on the last day of the Heptarchy; as it was when all the independent kingdoms and principalities of France were first consolidated in one empire; as it is to-day, when William of Prussia puts on the imperial crown of Germany. And this is only a new point of departure. It is not going to stop here; nor to stop this century, nor the next, nor any to follow that. The day of small states is over forever in Christendom. Kingdoms a thousand years old must succumb before this mighty social force and law. Denmark, Switzerland, Portugal, and other old nationalities must go one by one into other and larger combinations, to which they will give all their political vitality, and receive back as shareholders all the dignity of *status* and sentiment that a great power can impart.

The idea or love of independent nationality has been an ambitious and enjoyable delectation to these small states. But they are beginning to see for themselves, what others have seen and felt for them, that they are only so many "unprotected females" among powerful empires, to whom they must look for defense. They weigh nothing in the councils of the great powers in any exigency of European questions. Their very weakness is their strength or shield, just as it is that of a woman. This condition they do now see of safety, but not of dignity. But how they have fought and struggled to reach and maintain this condition! Look at the insane revolution that sundered Belgium from Holland. It satisfied a temporary sentiment, but what other earthly interest? Belgium cut itself off from one of the most solidly prosperous, peaceful, and liberal countries in the world. It cut itself off from the sea and maritime faculties almost as much as Upper Canada would do if it severed itself from Quebec or the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It relinquished its share in a great and noble history, which it left to Holland alone. All this her people now begin to see and feel. They find that the independence that cost them so much does not pay, not even in sentiment. They are, therefore, beginning to agitate for a reunion of states that God and Nature intended to be one and inseparable.

In view of these patent facts, that keep the tale and tally of all the past decades and centuries, how can any intelligent and thoughtful Irishman expect or wish that this law of gravitation shall let go its hold upon Ireland, and allow it to drift off, the sterile segment of a broken planet, to revolve or roam at haphazard across the orbits of the Great Powers? What earthly object of desire could you realize from such a secession or excision which the present union may not insure? What would you gain in sentiment even? Suppose England should voluntarily take her hands off and let you go on the first of next January, and allow you the full luxury of independence; could you live and thrive as a nation on the luxury of that feeling? After you had sung for awhile its fervid songs around your Liberty-poles, and then begun the sober and steady march of life as a nation, what and how much would you mean when you began to say "*we*" and "*our*" and other proud words of patriotism? Now it is your privilege and right to say "*we*" as an equal shareholder in the grandest empire the sun ever shone upon; to feel its great moral might to your fingers' ends; to feel that your "*our*" overlaps upon the earth's wide hemispheres and continents, and holds in embrace the largest and brightest island jewels of all the oceans. Is not Ireland one of the three home kingdoms that make the tripod that upholds the crown of this world-wide empire? Why should she not be as proud of that crown as Scotland or England? Why should she not say "*we*" and "*our*" with a sentiment of patriotism as deep and strong as theirs? Does not Ireland own as much in India, Australia, or the Canadas as Scotland or England, either by right of sentiment or of usufruct? Is there any bar to prevent her drawing equally with her two sister kingdoms any right or dignity or advantage within the circumference of this vast empire? Is not its present hers

Insurance.

LIFE INSURANCE A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

On the 1st of January, 1871, there were 742,818 policies in force, according to the official returns of sixty-six life insurance companies doing business in the United States. The population of this country is now estimated at about forty millions, which, according to general statistics, would give a sum of ten millions of men who may be regarded as producers, and, as a consequence, a class to whom life insurance would have a practical value.

These figures will show that less than 10 per cent. of the community who might derive a direct benefit from the system have their lives insured; and we naturally inquire why is it that so small a proportion have availed themselves of the manifest advantages that the institution affords?

In considering this subject, we believe one reason to be that the advocates of the system fail to place it in a sufficiently business-like light before the public. They represent the companies as simply benevolent institutions, and base their reasoning in its favor upon the worn-out argument of philanthropy. As well may a lawyer or a physician claim to exercise his profession merely as a benefactor to his species.

The public, to appreciate the value of life insurance, require to be educated to its recognition not only as a duty, but as a financial transaction; and, if they are approached on a plain, straightforward basis of common sense, the large majority of the uninsured will soon become converts.

An English journal says: "An immense deal of false sentiment and sham enthusiasm prevails with regard to insurance; and it would be very gratifying if a little of it could be knocked in the head." It is absurb to suppose that insurance companies were started from motives of pure benevolence. They are business institutions, and as such offer to the public only such advantages as the public can give an equivalent for.

The sooner, in our opinion, it is more generally conceded that the issue of a life insurance policy is a business transaction—a contract, in point of fact, between the company and the assured, the fulfillment of which is the object—the sooner will the world be brought to understand its full value.

With these views we are glad to see that the National Insurance Convention is bringing its labors to a close with so much unanimity amongst its members. It will afford a guaranty that the companies under their supervision will be conducted with integrity, and that their affairs will be regulated with a precision that will insure safety on true business principles.

To do full justice to our life insurance corporations, we will conclude our remarks with the following quotation from the same paper: "And, after all, the insurance office is an institution as beneficent as any that the age has produced, and far more so than many for which no inconsiderable credit has been taken. It may not be in the ordinary sense a charity; but, if it performs the functions of active benevolence, there is no great harm in crediting it with the utmost in that direction of which it is susceptible."

Financial & Commercial.

THE TRACKS OF THE TAMMANY VILLAINS.

The comparison which Mr. Samuel J. Tilden has made between the books in the comptroller's office of New York City and the entries in the accounts of the National Broadway Bank, from May 6th to September 1st, 1870, and the sworn tabular statement of the results thereof, bring home the charge of downright stealing to the Tammany villains beyond the possibility of escape. We give the case as shown in reference to one E. A. Woodward, and one William M. Tweed. This Woodward was a deputy clerk of the Board of Supervisors, receiving a small salary; and this Tweed was President of the Board, and is now Commissioner of Public Works in New York City. Oakey Hall, Richard B. Connolly, and William M. Tweed, acting as an *ad interim* Board of Audit, passed at a single sitting bills against the County of New York, mainly in favor of three parties, to the amount of $6,812,541.87. These are the bills which have figured so largely in the revelations of Tammany fraud. They were paid by warrants signed by Richard B. Connolly and Oakey Hall.

In examining the entries made in the accounts of the National Broadway Bank, Mr. Tilden found that the said E. A. Woodward, from May 6th to September 1st, 1870, had at sundry times deposited $3,581,254.26 to his own credit. These deposits are largely in the form of checks drawn in his favor by Ingersoll & Co., and A. J. Garvey—the persons whose bills, audited by the *ad interim* Board and ordered to be paid, made up more than half of the whole amount thus audited. During this period, as the accounts of the Bank show, Woodward drew the following checks against his own account, and Tweed made the following deposits in the same bank:

1870. *Woodward's Checks.*	*Tweed's Deposits.*
May 7th..... $18,917 48	$18,917 48
" 9,855 47	9,855 47
" 9,338 39	9,338 39
May 14th..... 28,634 21	28,634 21
May 21st..... 30,996 66	30,996 66
May 23d..... 35,031 87	35,031 87
May 27th..... 9,924 80	9,924 80
May 28th..... 25,018 07	25,018 07
May 30th..... 26,568 75	26,568 75
June 3d..... 51,290 28	51,290 28
June 6th..... 64,411 68	64,411 68
June 10th..... 66,513 28	66,513 28
June 13th..... 16,200 00	16,200 00
" 22,315 45	22,315 45
June 17th..... 61,483 62	61,483 62
June 20th..... 44,168 52	44,168 52
June 24th..... 42,556 67	42,556 67
June 27th..... 66,787 54	66,787 54
June 30th..... 29,489 75	29,489 75
July 1st..... 24,304 24	24,304 24
July 8th..... 44,507 35	44,507 35
July 19th..... 23,190 69	23,190 69
July 26th..... 35,849 35	35,849 35
Aug. 1st..... 26,589 98	26,589 98
Aug. 5th..... 17,378 85	17,378 85
Aug. 9th..... 45,145 51	45,145 51
Aug. 12th..... 51,987 76	51,987 76
Sept. 1st..... 4,613 70	4,613 70
	$932,858 50 — $932,858 50

Here we find that this Mr. Woodward, who was nothing but a deputy clerk of the Board of Supervisors, having deposited in about four months $3,581,254.25 to his own credit in the Broadway National Bank, drew twenty-eight checks in favor of William M. Tweed to the amount of $932,858.50, and that the checks of the former correspond exactly with the deposits made by the latter on the same day. It is not possible to resist the conclusion that Woodward was acting as Mr. Tweed's tool in carrying out the system of plundering the city.

Where did Woodward get the funds which he deposited in the bank, and against which he drew in favor of Tweed? This question is easily answered. Ingersoll & Co., whose bills had been audited by Oakey Hall, Richard B. Connolly, and this same Tweed, and then paid by warrants signed by the two former, himself deposited $3,549,939.38 in the same bank, and drew checks to the credit of Woodward amounting to $1,817,467.49. Andrew J. Garvey, another contractor whose bills were audited and paid in the same way, also made deposits amounting to $1,177,412.72, against which he drew checks in favor of Woodward to the amount of $779,615.69. There is no mystery about Woodward's large deposits, against which he checked in favor of Tweed, when we turn to the checks which he received from these two sources; and there is no mystery about the deposits of Ingersoll & Co. and Andrew J. Garvey when we turn to the bills that were audited in their favor, and then paid on warrants signed by Oakey Hall and Richard B. Connolly, which they deposited to their credit in the Broadway National Bank.

Starting with the bills and the warrants, we trace $992,858.50 represented by these bills and warrants directly to the bank account of William M. Tweed, through the deposits made and the checks drawn by Woodward. This was his share of the plunder that Woodward was used as the instrument of distributing among the plunderers. Where the rest went to does not appear in Mr. Tilden's figures. The figures bring home the villainy to Tweed, through the direct agency of Woodward, and indirectly through Ingersoll & Co., Andrew J. Garvey, Oakey Hall, and Richard B. Cannolly, the last two being united with Mr. Tweed in auditing the bills, besides officially signing the warrants for their payment.

The eye of man never rested upon a more palpable case of outrageous fraud. The evidence is absolutely complete. To say that Oakey Hall—the man who disgraces New York City by being its Mayor—is guiltless of this great fraud is an insult to common sense. If not a positive fool, he is a guilty party, whether he shared much or little in the profits of the villainy. He audited the bills and he signed the warrants. He knew that the city was being plundered by official thieves, and made himself an accessory to the act. He ought not to hold the office of Mayor for another hour. If this gang of rascals do not find their home in the state-prison, then they will not receive their dues. Legal proceedings have already been commenced against Mr. Tweed, as they ought to be against every party implicated in this stupendous robbery; and then they should be pursued with unsleeping vigilance. Not a single one of the thieves should be permitted to escape.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

The Third Annual Report of the Illinois Insurance Department gives the following figures in respect to fire and marine insurance for the years 1869 and 1870:

The Fire and Marine companies in Illinois received, during the year 1869, in cash premiums.....	$2,921,797 96
And during the year 1870.....	3,091,414 47
Making the receipts of 1870 exceed those of 1869 by.....	$169,626 51
The receipts from all other sources in 1869 were.....	$458,182 60
And during the year 1870.....	617,681 00
Making the receipts of 1870 exceed those of 1869 by.....	$60,690 40
Their total receipts in 1869 were.....	$3,257,979 55
And in 1870.....	3,709,236 47
Making the total receipts of 1870 exceed those of 1869 by.....	$231,255 92
The same companies paid for losses in 1869	$1,302,299 72
And in 1870.....	2,130,322 23
Making the losses paid in 1870 exceed those of 1869 by.....	$748,023 50
Their expenses for all purposes in 1869 amounted to.....	$1,321,064 36
And in 1870 to.....	1,691,918 45
Making the expenses of 1870 exceed those in 1869 by.....	$370,854 09
Their total expenditures in 1869 were.....	$2,717,364 08
And in 1870.....	3,722,280 67
Making the total expenditures of 1870 exceed those of 1869 by.....	$1,008,916 59

To this amount there should be added $202,340 94 of losses accrued, but remaining unpaid on December 31st, 1870. The same companies wrote risks in 1869 amounting to $234,856,722 48, and in 1870 to $273,122,970 98, making the risks written in 1870 exceed those written in 1869 by $38,266,248 50.

—The following table, prepared from the private memoranda of a leading company, contains a list of the fire insurance companies that have, it is said, suspended in consequence of the Chicago fire:

INSOLVENT COMPANIES.

Name.	*Capital.*	*Assets, Jan. 1.*
NEW YORK.		
Etna, City.....	$300,000	$442,209
Albany.....	150,000	241,071
Albany City.....	200,000	297,446
Atlantic, City.....	200,000	305,179
Astor, City.....	200,000	405,327
Beekman, City.....	200,000	301,481
Buffalo City.....	200,000	370,994
Buffalo Fire and Marine.....	200,000	278,207
Capital City, Albany.....	200,000	297,276
Excelsior, City.....	200,000	303,705
Fulton, City.....	200,000	340,000
Irving, City.....	200,000	321,745
Lorillard, City.....	1,000,000	1,125,965
Manhattan, City.....	500,000	1,467,788
Market, City.....	200,000	301,000
North American, City.....	500,000	770,305
Schenectady.....	100,000	100,000
Security, City.....	1,000,000	1,800,333
Washington, City.....	400,000	714,431
Western, Buffalo.....	300,000	502,547
Yonkers and New York, City.....	1,500,000	840,653
NEW ENGLAND COMPANIES.		
Atlantic, Providence.....	$200,000	$236,534
American, Providence.....	500,000	572,040
Charter Oak, Hartford.....	150,000	251,951
Connecticut, Hartford.....	200,000	476,965
Hide and Leather, Boston.....	300,000	410,711
Home, Providence.....	150,000	211,222
Independent, Boston.....	300,000	646,048
Merchants', Hartford.....	200,000	547,000
New England, Boston.....	$0,000	1,060,923
North American, Hartford.....	300,000	486,256
Putnam, Hartford.....	300,000	511,788
Washington, Providence.....	200,000	415,149
WESTERN COMPANIES.		
Allemania, Cleveland.....	$250,000	$295,525
Chicago Fire, Chicago.....	197,800	191,006
Chicago Fireman's, Chicago.....	200,000	172,544
Cleveland, Cleveland.....	414,400	530,278
Cleveland, Cleveland.....	180,000	206,538
Commercial, Cincinnati.....	200,000	180,000
Equitable, Chicago.....	200,000	181,266
German, Cincinnati.....	200,000	207,781
Germania, Chicago.....	200,000	207,781
Great Western, Chicago.....	272,931	274,125
Hibernia, Cleveland.....	200,000	205,000
Home, Chicago.....	200,000	248,938
Knickerbocker, Chicago.....	160,000	170,129
Merchants' Chicago.....	500,000	376,303
Mutual Security, Chicago.....	118,225	145,734
Occidental, San Francisco.....	300,000	474,000
Republic, Chicago.....	998,200	1,122,512
Tecumseh, Cleveland.....	200,000	277,016

—The following is a comparative statement of the life insurance business transacted in Illinois during 1869 and 1870:

Number of policies issued by life insurance companies in Illinois in 1870.....	41,942
Do. in 1869.....	21,119
Excess in 1870.....	20,823
Amount insured thereby in 1870.....	$49,239,000 00
Do. in 1869.....	30,606,735 00
Decrease in 1870.....	$707,185 94
Premium notes, including renewals, in 1870.....	$5,541,474 54
Do. in 1869.....	5,299,743 49
Excess in 1870.....	$241,729 05
Losses paid in 1870.....	$1,112,429 13
Do. in 1869.....	648,838 00
Excess in 1870.....	$463,591 13
Decrease in 1870.....	$697,520 25

—The following table shows the relative valuation of real and personal estate in the City of New York in each year from 1860 to 1871 inclusive:

Year.	*Personal.*	*Real Estate.*	*Total.*
1860.....	$176,747,657 77	$357,282,869	$578,041,760 97
1861.....	174,694,396 00	406,955,855	581,579,981 00
1862.....	173,416,781 00	399,356,404	571,972,425 00
1863.....	192,000,161 00	404,190,178	596,190,339 00
1864.....	225,955,615 00	410,574,035	634,495,040 00
1865.....	181,423,471 00	437,464,264	618,887,735 00
1866.....	227,994,021 00	478,402,279	706,396,300 00
1867.....	278,153,057 00	530,442,993	808,594,713 00
1868.....	284,138,016 00	623,251,264	907,389,279 00
1869.....	301,142,690 00	674,183,918	975,326,674 00
1870.....	322,286,274 00	742,182,000	1,067,268,440 00
1871.....	306,947,323 00	769,396,410	1,076,253,733 00

—The following comparison between the debt of New York City and that of the United States shows some difference of management in the two cases:

Debt of New York City, (Debt of the United States.	
Dec. 31, 1860.....	$24,407,017 March 4, 1869, $2,253,467,251
July 31, 1871.....	100,865,333 July 31, 1871.. 2,293,390,880
Increase in 31 months.....	$76,458,286 Decrease in 29 months..... $240,128,401
Rate of Increase per month.....	2,146,719 Rate of decrease per month..... 8,349,255

MONEY MARKET.

Secretary Boutwell has diminished his purchases of bonds and sales of gold for the present month, but to an extent not likely to produce any disturbance in the money market. The following is the Secretary's programme, the autedating of the purchases and sales of the two closing days being ordered because of the difference in the dates of the National and State Thanksgiving holidays:

Bond Purchases.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.....	$1,000,000
Wednesday, Nov. 8.....	1,000,000
Wednesday, Nov. 15.....	1,000,000
Tuesday, Nov. 21.....	1,000,000
Monday, Nov. 30.....	1,000,000
Total.....	$5,000,000

Gold Sales.

Thursday, Nov. 2.....	$1,000,000
Thursday, Nov. 9.....	2,000,000
Thursday, Nov. 16.....	2,000,000
Wednesday, Nov. 22.....	2,000,000
Wednesday, Nov. 29.....	1,000,000
Total.....	$7,000,000

This will take two millions more of currency out the Street than it will distribute; but the banks can well afford the difference.

The Chicago panic being entirely over, affairs in Wall Street are moving with a degree of regularity common to the season, and the spirit of speculation appears to be pretty nearly suspended. There has been a complete revolution effected touching the elements of some of the "bulls" and "bears," the managing men of the cliques having changed places. The so-called "long" interbilt clique, with which, by the way, the Commodore" has had no connection, were compelled to part with their "long" stocks during the panic at a heavy loss. These stocks were picked up by the Jay Gould clique, who were heavily "short" when the panic commenced, and are now carried by the "bears," who are made "bulls" by the change, just as the late "bulls" are made "bears" because they want to get back their stocks. This state of things produces a sort of look up in the Street, and an absence of operations which it would be a great mistake to look upon as the stagnant result of a lack of a speculative spirit.

One of the prominent figures of the Street now looming up in the financial horizon is Smith, late of the notorious firm of Smith, Gould & Martin, and now a special in the firm of their successors, Willard, Martin & Bach. Smith is a good deal talked about among the *habitues* and members of the Stock Exchange, and it is reported that he realized something more than a million of dollars in the late panic. However that may be, his boldness and shrewdness in operating, his energy and pluck, not to say his luck, have given him prominence among the stock speculators, and caused him to be talked about as Jacob Little and Anthony Morse once were. Mr. Smith is a rather recent importation from Buffalo, and rather slight in person; and, like most bold men, of very quiet manners.

It was remarkable that during the recent panic only three brokers firms suffered to the extent of a temporary suspension. Mr. A. B. Van Dyck, one of the suspended brokers, has again resumed, and was readmitted to the Stock Exchange on Monday last.

Money has continued in easy supply on call loans at 6 to 7 per cent. during the week, with occasional deviations to 4 and 5 per cent on Government securities, and the outflow of currency to the West and South is now fully equalized by the return flow of greenbacks. All apprehensions of difficulty from a tight money market during the present month and in December are at an end. But, if money is easy on call on good collaterals, it is still very difficult to obtain on commercial paper at the banks, or of the note brokers in Wall Street. The banks exercise great caution and discrimination in making discounts. They are very suspicious of all firms in any way connected with Chicago. The same class of paper which could be readily enough sold in the street, a short time ago at 7 to 8 per cent. cannot now be negotiated at less than 12 to 18 per cent. The banks used to buy up a good deal of paper through the note brokers; but they are doing very little in that way at present.

Gold maintains its level with great firmness, the price for the week hardly varying from 111⅛ to 112¼.

We continue to receive a good many letters from various parts of the country in relation to South Carolina Bonds, which are now selling at about 60 for the issue of January and July; and, as they have already 2 per cent. accrued interest, they are, unquestionably, the lowest priced security in the market. It must be understood that in relation to these securities, as in the case of all others, we give only the facts as we learn them, and neither pretend to give advice nor undertake any kind of responsibility. The State of Carolina, its government, debt, resources, and responsibility are known to everybody; we have no more interest in its securities than we have in those of any other state. What we know is that its interest has been regularly paid, and that Governor Scott and the state agent and the state treasurer are reported to say that it will continue to be. We know of no other reason why the 6 per cent. gold bonds of Missouri, which once sold at 40 and are now selling at 85, should be worth any more than those of South Carolina, which once sold at 85 and are now selling at 40, than that one state has a better organized government than the other. Our opinion is that one is just as valuable as the other, and that the people of South Carolina are no more likely to repudiate their state debt than the people of Missouri. But capitalists are very timid and afraid of trying experiments; and, for that reason, they wont buy the bonds of a state that, they say, is "governed by niggers."

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is making rapid strides toward its Pacific terminus. The following telegrams furnish evidence of the energy displayed by the company in the construction of this great trans-continental line.

NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28th.—The following dispatch has been received at the War Department to-day:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 27th.—To the Adjutant-General: The Northern Pacific Exploring Expedition has been heard from on its return one day out from Fort Rice. No trouble with the Indians, and a good route found intersecting the Yellowstone, near the mouth of Powder River.

"(Signed),

"P. H. Sheridan, Lieutenant-General."

TELEGRAM FROM MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, Oct. 24th, 1871. Hon. J. Gregory Smith, Prest. Northern Pacific Railroad Co., N. Y.:

"On the 16th inst., the expedition to the mouth of the Powder River was within one day of Fort Rice, on its return. The country was found much better than was expected. The engineer in charge of surveying is said to be delighted with the country for its railroad facilities, and considers his operations eminently successful. The party saw no Indians. Game was in great abundance. No men were lost. A few mules and horses worn out, and some wagons broken down. They struck the Yellowstone a short distance below the mouth of Powder River, distance about 280 miles. The trip was made in twenty-three days.

"(Signed)

"W. S. Hancock, Major-General."

CHICAGO FIRE.

One of the things which gave Chicago its first hopeful impulse after the fire was the announcement that the banks would be able to pay in whole or in part. One of the first to resume was the firm of Lunt, Preston & Kean, who were able to transact business as usual so soon as they could find a suitable room. A long adherence to the most careful management enabled them to go on without being injured but a little; their losses, all told, probably not exceeding a half-year's earnings. Such carefulness and promptness have their reward, for already they are rejoicing in a business larger than ever.

DRY GOODS.

The critical point in the Chicago disaster is said to have been passed, and recuperation has now commenced in earnest. Probably this is the case, and the situation is an improving one; but, so far as the dry goods trade is involved, there has not yet been any very marked change in the condition of things. But there inevitably must be, and a large quantity of goods will have to go forward to fill up the vacuum caused by the great conflagration. The demand for domestic cottons during the week has been small, and the sales of packages have been confined mostly to single lots. The near approach of winter is somewhat more active, but the jobbers have not been required to replenish their stocks. Prices of all kinds of domestic goods are well sustained, with the exception of prints, which are generally a cent lower. But there are reports coming in now every day of a great reduction of this year's crop of cotton, which may affect the price of the raw material to a sufficient extent to prevent any decline in the price of the manufactured article. Some well-informed reporters put the production the present year as low as 3,500,000 bales. The decrease in the shipments from the South, as compared with those of last year, is about 15,000 bales. It is rather early, however, for any trustworthy calculations on the subject.

Unbleached shirtings and sheetings are in very limited supply in the hands of agents; but the demand for the week was inactive, and the sales were comparatively small. Quotations for the different grades are unchanged.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are without material change. The supply of low grades in the hands of agents is unusually light; but the higher and medium grades are in good supply, and prices of the latter are less firmly held.

Printing cloths are declining; or, at least, they give symptoms of a falling market. Sales are reported of 6-4 standards at 7½ to 7¾ cents, for immediate delivery.

Prints are generally held with less firmness; and a decline of ¼ cent a yard has been made in most descriptions.

Ginghams are in limited demand, and the sales are small; but prices are without material change.

Cotton flannels move slowly, but prices rem-in firm.

Cotton drills are in limited demand, mostly for the home market; but the small stock in first hands keeps prices steady.

Corset jeans are without any special change; but the sales are fully equal to the usual business of the season, and prices are steady.

Cambrics are firm in price, though sales are not large, in consequence of the small stock in the hands of agents.

Rolled jaconets are in moderate demand only, but steady in price.

Silesias are not much inquired for now, except by the clothing houses. There is but little demand from the jobbers. Prices are barely steady.

Apron checks are in limited demand, and prices are nominally steady, but without change.

In colored goods, apron checks, denims, and ticks the demand is very light, and transactions on a limited scale; but prices are without quotable change.

Muslin de laines continue to sell freely for the better styles, and prices are firm.

Linens meet with a moderate demand, and the sales are sufficient to keep prices steady.

Woolen shawls are not selling quite so freely as they have been; but there is still a good demand for the popular makes of stripes, which sustains the market.

In cloths and overcoatings there is not much doing; but the sales, though small, are sufficient to maintain steady prices.

Cassimeres and satinets are not in much demand; and the sales are chiefly of the better qualities of fancy cassimeres for city trade, the prices of which are steadily sustained.

Blankets are not in good demand, but prices remain unchanged; and, as a continued sale may be expected, no decline in the market is anticipated.

Flannels are selling moderately well, but the stock in first hands has been so much reduced that prices are firm.

In foreign dry goods there is no important change to notice. The importations continue large, but the greater part of the staple goods now arriving go into bonded stores. The importers are anxious to get rid of their seasonable goods, and keep the auction-rooms well supplied with a desirable variety of fabrics.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD CO.,
No. 5 Nassau St., New York.

THE rails are being laid on the Western Division of 100 miles of the extension of this great East and West Trunk Line, which in a short time will be ready for travel and traffic, and to commence the transportation of Kanawha coal to the Ohio River. The earnings of the Eastern Division of 227 miles, as a local road, awaiting the completion of the Middle Division of 100 miles, will reach this year nearly $800,000. The total cost of the entire road, and the large equipment required for its mineral and through traffic, will be fully $30,000,000.

The total amount of the First Mortgage Bonds, which we are now selling, is Fifteen Million Dollars; of which only about four millions remain unsold, the proceeds of which, with the cash on hand, will be ample for the completion of the entire line. The inducements they offer to investors are: a perfect security; great popularity and a high price when the road is finished; the same rate of interest as Five-Twenties; principal and interest both payable in United States gold coin in New York City; their present low price (93 and accrued interest), 20 per cent. less than Five-Twenties, with equally certain payment of interest and principal.

We recommend them to our friends and customers with the same confidence with which we have have always recommended the United States Government and the Central Pacific Bonds.

We continue to buy and sell Central Pacific Bonds, and fully expect they will, in time, reach the price of Five-Twenty Bonds. They are dealt in at the principal money centers of the world; the company have none left, and can issue no more, on their Main Line, as the amount was fixed by act of Congress at $25,885,000; the property pledged to secure the bondholders is worth fully one hundred millions; the net receipts of the road for the year will be nearly three times the interest payments thereon.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds are issued in $100, $500, $1,000—either coupon or registered; interest six per cent. gold, payable May and November.

The Central Pacific Bonds are all of $1,000 each; interest six per cent. gold, payable January and July, in New York City.

Deposit accounts of banks, bankers, and others received, on which we allow four per cent. interest. Checks payable on presentation, without notice, same as a national bank.

Harvey Fisk. FISK & HATCH.
A. S. Hatch.

FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND LAND-GRANT BONDS

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

IN Denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, can now be had from the undersigned or through the principal banks and bankers of the United States. The attention of investors is invited to the merits of these bonds, secured by a first and only mortgage on the road, equipments, franchises, and property of a trunk line of railroad which will shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco some 330 miles, and in addition the mortgage to secure the bonds covers a land grant of 1,500,000 acres of the most fertile land in the West, which is prohibited from being sold at less than four ($4) dollars per acre by the terms of the mortgage deed, and according to the present market price of the Illinois Central Company's lands is worth $18,750,000. This loan was originally for $5,500,000, but has been largely reduced by subscriptions of actual investors. The remaining balance of the loan is offered at 97½ and accrued interest; but the right is reserved to advance the price at any time, without notice.

The bonds have thirty years to run; bear 8 per cent. interest, payable in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the Main, at the option of the holder, without notice, free of taxes. BOTH PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD. They are Coupon Bonds, but can be registered with the coupons on, or can be registered with the coupons off, and interest paid to registered owner. Interest payable August 15th and February 15th. A liberal sinking fund, formed from the entire land sales, in payment for which the bonds will be received at par and accrued interest, provides for the early extinguishment of this loan.

Trustees: Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

These bonds offer favorable inducements to parties desiring to fund their Five-twenties or other high-priced securities.

In converting Five-twenties the investors realize 17 per cent. profit on the principal, 2 per cent. per annum excess of interest, and at the same time get a perfect security.

Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

Though acting as agents for the sale of this loan, our firm buy and sell in their regular business the bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company, those of the Eastern Division being now quoted at 102 *and accrued interest. These were originally placed by us at* 97½.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankres, No. 11 Wall Street.

JACKSON CO., MISSOURI EIGHT PER CENT. BONDS for sale by W. P. CONVERSE & CO., 64 Pine street.

GOLD BONDS.

THE DEMAND FOR

7-30 NORTHERN PACIFIC GOLD BONDS

has been daily increasing, and holders of FIVE-TWENTIES continue to manifest the fullest confidence in

NORTHERN PACIFIC Seven-Thirties

by the exchange of large amounts of Governments, called in for redemption, into these securities.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
No. 20 WALL STREET.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Wheat market during the past week has been characterized by a good degree of activity and much variableness. The market continued heavy and depressed up to Wednesday, when, with some improvement in gold, and an easier money market, moderate arrivals, and a marked decline in freights, prices of most kinds improved, with a more active export and milling demand. The stock here has been considerably increased; but with limited prospective arrivals we are certain to close the season with a moderate stock. The interruption to business by the great fires in the West during this year is likely to exert a greater influence on future supplies than the public have generally supposed, and the drought there is of far greater importance than we have intimated. The quantity on the Canal is about 1,110,000 bushels; our stock in store about 1,830,000 bushels, much of which is already sold for export. At the close the market is very strong, with a good speculative and export demand. The sales of the week were 1,260,000 bushels, and the exports 780,635 bushels. The Flour market on our last has been quite active, and a much better feeling has prevailed, owing partly to an active demand for Shipping Extras for future. The mediums and better grades have not been in request, and considerable irregularity may be noted. In some instances holders, to close out entire lines, have accepted lower prices, though entertaining a good opinion of the market prospectively. Choice Family Extras have sold slowly. Most holders are unwilling to make any concession, knowing that they cannot be duplicated at anything less than present prices. In No. 2 and Superfine a fair business has been done, at variable prices; though at the close, with more inquiry, prices improved. Shipping State Extras are in moderate supply; and the provincial demand has been good, at improving prices. There was a good inquiry at yesterday's exchange, and a firm feeling was prevalent. The sales of the week were 68,380 bbls. Rye has been in active demand at better prices, the stock here being moderate and the arrivals light. Oats have sold quite freely; but values have fluctuated, and at the close the tendency is downward. Rye has ruled extremely quiet, prices have declined, and the stock is unsettled. Barley has arrived quite freely, prices are lower and still have a downward tendency. Common qualities have been very unsalable even at the decline.

COFFEE.—The speculation on this market has been broken by advices of larger shipments from Rio Janeiro, and business has come to an almost complete stand on all grades. Holders ask former figures, but cannot realize except at a liberal concession; and, in the absence of business, prices are entirely nominal, rendering quotations for the present useless, though appearances seem to indicate a decline.

COTTON.—The market has shown considerable irregularity, and during a greater portion of the week a heavy tone, under the large receipts at the ports; but at the present writing there is a reactionary feeling on the more encouraging advices from Europe, and some recovery on prices from the lowest point. Estimates of the crop are commencing to assume a shorter form, and holders generally are inclined to sell; but there is an absence of any undue pressure to realize. Prices have fluctuated with spots, but ruled proportionately higher. We quote Low Middling Uplands at 18¾ cts. and Middling at 18⅝ cts.

MOLASSES.—There has been a moderate business in foreign, mostly on the boiling grades, at about 36@37 cts.; but the demand was far from general. Holders offered freely, and the market had a dull, weak tone throughout. Domestic sold to a fair extent, with holders meeting all calls freely and values not very strong. Old crop 45@55 cts., and a little New selling at 60@65 cts.

PROVISIONS.—After a further slight decline the market for the Hog product regained tone to some extent and a fair movement took place. The recovery, however, was largely on a speculative basis, and the position still lacks the stimulus of a good healthy demand from either home or foreign buyers. Some shippers, to be sure, are on hand, and occasionally picking up an odd lot; but their movements are not free, and hardly calculated to have much effect at present. The old stock of Pork is offered without much hesitation; but Lard is held in hopes that a demand for the prime lots may arise before the close of next month, in order to meet contracts. Box Meats a little slow, both on spot and for future, and values unsettled. Beef has met with some demand, and larger quantities could have been sold if here and placed on easy terms. Packers, however, have been obliged to modify their views entertained a short time ago; and, instead of obtaining $22 @$23 per tierce, some of the best brands were parted with at $20 per tierce for India Mess and $17 for Prime Mess.

SUGARS.—Raws have met with a fair demand, and only to the extent of refiners' immediate wants, and the tone of business was not very quick. Holders offered stocks freely, and reduced prices about ¼ cent, but at the concession the close of the market is rather more steady. We quote Fair to Good Refining at 8⅛@8¼c. Refined goods have sold moderately, and with ample offerings the market somewhat lower, closing at 12½ cents for Hards and 11@12 cents for Soft Whites.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 30TH, 1871.
[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

BEEVES are in fair demand and firmer.

MILCH COWS.—With continued liberal receipts the demand has improved and prices are rather firmer.

VEAL CALVES are in limited request and prices are firmer.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The market for both Sheep and Lambs is firmer, with a fair demand.

SWINE opened lower, though the feeling is rather stronger at the close.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Fancy.....	12¾@12¾	12 @12¾
Extra quality.....	11¾@12	11¾@11¾
First quality.....	11 @11⅜	10¾@11
Second quality.....	9 @10	9 @10
Third quality.....	7½@8½	7½@8½
Inferior.....	6½@7½	6½@7
Average of all sales about.....	9 @10¾	9 @9¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice.....	85@90	85@90
Good.....	65@75	70@75
Fair.....	40@55	40@55
Inferior and Common.....	30@35	30@35

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice.....	10 @10¾	10 @10¾
Good.....	9½@10	9½@10
Common.....	8¼@8¾	8 @8¾
Inferior.....	7 @7½	7 @7½

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This Week.	*Last Week.*
Choice.....per lb.	6¼@6½	6 @6¼
Extra.....	5¾@6	5⅝@5¾
Good.....	5¼@5¾	5¼@5⅝
Fair.....	4¾@5	4¾@5
Common.....	4 @4¾	4 @4¾
Extra Lambs.....	7¼@8	7¼@7¾
Good.....	6¾@7¼	6¾@7¼
Common to Fair.....	6 @6¾	6 @6¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed.....	4½@5¼	5¾@6¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 30th, 1871.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading articles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, exclusively reserved to The Independent, (and more perfect than to any other newspaper in the city in worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.....	12¾	Wamsutta.....	13¾
Merrimack, D.....	12¾	Garner & Co.....	11
Cocheco, L.....	12	Arnold.....	11¾
Boracic.....	11¾	Hamilton.....	11¾
Pacific.....	11¾	Richmond.....	11¾
American.....	11¾	Gloucester.....	11¾
Dunnell.....	11¾	Mourning.....	11
Allens.....	11¾	Lancaster.....	
Manchester.....	11¾	Orientals.....	11¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster.....	13	Roanoke.....	13
Hartford.....	11¾	Glasgow.....	13

EGYPTIAN STRIPPINGS.

|

The Independent.

MURILLO'S MAGDALEN.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Her eyes are fixed; they seek the skies.
Was earth so low? Was life so vain?
Was time such weary sacrifice?
This hopeless task, this eating pain?

Smooth, smooth the tresses of thy hair;
Release that cold, contracted brow!
I have not lived without despair;
Look down on me, some mercy show!

I cannot bear those silent skies;
The weight is pressing in my heart;
Life is eternal sacrifice,
The livelong hour, the selfish smart.

I wake to tears, in tears I close
The weary eyes so fixed above;
I cannot see the skies of rose,
My heavy tresses will not move.

Hope cannot heal my breaking heart,
Heaven will not lift my dread despair;
I need another soul to part
These brows of steel, and join in prayer.

Sills there no bark on life's wild sea
That bears a soul whose faith has set,
Who may renew my light in me,
And both shall thus the past forget?

CONCERNING HUMBUGS.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

I WRITE as a minister, whose words should be well weighed; and I say that, of all the pests in creation, those denominated above are the greatest. Gnats and mosquitors, rats and roaches and water-bugs, do not sustain a moment's comparison with them—are nowhere. Here is a man who has just left my study, who, with the blandest voice imaginable, brought in "a little bill" of $10 against me for pictures received (and paid for) four years ago, on the plea (an utterly false one; though, as he proceeds to his culmination, he is ready to swear to it!) that I took them upon one-half credit. He did not know I was in Washington till Henry Ward Beecher told him! Would I like to see a letter that Mrs. Stowe gave him to her brother? He was an honorable man! President Grant and Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Sunderland and President Gallaudet were all his patrons! *He* be guilty of imposition! And so he stood, and stormed, and threatened prosecution; and I (being a minister) settled with him by surrendering the two of the pictures, frames and all, which still looked respectably bright. One had utterly faded out. They were symbolic photographs of the four Evangelists, and my wife had given them the very irreverent titles, *The Flying Machines!* I want to bind this withe of hay on the gentleman's hat; and am ready to give his name to any inquiring friends, if necessary. I pronounce him a humbug and a swindler, and a whisky drinker into the bargain! *Caue! Fanum labet in cornu!*

The next instance I will take from Brother Hall's experience. He is the very efficient secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in this city. A gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Blank, comes in Friday morning, about 8½, introduces himself as the pastor of such a church in Chicago, an intimate friend of the late Dr. G., and just from his son's house, where he had breakfasted. His hotel-bill was $20, more than he anticipated, which he had settled since breakfasting. The relentless train would leave at 9 o'clock. He must be at home the next Sabbath to preach. Would Brother Hall favor him with just $10, to be forwarded at once from Chicago? Brother Hall is already $30 out by this very kind of financial transaction. He, therefore, hesitates. Has he doubt his honor? Is it likely he would sell his ministerial character and standing in Chicago for the paltry sum of $10? At any rate, Brother Hall will take his order on Dr. G.'s son—his intimate friend—for the amount, and advance it. Brother Hall yields. *He cases*, in the other case. The next day he calls on the gentleman, who has been an unwitting party to the transaction. His face is blank. He knows nothing about said minister, save that he claimed to be a friend of his deceased father, breakfasted with him yesterday morning, and kindly borrowed of him $15, to be remitted at once from Chicago! Correspondence with a friend in that city reveals no such minister on the clerical, no such church on the ecclesiastical roll. And the probability is, that, if ever Rev. Mr. Blank knew Rev. Dr. G., without certain preliminaries here, he is not likely to know him in any acquaintance in another world.

Mentioning the Y. M. C. A. reminds me of a forlorn young man, of the name of Stokes, who called on me in distress when in Charleston. He was from New York City, and a member of the Association there. Of course, I knew William E. Dodge, Jr., the president. Splendid man! He then drew from his pocket a veritable dispatch, just received, as the telegraph operator assured me, saying that Mr. Dodge was absent from the city. He had telegraphed to Mr. D.—so he said—for relief. He also showed me a certificate of honorable discharge from the volunteer service of the army. Having been several times bitten by these adventurers, I refused him to the president of the Y. M. C. A. to look up the case; and the result was that president, mayor, and minister made up a little purse to help him back to New York, the city for which his heart pined. As he was to remit the money at once upon his arrival there, he is probably receiving telegrams from Mr. Dodge and traveling yet!

The fourth instance shall be derived from the unpublished biography of a very dear Christian brother in this city, whose lot it has been to fall into disfavor with the rebels, and their heirs and assignees, the Democratic party. He is as generous and noble a man as often experiences such an honor. He drove up to my house, one day, saying he wanted me to go with him and identify and substantiate a case of *charity*, which had just awakened his sympathy, and to which he had just contributed a check of $20. I complied; and we drove to the street and number, which he had been careful to note down. There were no houses there! We descended from the carriage, and inquired of all the neighbors. No such house could be found. And yet the poor woman was about to be turned out of her tenement for lack of the last month's rent. We started for the bank, to stop payment on the check, and met the "case" on our way. "Ah!" said I to my friend, "that is the very woman who says her children are going to attend our Sabbath-school, and who besought me with tears, the other day, to give her a little money to save one of them who had died from having a pauper's burial!" We reclaimed the check. The woman said we had mistaken her directions. We sent a man with her; but, before she had gone a half-dozen rods, she confessed to him that her story was all a falsehood, and that she made her living by these very practices.

I suppose ministers are lawful game. They are confiding, tender-hearted, do not like to give offense, would rather feed a hundred scoundrels than turn away one deserving instance of want. Of course, they are not easily humbugged! I have given all sorts of things to all sorts of people; and I have comforted myself with the thought that the people that had humbugged me *once* never would come again—that it was an experience to which I should never need to submit a second time from the same hands. And, as a warning to the legion that have never yet darkened my doors, I would say that of late I have been guilty of several marked discourtesies to people of their class, from which I hope they will take due warning.

AGENTS WANTED.

Attention Agents! Think of this!
Wonderful Success!!! 30,000
copies of Brockett's History of the Franco-German War sold first 60 days. It now contains a full history of the Red Rebellion in Paris, making nearly 600 pages and 150 elegant illustrations, and will sell 5,000 more first week. Agents, secure choice of territory at once. Brockett's other works, written in the interest of the Irish and French, are being offered, with old illustrations, and, for want of merit, claimed to be official, etc. Beware of such. Brockett's, in both English and German, is the most immortal, popular, reliable, cheap, and fast-selling work extant. Look to your interests, strike quickly, and you can coin money. Circulars free and terms excelled by none. Address GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York; or 16 Lake Street, Chicago.

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Splendid testimonials from Rev. Dr. John Hall, Trog. Cuyler, Palmer, and others. One good Home or Female Agent wanted in every town to take orders. Liberal inducements. The undersigned will be glad to take with it. The whole sent up in a neat, light, and handy outfit. Keys to documents offered. Address, for circulars and full particulars, PRIME & MOORE, Publishers, 66 & 68 BLEECKER ST., NEW YORK.

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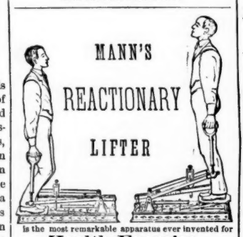

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How Large Fortunes are made!
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AFFIDAVIT—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above Prices were paid and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England, under the corporate name of the Companies manufacturing said machines. FRED. SMITH,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

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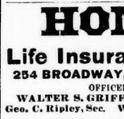

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Assets, July 1, $1,936,687 80
Liabilities, - - - 174,620 07
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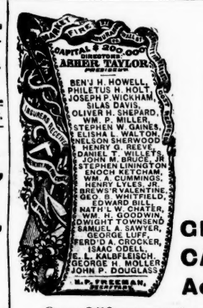
Agencies in all the principal Cities and Town of the United States.



MARKET
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37 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
Figures July 1st, 1871.

CROSS ASSETS, - - - - $751,628 79
CAPITAL, - - - - - - - 200,000 00
Actual Surplus, - - - - 503,286 99

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Interest on outstanding Scrip, Six (6) per cent., payable now.
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Semi-Annual, to Stockholders, SEVEN per cent., payable at once.
Insurance on the PARTICIPATION PLAN, or in the "Old Fashioned Way," as heretofore, on the most favorable terms.
Policies not Participating in the Profits have all the benefit of the *extra security* of the LARGE SCRIP FUND.
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IMMEDIATE ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.
The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Policy-holders.
All Policies Non-Forfeitable.
ANNUAL REPORT.
January 1, 1871.

NET ASSETS, December 31, 1869, and non-Ledger *Assets* - - - -		$2,007,320 61
RECEIPTS IN 1870:		
Premiums - - - - - -	$1,145,325 71	
Interest - - - - - -	64,209 84	
		1,209,535 55
		$3,216,926 16
DISBURSEMENTS IN 1870:		
Death Claims paid - - -	$349,095 18	
Matured Endow'ts and Surrendered Policies - - - -	160,465 47	
Dividends paid - - - -	84,311 80	
Expenses and Commissions - - - - -	342,267 48	
		936,239 93
Assets, December 31, 1870 - - - -		$2,280,686 23
Liabilities and Reserve Fund - - - -		1,993,297 00
Surplus, January 1, 1871 - - - -		$287,389 23

New Policies issued during 1870, 4,414, for - - - - - $9,223,000 00
Policies in force, 10,781, insuring - - - - - - - - - $23,475,625 00

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ATLANTIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
New York, January 25th, 1871.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1870.
Premiums received from Marine Risks, from 1st January, 18—, to 31st Dec., 1870 - - - $5,270,900 69
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1870 - - - - - - - - -

Selections.

TENNYSON'S SUPPRESSED POEMS.

THE "Household Edition of Tennyson's Poems," published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., contains, besides the laureate's acknowledged works, many of his suppressed and hitherto uncollected pieces. Here are one or two of these forgotten productions:

WE ARE FREE.

The winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the winged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, "We are free."
The streams through many a lilied row
Down-caroling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth; faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides; above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant fins the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Fattening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

SONNET.

Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech; speak low and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy;
This is the place. Through yonder poplar valley
Below the blue green river windeth slowly;
But in the middle of the somber valley
The crisped waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept above,
When in this valley first I told my love.

KATE.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughters of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp,
As edges of the scimetar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith, "The world is void of might."
Kate saith, "The men are gilded flies."
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armed knight,
Far-famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed enterprise;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

AN ISLAND ON FIRE.

[By TITUS M. COAN, M. D., *from "Scribner's Monthly."*]

THE whole island upon which the village of Hilo stands was often shaken by the earthquake; and our green nook was threatened more than once by devouring torrents of volcanic fire. Hawaii is an island nearly as large as the State of Connecticut; but, like the eleven smaller islands which with it makes up the Hawaiian or Sandwich group, it is entirely of volcanic origin. Upon the rest of the group the fires have long ago been extinguished; but here they still roll and roar with undiminished fury—the smelting, forging, and welding goes on as from the beginning in the great volcanoes of Ki-lau-é-a and Mauna Loa. The thunder of the Plutonic hammer is heard; the whole island shakes beneath the blow, and the white vapors and sulphur-smoke roll away forever from those mighty forges.

The volcano played a large part in the imaginations of the children that grew up in that island home. Often on clear nights our parents' call would follow our footsteps upstairs, after we had blown out the light and gone to bed in more than heathen ignorance of the fear of ghosts or of darkness, and we would hear with a sort of dread delight the words, "Children, look at the volcano!"

Peering out into the darkness, over the tops of the forest, we could see the flank of the mountain dome, Mauna Loa. At the point where the black smoke rose on the left hand of the mountain a great, glaring light seemed to spring from the mountain to the clouds, like a steady pillar of flame; and we watched with excited eyes the slow writhing motion of the clouds as they were drawn into the glare, borne by the inward currents of air that rushed from all sides toward the crater. It was Ki-lau-é-a, the great fire of fire-vomiting volcanoes, that made this "terrible light in the air."

The contrast to this scene came in the morning. When we looked, it was a faint golden light that lit the walls of our room, even though its windows opened toward the west, and though the sun was not yet risen. Looking out, we saw the high mountains covered with fresh fallen snow, that took the hems of the sun long before they were visible to us, and shone in the light of that tropical sun-rising more brightly than pure gold—radiant, glowing, like no other splendor in the world; and from those great canopies of snow the morning land-breeze flowed down cool upon our faces, and chilled them as we flattened our features against the panes.

Two mountains, one of snow and one of fire, formed the chief features in the landscape which, with the ocean, was all of Nature to our young eyes. Two enormous mountains—each rising as high as the highest summits of the Alps, for they were fourteen thousand feet in elevation—twin giants of the Pacific. I climbed once, with companions of my own age and native guides, to the summit of the extinct mountain, Mauna Kea. The nearest elevation of equal hight, the Sierra Nevada, in California, was almost three thousand miles away; and westward we should have had to journey three times as far—to the mountains of Thibet—in order to find any summit as lofty as this upon which we stood in the flush of boyhood's pride, and braved all our alpenstocks triumphantly in the air.

From this great mountain, as from all other mountains and islands of the Hawaiian group, except one, the fires have long since died away. Mauna Kea is a completed mountain, except so far as the graving-tool of Time is busy upon it, and its outlines yield to the comparatively mild agencies of sunlight, wind, and rain. But the twin mountain, Mauna Loa, is still a building. Each eruption from its terminal crater or its flanks adds a new layer to the surface of the great dome. How much higher its summit may yet be raised is, of course, unknown.

The earliest recorded eruption from the summit took place in 1832; the beacon-light, flaming from the top of a mountain 14,000 feet high, was distinctly visible upon the island of Maui and at other places more than a hundred miles distant. An eruption from Ki-lau-é-a occurred simultaneously. A quiescence of eleven years then followed; and my own first observation of volcanoes dates from the year 1843, when the second eruption from Mokuaweowéo took place.

I shall never forget the impression of that time. The evening was clear and quiet, and as the night grew dark a strange light was noticed upon the summit of Mauna Loa, whose serene blue dome formed the wall of our western horizon. All our house was in excitement; a clear white flame, whiter than the moon, deeper and stronger than any star, rested upon that distant crest, and grew momently as we gazed upon it. My parents told me that it was an eruption; but it seemed to my excited imagination as if the world was newly on fire, and I turned away from the sight of that terrible splendor with an uneasy feeling of awe and fear, as if the entire planet was in danger of consuming before morning. The mountain was really aflame; no fitful jets of fire or whiffs of heated stones, as in other volcanoes, but a steady column of white-hot lava playing noiselessly in the still night, yet emitting a light so powerful that I could see by the fiery splendor that cast strong shadows against the moonlight. For four weeks this scene was nightly continued, with little change; while by day great volumes of smoke obscured the island. The flow of lava continued for three months, pouring forth about seventeen billions of cubic feet of lava, and flowing more than twenty miles from the summit of the mountain. Mr. Coan visited the stream, and found it crusted over, in portions where its course was the most steep and swift, with a roof of congealed but brittle lava. Venturing alone upon this treacherous crust, he found cracks in it through which he was able to gaze down at the fearful river of fire beneath him. It rushed down the mountain-side at a velocity which he estimated at not less than thirty miles an hour. Fragments of rock which he threw down upon the lava-torrent were whirled away out of sight like a ball when the bat strikes it, and before they had time to sink into the fusion.

In 1851 and 1852 the next eruptions occurred, the latter of which repeated at its commencement the phenomena of the eruption of 1843. "At half-past three on the morning of the 17th of February," wrote the same observer, in a letter much more graphic than any other description I can give, "a small beacon-light was discovered on the summit or Mauna Loa. At first it appeared like a solitary star resting upon the apex of the mountain. In a few moments its light increased and shone like a rising moon. Seamen keeping watch on deck in our port exclaimed, 'What is that? The moon is rising in the west!' In fifteen minutes the problem was solved. A flood of fire burst out of the mountain, and began to flow in a brilliant current down its northern slope. . . . In a short time immense columns of burning lava shot up heavenward to the hight of three or four hundred feet, flooding the summit of the mountain with light and gilding the firmament with its radiance. . . . In two hours the molten stream had rolled, as we judged, about fifteen miles down the side of the mountain. This eruption was one of terrible activity and surpassing splendor; but it was short. In about twenty-four hours all traces of it seemed to be extinguished."

GOOD WATCHES AND MEAN TIME.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

[*From "Wood's Household Magazine."*]

I REMEMBER well when a watch with a second's hand was looked upon with curious eyes: a costly and, on the whole, useless refinement. Yet there are doubtless to-day more than a hundred thousand watches in the United States whose owners have a pride in showing that they differ from "*mean time*" by only a few seconds. A watch that keeps "*mean time*" is by no means a mean time-keeper. In other words, a perfect watch is one that agrees with "*mean time*."

Here are four men, one with a good watch. "I never touch hands or regulator. It's always just so," said he. The other three have good eyes and good habits. One day they met, and got into a little talk about days, and how to measure them.

Said the man with the perfect watch: "When this long pointer has gone round twenty-four times, or the short pointer twice, I call it twenty-four hours; and that's my day."

The second said: "Yes! if your watch is all right. But my way is better than that. My house stands north and south, and my father and grandfather before me have always known when it was noon, when the shadows of the posts of the south porch lie parallel with the cracks in the floor. They always do come parallel sometime in the day, and it stands to reason that that's true noon. And from noon to noon is my day; and I know when it ends by the dinner-horn."

The third said: "I used to think so; but one night I noticed that the shadow in the moonlight is sharper than in the sunshine; and so I have regulated my watch so as to agree with the moon when it comes round and makes its shadows parallel with the cracks."

The fourth, a young man just from college, said: "Gentlemen, a day is the time occupied by the earth in rotating upon its axis once. This can be measured accurately only by noting some fixed object, like a star. If Sirius—the dog-star—could shine brightly enough to make sharp shadows, then a star-dial, or the shadows on your porch-floor, would measure a day accurately; and you would find, gentlemen, that neither your watch, nor your noon-mark, nor your moon-mark, tells you the length of a day. For, you see, if, on a race-course, after Mr. Bonner's Dexter has made a good start, the judges should move the starting-post and judges' stand six rods one way or the other, it would make some difference in the time of Dexter's coming in. And the trouble with your moon and your sun is, that, when the earth starts fair, to see how long she takes to turn round once, the sun and moon do not stand still. The starting-point is moved. Sometimes they shorten the track, and the earth gets round too soon. At other times they lengthen the track, and the earth gets round some seconds behind! You will always find that your moon-day is longer than the sun-day, and the sun-day longer than the star-day. These sun-days are but rarely of one length twice hand-running, and never three times. And it is just so with the moon-days. And as for your watch, sir, it doesn't agree with the sun, moon, or stars; but the watchmakers arrange the works so as to hit the sun's average. When for half the year a good watch marks 12 o'clock before the sun marks noon, and for the other half year is slow by the sun, then the watch is said to keep *mean solar time*—or, I would rather say, *average solar time*; because I always dislike to say of a fine watch, like yours, that it keeps *mean* time."

"Is your watch regulated that way?"

"No, *sir*," replied the student. "My watch marks sidereal, or star-time."

Well, let's see how it agrees with mine, for mine is right."

"Oh! I never trouble myself to compare my watch with solar time," said the student. "Scientific men keep to star-time."

"How do you know when to go to dinner, then?" asked the man with the common watch.

"By the dinner-bell."

"Well; but, how do you know when to go to the railway station to take the train?"

"By the town clock," said the student.

"What's your watch good for, any way?"

"Oh!" said the student, "it's of great use to astronomers and men of science; and I always carry a little paper in my pocket, a little table—here, I'll show you."

So he took out a card and explained to them that he must keep on subtracting so many minutes and so many seconds, changing about four minutes each day in the year; until at last his watch gets first twelve hours and then twenty-four hours ahead, so that it seems to come exactly right twice in the year. This star-watch will measure one more star-day in a year than a common watch will, which measures average solar days.

"That's what you call a scientific watch, is it? Would you recommend us to get one?" asked the watch-maker, only by the moon. "It looks to me that by the time I had taken out my watch and seen what it says, and then taken out my card and found the figure, and then got out my pencil and paper and ciphered up what the watch ought to have said, it wouldn't be that time at all! I should loss the train every time, sure."

"Ah!" said the student, "all you would have to do would be to remember what time it was when you looked at your watch, and then just see how long it took you to make your computation, then add this to the result of your computation, and you would then know what time it is within a fraction of a second. That's the way we have to do in an observatory; and there's nothing like science."

"That's so!" chimed in all three.

"But I don't want a star-watch, if it does measure a day accurately. There's such a thing as having too much science for common folks." "Do you really mean to say," asked the man that had been brought up on noon-mark, "that the earth turns round quicker some times in the year than it does other times in the year, so that the sun gets to my noon-mark several minutes too late by a good watch in February and too soon in November?"

"No, that's not what I mean," said the student. "The earth turns regularly enough; but the apparent place of the sun changes—sometimes so as to bring noon a little too soon by the watch, at other times so as to bring noon too late. And with the noon, of course, sunrise and sunset change. This change from day to day is only a few seconds—never more than thirty seconds. This change is more rapid at some times in the year than at others. But from noon by the noon-mark to-day to noon by the noon-mark to-morrow will be very close to twenty-four hours; so that, although the noon-mark will not show the right average time, it will enable you to judge whether your watch is gaining or losing, because it will indicate very nearly the right length of a day, although it puts noon at the wrong place in the day. That's the reason why in old-fashioned almanacs, when watches were scarce, and every house had a noon-mark, you find a column of figures telling you that the clock is fast or the clock is slow by the sun. The clock and the sun will agree on the fifteenth of April, the fourteenth of June, the first of September, and twenty-fifth of December; that is to say, near the solstices, and after and before the spring and fall equinoxes, respectively."

"But what makes the sun change its place and make everything irregular so?" asked the man with the common watch.

Dr. Doellinger and the Pope: A Scene at the Munich Congress.

"It isn't the sun that changes place, any more than it rises and sets. We say the sun rises; but it don't. It is the motion of the earth that makes the sun seem to change its place. For in December, when the earth is nearest the sun, it travels faster in its orbit than it does in June, when it is furthest from the sun.

Suppose the orbit of the earth was a fence around a prodigious wheat-field, and a sharp knife ninety-five million miles long (or less) reached from the sun to the earth, and, like a great spoke from the sun as a hub, went rushing round edge foremost, mowing down the wheat. In December this knife is shorter than it is in June, but it must mow just so much wheat every day, no matter whether the knife be long or short; so it has to move faster in December than it does in June. And as it moves with the earth on the end of it, of course, the sun appears to change its place faster in December than it does in June. The June knife is the longest and moves slowest."

"Well, if I had been making that reaping machine," said the noon-mark farmer, "I'd a put the sun right in the center, and told the critter to take a regular gait and hold it all the year round; and then my noon-mark would have been as good as it isn't now. I don't see why they didn't fix it so."

"Now you have got me," said the student. "I don't know why they didn't fix it so. It looks reasonable to me that the best place for the sun would be in the exact center of the earth's orbit, instead of a little at one side. They always put the tent-pole in the center of a circus-ring, and the horses canter round and round regularly; not fast and slow, like the earth!

"But Sir Isaac Newton, and the great La Place, and the other astronomical *dons* say it couldn't be fixed so; and that it's fixed just right now. But I know this for certain, that men never would have fixed it so; and I don't pretend to understand what these great astronomers are talking about. They go deeper and deeper, and make more and more figures; and, when they get so deep that there aren't ten men in the world that can understand them, that's what is called being great."

"Then it seems they don't make great men at college?" put in the man with the good watch.

The student was embarrassed, and did not answer. But the farmer said:

"Young man, I've cut a stick of timber bigger than the log you sent to mill. And they square up the college boys as big as the law will allow. For my observation is, it isn't what boys get at college, it's what they take there, that makes the difference."

"And so it seems," continued he, "that the best thing we can do for good time—or, as you call it, '*mean time*'—is to get a good watch. By the advertisements I see in the papers and almanacs, one needn't go far to get a good one. I saw in my almanac the other day a chap who says that he had carried his watch two years, and hasn't found it out of the way. And another said he had carried a watch of the same make eight months, and it wasn't two seconds out of the way. And another said he hadn't touched the hands or regulator for three years, and when he took the watch to be cleaned it was exactly right. And they say you can get such a watch as that for sixty or seventy dollars. I'm sure I don't see what's the use of sun, moon, or stars any more."

"Well," said the student, "one of my classmates used to work in a chronometer shop; and he says these advertisements are a humbug—that it was a mere accident that those watches happened to be exactly right, or only five seconds wrong, when they compared them with the clock. He says that a dead watch will be right twice in twenty-four hours—exactly right; and, if the owner happens to look at it at the nick of time, he could make just such a certificate about a toy watch that you can buy for five cents. He says there isn't any such watch anywhere as those men advertising, even if it will not stand close criticism. Men are so one-sided that we have to be as much *other*-sided." Now I protest against this whole theory of preaching, teaching, or arguing. To suppose a good object by a false argument is always bad. It is always bad to shirk a full, fair statement of the whole case, to give only a one-sided or extreme view of it. Luther had a noble saying: "The truth is always safe, and nothing is safe but the truth." If it is ever right to earn and own property, it is bad to preach as if it were always wrong. If we cannot reach the consciences of men by telling the exact truth, we had better let them alone. It is bad to call evil good; it is equally bad to call good evil. There are real sins enough for us to meet; we need manufacture no artificial ones. This notion that the right use of the pursuit of wealth ought to be identified with its perversion, and denounced chiefly as instrument to be used again and again, rather than a possession to be poured out at once and alienated. The intelligent Christian man will think it better that some of the world's business and money be in Christian hands and uses, rather than that, through some mistaken notion of the essential piety of poverty, the control of these mighty forces be voluntarily given over to the selfish and false. He will not easily be convinced that the Fisks and Goulds ought to control all the railways, that cunning greed ought to do all the world's banking, or grinding covetousness build and operate all its manufactories.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

An angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed like some sunbeam to embrace
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an shadow on its face,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah! no, into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower
In sombre garb, in weeds and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
Thy Christ is at still time last."

And, waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, as these words, had sped
Toward the eternal realms of light!
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

—*Jean Reboul, translated by Longfellow.*

IS IT RIGHT TO BE RICH?

[*From* REV. F. P. WOODBURY'S "*Business and Money.*"]

IT is said that there is no practical need of showing the rightfulness of money-making, while there is great need of denouncing it. The chief danger is that of too entire devotion to business pursuits, not that of neglecting them. The peril is not that men will neglect money-making, but that they will give themselves exclusively and supremely to it. Hence, it is argued or implied, nothing should be said *for* the rightfulness of property acquisition, while everything may be said against it. It is better to denounce unqualifiedly the desire of wealth than to discriminate between its use and its perversion. The theory of the objection is that, if there is one-sided devotion to any pursuit, this devotion must be met by extreme and one-sided appeals against it. "Do you believe all you said on that subject?" I ask of a vehement preacher. "Not exactly," is the answer. "I overstated; but it is better to use any argument that is strong and telling, even if it will not stand close criticism. Men are so one-sided that we have to be as much *other*-sided." Now I protest against this whole theory of preaching, teaching, or arguing. To suppose a good object by a false argument is always bad. It is always bad to shirk a full, fair statement of the whole case, to give only a one-sided or extreme view of it. Luther had a noble saying: "The truth is always safe, and nothing is safe but the truth." If it is ever right to earn and own property, it is bad to preach as if it were always wrong. If we cannot reach the consciences of men by telling the exact truth, we had better let them alone. It is bad to call evil good; it is equally bad to call good evil. There are real sins enough for us to meet; we need manufacture no artificial ones. This notion that the right use of the pursuit of wealth ought to be identified with its perversion, and denounced chiefly as instrument to be used again and again, rather than a possession to be poured out at once and alienated. The intelligent Christian man will think it better that some of the world's business and money be in Christian hands and uses, rather than that, through some mistaken notion of the essential piety of poverty, the control of these mighty forces be voluntarily given over to the selfish and false. He will not easily be convinced that the Fisks and Goulds ought to control all the railways, that cunning greed ought to do all the world's banking, or grinding covetousness build and operate all its manufactories.

MR. DISRAELI'S INTELLECTUAL GET-UP.

[*From "The Spectator."*]

HE always manages to bring a picture before your mind—surely never had any English district such "juicy," "rich," "ripe," and "succulent" roots as the district which contains Hughenden—not only that he describes barley as "bright" and oats as "golden"—but that is skillful and happy; but here again it might be fairly expected from his literary faculty that he would give a little of their natural warmth and color to the moral scenes generally so remote and unlikely to interest the English squires. But his intellectual get-up for these occasions goes much beyond this point. He always contrives to have one prurient point to press on the not over active rural mind he appeals to. Now it is the three chief wants of the laborers' cottages—"an oven, a tank, a porch"; now it is a suggestion for sheep farmers "to cross their Downs with Cotswolds"; again, this year, the question of a laborer's garden, and a garden which grows flowers as well as vegetables and fruit, the necessity of manuring the garden in the autumn, and the primary importance of including "plain cooking" in the teaching of the village girl-schools. We do not say he is always quite accurate as to such points of information; for instance, if he really told the laborers that by planting briars in the autumn and budding them from garden roses in the spring they might have been apprised all the old French and Spanish wars. Columbus let the Spaniard's into the New World, and their civilization has uniformly been a curse to it. If he had brought Indians, who neither at that time showed nor since have shown much inclination to come, we should have had the opera, and made it a paying institution by this time. Columbus was evidently a person who liked to ask about, and didn't care much for consequences.

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There is something almost heroic in the idea of firing off guns for a man who has been stone deaf for about four centuries. It must have had a lively and festive sound in Boston when the meaning of the salute was explained. No one could hear the great guns without a quicker beating of the heart in gratitude to the great discoverer who had made Boston possible. We are trying to "realize" to ourselves the importance of the 12th of October as an anniversary of our potential existence. If any one wants to see how vivid is the gratitude to Columbus, let him start one among our business houses with a subscription-paper to raise money for powder to be exploded in his honor. And yet Columbus was a well-meaning man, and if he did not discover a perfect continent he found the only one that was left.

RURAL RESERVE.

[*From the "Saturday Review."*]

IN singular illustration of the coyness of the untutored Anglo Saxon, this care to veil meaning in quaint disguise, as though plain speaking indicated some discreditable disorder of mind or manner, are the tone and speech of "Tennessee's Partner" in Bret Harte's remarkable picture of Californian life. The poor fellow has come in hot haste, vainly hoping to save his rascally partner from the swift justice of Lynch law by the bribe of all his worldly possessions. But his whole speech and manner are carefully ordered to convey an exactly contrary impression to the true one. His aim is to give his part in the affair a perfectly accidental and casual aspect: "I was passin' by, and I thought I'd just step in to see how things was getting on with Tennessee thar, my pardner. It's a hot night, I disremember any such weather before on the bar." The judge impatiently asks if he has anything to say on behalf of the prisoner:

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four years, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways; but thar ain't any p'int a-in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential like as between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential like as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

The *relief* of having his cue given him is a natural trait, and "liveliness" for highway robbery is an exquisite example of the habit we are discussing. But the judge asks if this is all he has to say:

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin him. And now that's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger; and you lay for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a fair-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all as fair-minded men, if this isn't so."

He grants that Tennesee has played it pretty rough and expensive like on the stranger, but summarily closes his appeal by emptying his treasure, seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold, upon the table. The incorruptible jury rise *en masse*. His attempt at bribery near by costs him his life; but, unconscious of the brutality, he slowly collects the rejected gold, and, seeing his errand vain, looks for the first time on his friend, takes his hand with the remark, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on." let it fall, and, adding "it was a warm night," withdrew without another word.

The rest of the story is in the same vein of grotesque nature. In his blundering the poor "pardner" illustrates with a certain poetical exuberance the difficulties which beset the ignorant and taciturn in the expression of a deep desire or strong resolve. They have not the framework of speech for it; the very idea is beyond them. They can only do it and talk the while in phrases trite, evasive, or self-disparaging, prompted by the humility which naturally accompanies weak and inadequate expression. A self-sacrifice which amounts itself off with the difficulty of appropriate words loses its importance in the victim's eyes, and is appraised rather at what it sounds than at its true worth. Depend upon it, the officer of justice for his country thinks he is doing a finer thing, because he knows the language of patriotism, than the poor private, who deliberately exposes himself to the same risks.

Though we boast of a larger and more ambitious vocabulary, we have all, no doubt, experienced in our own case often enough

"The blunder incident to words,
And in the clumsy process fair turns foul."

We have, at least, experienced it enough to know how to sympathize with and pity the inarticulate which a poor man's tongue often does his thought, and to find a peculiar pleasure in disentangling and appreciating the intention that glimmers through the fogey medium of his circumscribed vocabulary.

SO MUCH FOR CHRISTOPHER.

[*From the "Hartford Courant."*]

IT was certainly time that something should be done for the memory of Christopher Columbus. It is to be hoped that thirty-seven guns fired off for him on Thursday, in Boston, were some satisfaction to him. They were discharged by countrymen of his, who are justly proud that he should have been able, after a search of only a few weeks, to find a land where the hand-organ had never been heard. The Italians, as a people, have not profited much by this discovery, and so much, indeed, as the Spaniard, who got a reputation by it which even now gilds their decay. That Columbus was born in Genoa entitles the Italians to celebrate the great achievement of his life, though why they should discharge exactly thirty-seven guns we do not know. Columbus did not discover the United States; that we partly found ourselves, bought and gouged the Mexicans out of. He did not even live to know that there was a continent here. He discovered the West Indies, which he thought were the East, and ten guns would be enough for them. It is probable that he did, however, open the way to the discovery of the New World. If he had waited, however, somebody else would have discovered it—perhaps some Englishman, and then we might have been spared all the old French and Spanish wars. Columbus let the Spaniard's into the New World, and their civilization has uniformly been a curse to it. If he had brought Indians, who neither at that time showed nor since have shown much inclination to come, we should have had the opera, and made it a paying institution by this time. Columbus was evidently a person who liked to ask about, and didn't care much for consequences.

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There is something almost heroic in the idea of firing off guns for a man who has been stone deaf for about four centuries. It must have had a lively and festive sound in Boston when the meaning of the salute was explained. No one could hear the great guns without a quicker beating of the heart in gratitude to the great discoverer who had made Boston possible. We are trying to "realize" to ourselves the importance of the 12th of October as an anniversary of our potential existence. If any one wants to see how vivid is the gratitude to Columbus, let him start one among our business houses with a subscription-paper to raise money for powder to be exploded in his honor. And yet Columbus was a well-meaning man, and if he did not discover a perfect continent he found the only one that was left.

COTTAGE AND HALL.

WITH eyes to her sewing-work dropped down,
And with hair in a tangled shower,
And with roses kissed by the sun, so brown,
Young Jancy sat in her bower—
A garden-nook, with work and book;
And the bars that crossed her girlish gore
Were as blue as the dawn flower.
And her little heart, it beat and beat,
Till the work shook on her knee;
For the golden combs are not to sweet
To the honey-fasting bee
As to her her thoughts of Alexis.

And across a good green piece of wood,
And across a field of flowers,
A modest, lowly house there stood
That held her eyes for hours—
A cottage low, hid under the snow
Of cherry and bean-vine flowers.
Sometimes it held her all day long;
For there at her old spell bent,
And spinning a double thread of song
And of wool, in her sweet content,
Sat the mother of young Alexis.

And Jancy turned things in and out,
As foolish maids will do,
What could the song be all about
Yet well enough she knew
That, while the fingers drew the wool
As fine as fine could be,
The loving mother-heart was full
Of her boy gone to sea—
Her blue-eyed boy, her pride and joy,
On the cold and cruel sea—
Her darling boy, Alexis.

And beyond the good green piece of wool,
And the field of flowers so gay,
Among its ancient oaks there stood,
With gables high and gray,
A lofty hall, where, mistress of all,
She might dance the night away.
And as she sat and sewed her seam
In the garden-bower that day,
Alike from her seam and alike from her dream
Her truant thoughts would stray.
It would be so fine like a lady to shine,
And to dance the night away!
And oh! and alas for Alexis!

And suns have risen and suns gone down
On cherry and bean-vine flowers,
And the tangled curls o'er Jancy's eyes deep-brown
They fall no more in showers;
Nor are there bars in the home-yard gore
As blue as the flaxen flowers.
Aye, winter wind and winter rain
Have beaten away the flowers;
And little Jancy is Lady Jane,
And dances away the hours;
Maidens she hath to 'tire and sing,
And her mother's house and land
Could never buy the jeweled ring
She wears on her lily hand—
The hand that is false to Alexis!

Ah! bright were the sweet young cheeks of all
She came on her wedding day.
"Now where, my bride," says the groom of pride
"Now where will your chamber be?
And from wall to wall she proceeds all
But chooses the one by the sea!
And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam;
For often her eyes with tears are wet,
And the sewing work is unfinished yet,
And so is the girlish dream.

For when her ladies gird at her,
And her lord is cold and stern,
Old memories in her heart must stir;
And she cannot choose, but mourn
For the gentle boy, Alexis!

And alway, when the dance is done,
And her weary feet are free,
She sits in her chamber all alone
At the window next the sea,
And combs her shining tresses down
By the light of the fading stars,
And maybe thinks of her homespun gown
With the pretty flax-flower tars,
For when the foam of wintry gales
Runs white along the brine,
Hearing the rattle of stiffened sails,
She trembles through and through.
And maybe thinks of Alexis.

—*All the Year Round.*

PARADOXICAL SCIENCE.

[*From* JOHN RUSKIN'S "*Fors Clavigera.*"]

I WENT to an afternoon tea at a house where I was sure to meet some people. And among the first I met was an old friend, who had been hearing some lectures on botany at the Kensington Museum, and been delighted with them. She is the kind of person who gets good out of everything, and she was quite right in being delighted; besides that, as I found by her account of them, the lectures were really interesting and pleasantly given. She had expected botany to be dull; and had not found it so, and had learned so much." On hearing this, I proceeded naturally to inquire what; for my idea of her was that botanical words in the lectures at all she had known more hoarsely than she was likely to learn by them. So she told me that she had learned, first of all, that there "were seven sorts of leaves. Now I have always a great suspicion of the number seven; because, when I wrote the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," I required all the ingenuity I was master of to prevent them from becoming Eight, or even Nine, on my hands. So I thought to myself that it would be very charming if there were only seven sorts of leaves; but that, perhaps, if one looked at them closely enough, one might find a seventh sort; and then a seventh sort; and then where would my friend's new knowledge of botany be? So I said: "That was very pretty; but what more?" Then my friend told me that she had no idea before that petals were leaves. On which I thought to myself that it would not have been any great harm to her if she had remained under her old impression that petals were petals. But I said: "That was very pretty, too; and what more?" So then my friend told me that the lecturer said "the object of his lectures would be entirely accomplished if he could convince his hearers that there was no such thing as a flower." No such thing as a flower! Let the most prejudiced and admirable summary given you of the general temper and purposes of modern science. It gives lectures on botany, of which the object is to show that there is no such thing as a Flower; on Humanity, to show that there is no such thing as a Man; and on Theology, to show that there is no such thing as a God. Now, to the great achievement of his life, though why they should discharge exactly thirty-seven guns we do not know. Columbus did not discover the United States; that we partly found ourselves, bought and gouged the Mexicans out of. He did not even live to know that there was a continent here. He discovered the West Indies, which he thought were the East, and ten guns would be enough for them. It is probable that he did, however, open the way to the discovery of the New World. If he had waited, however, somebody else would have discovered it—perhaps some Englishman, and then we might have been spared all the old French and Spanish wars. Columbus let the Spaniard's into the New World, and their civilization has uniformly been a curse to it. If he had brought Indians, who neither at that time showed nor since have shown much inclination to come, we should have had the opera, and made it a paying institution by this time. Columbus was evidently a person who liked to ask about, and didn't care much for consequences.

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